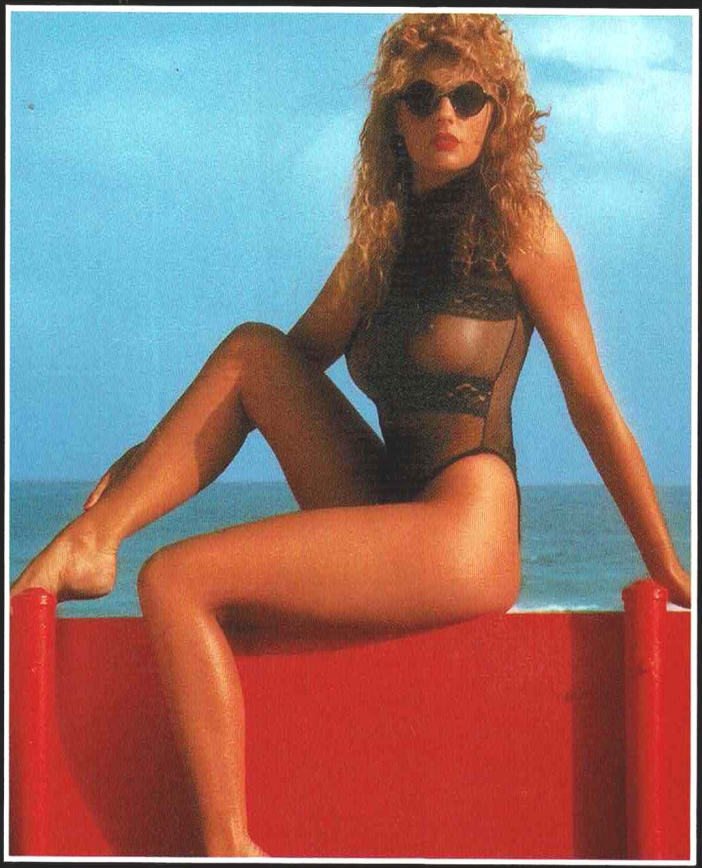
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1990

BLACK LABEL EDITION



SEX AND DEATH IN MANILA:

THE END OF ASIA'S SEXUAL WONDERLAND

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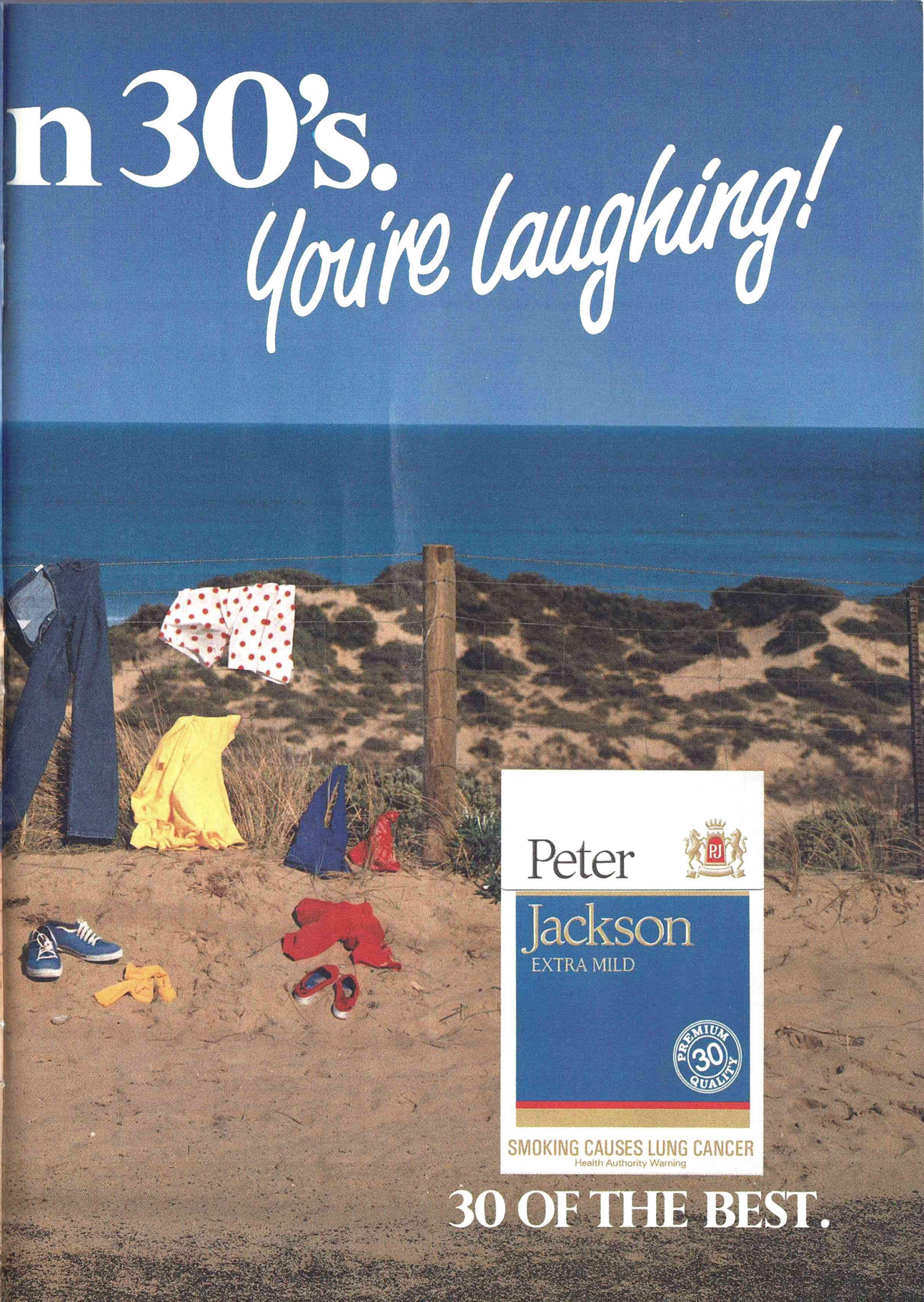
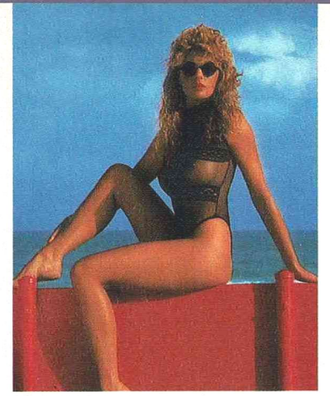


30 OF THE BEST.

Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 12/December 1990 Black Label Edition



Cover by Nick Brokensha

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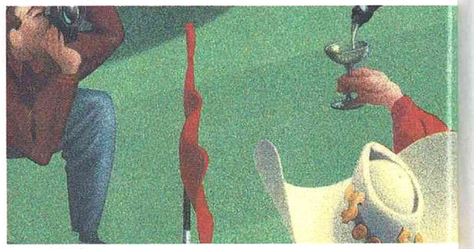
Sex And Death In Manila

Pet Of The Month



The Spoils Of Sport

Rascals Rule

ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

WAYNE MILES

NIGEL BUCHANAN

JEAN NORMAN

GLENN A. BAKER

HOUSECALL

SEX AND DEATH IN MANILA
Manila is still the undisputed sleaze and sin capital of Asia. But increasingly, ockers and perverts who find the city's erotic delights irresistible are finding their sex adventure comes punctuated by violence, disease or sudden death. As criminologist **Paul Wilson** observes on page 34, the Philippines in 1990 has become one of the most dangerous places on Earth. **Mark Sophilas** created the illustration.

SPORT'S MILLION DOLLAR MEN
Ten Australian sportsmen will rake in a million bucks this year. A couple of years ago there would hardly have been three of them. **Richard Sleeman**, sportswriter and sporting agent, gives the lowdown on the riches available to the new Aussie tycoons. **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration is on page 50.

MASTER MIND
Edward de Bono, the man who invented "lateral thinking", is the possessor of one of the most powerful intellects in the world. But when your IQ is nudging ten on the Richter Scale, what exactly do you do with it? That's one puzzle de Bono is still trying to figure out. **Antonella Gambotto** profiles the man with a mental mission on page 56.

IS THERE A BIMBO IN THE HOUSE?
Bimbos are everywhere these days. If you read the tabloids you'd be excused for thinking they're taking over the planet. But what exactly is a bimbo, and how do you know for sure that you're not actually sharing a bed with one? **Jean Norman**, herself a member of Bimbos Anonymous, presents a useful and very funny Bimbo Identification Guide (BIG) on page 62, accompanied by artwork from **Eric Lobbecke**.

RASCALS RULE
PNG's Rascal gangs are now highly organised, ruthless, astonishingly violent criminal organisations. They're turning the streets of Port Moresby into a bloody battle zone as they struggle for control of territory and drug profits. Photojournalist **Wayne Miles**, who reported last year on the LA crack wars for *Australian Penthouse*, put it all on the line again in PNG and returned with a hard-hitting pictorial feature starting on page 82.

POP WILL EAT ITSELF
That's the name of a British band that recently toured Australian pubs. But as **Glenn A. Baker** points out, in this country the feast has already begun, the diners being a collection of imitative vultures described as "tribute", "concept", "sound-alike" and "cash-in." But who the hell, you may ask, would want to impersonate the Village People? Find out on page 104.

PET OF THE YEAR
It's time again for the hard decision: who is your choice from the 11 contenders for the 1991 Pet Of The Year title? Cast your eyes across pages 95 to 102, then cast your vote and put yourself in the running to win a top-deck Sanyo Compact Disc Player.

DECEMBER

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ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *National Sales Manager:* Sarah Bowing; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ),

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
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New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. *West Coast:* 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; *Greece:* Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; *Italy:* Cosmopoli srl, Viale Tunisia 41, 20124, Milano; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tlihuaca DF 02400; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; *UK:* Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of *Australian Penthouse*. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

In the firing line

I have just finished reading "The Firing Line" in your September edition and, while it is technically very competent, it does contain one glaring error — the claim by author Joseph Allbuery that "for all the knockers of the Australian Army, take heed: it's rated the number two ground force in the world after the Israelis."

I presume Mr Allbeury is Australian and therefore prone to some jingoistic sentiment because not even with the most charitable stretch of the imagination could the Australian Army be regarded as the number two ground force. That runner-up spot belongs without a doubt to the South African Defence Force (SADF).

I served in a specialist regiment in the British Army and after demobbing signed on as a contract soldier with Dr Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces in Southern Angola. While with Savimbi's army I witnessed the capabilities of the SADF firsthand. The SADF is a conscript force, but despite this, the lack of motivation normally associated with forced enlistment is absent.

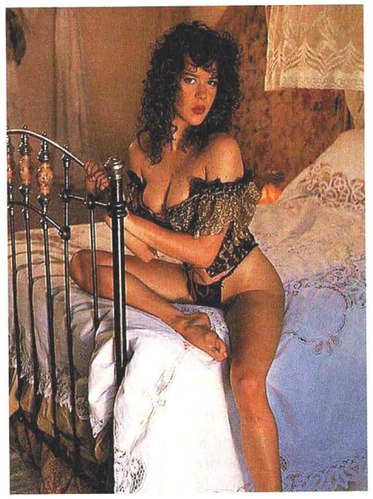
The ground forces I encountered (infantry and armored units) were highly trained, well-armed and, on the two occasions I witnessed them in combat, utterly devastating. This state of battle preparedness is understandable when one remembers that South African forces have only just pulled out of Namibia/Angola after a 23-year "bush" war.

I agree that the Israelis are probably the best ground force in the world, for much the same reasons as their SADF counterparts, namely motivated conscripts and battle experience. But their access to American technology and strategic intelligence has given them the edge.

With the Gulf conflict looming and fears of ground force confrontation a reality, it is a great pity that South Africa's pariah status makes calling on the exceptional qualities of its fighting men a sensitive option. — *Name, rank and address withheld*

One with the lot

As far as your September issue is concerned, I found it both interesting and entertaining. It's about time that the men did some of the talking and your article "The Men's Room" really found its niche. It was an informative and candid critique of the forces that shape male/female relationships now and into the Nineties.



Helen Evison . . . a bottler

As a male I also found the pictorial entertainment to be some of the most exciting on offer. It's a real treat to view girls like Helen "Dangerous Chemistry", Justine "Sweet Justice", and Michelle "Bad Manners" all in the one edition.

As a diehard Novocastrian, I found sultry Helen to be an absolute bottler! — *P.J. Kennedy, Newcastle, NSW*

Great stuff

I just have to tell you that I was knocked for six by your "Swept Away" pictorial in the August Black Label. *Penthouse*, this is exactly the type of pictorial I have been longing for over the past five years, since I started subscribing. I found it extremely erotic and the basis for one hell of a fantasy! The models looked great and the photography was superb. I have only one plea: Encore! Encore! If you promise to keep up pictorials of this calibre, I promise that I'll subscribe for life. — *Name and address withheld*

Bikes balls-up

I received your September Black Label recently and, as a motorcycle collector, I was looking forward to reading Geoff Hall's article on collectable bikes.

However, the article lost all credibility in my eyes with the misspelling of MV Agusta (one "u" not two as was printed). Such a basic error from a self-proclaimed expert has to bring the whole article into question.

On a lighter note, chalk up a big "yes" vote from me in the heterosexual pictorial debate, but *only* if both parties' equipment is shown. — *A. S., NSW*

Lip service

Regarding your Siimon Reynolds profile, August issue: Siimon's mouth like a comma? More like a smug, swirling question mark. More like a mouth with potential, not blatantly ripe but controlled, ready to perform at a second's notice. Reaction not so important as genuine response. Ripe lips are more often than not a showpiece, not the real thing.

Swollen lips, plumped lips, lips that separate like the parting of mandarin segments. These lips are more active, more tangible, in motion caressing teeth, smoothing over food, delicately closing over a vulnerable orifice with ease and subtlety.

A pair of lips, partners in digesting sweet softness. This centred sensuality was something we all desire and something you dared not admit he possessed. — *Sarah Fischer, Baulkham Hills, NSW*

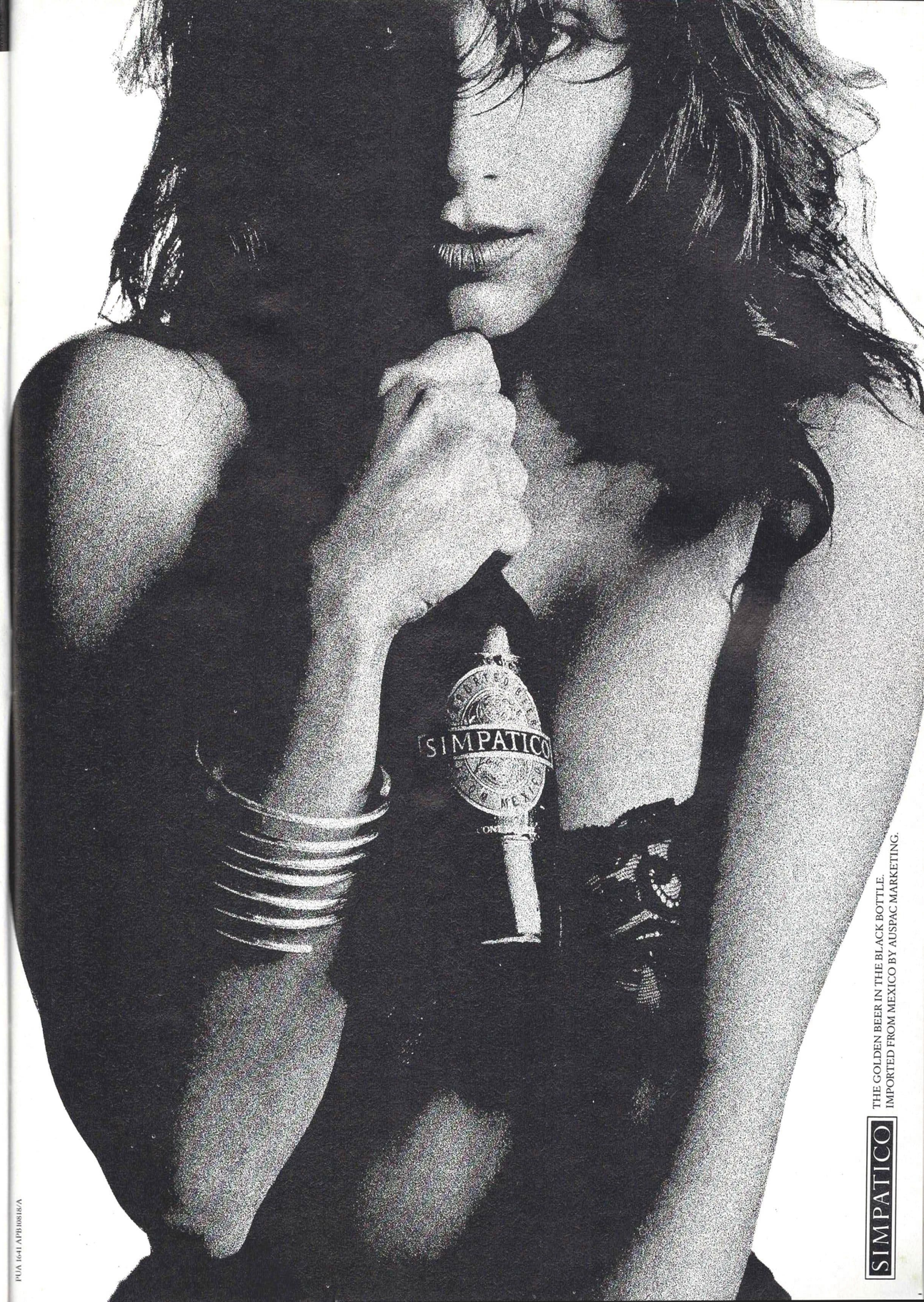
Struth! That's a gobful! — Ed

It ain't so bad

Let me start by saying that I am an avid reader of your magazine. I think the girls are glamorous and the articles are of as high a standard as any I have read in other magazines. However, I think the August edition was the most depressing I've ever read. It seemed that every article was about marriage break-ups and problem relationships.

I've been married for nine months now and our relationship is the best. We're extremely compatible, share the same interests and have a sex life like you wouldn't believe. But when I read articles like the trash you printed in August, it makes me wonder if there's any point in going on.

Come on, let's hear about how positive life can be when relationships with beautiful women actually work. — *Name and address withheld*



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"And only three months ago I was saying, me fall in love? Now, I can't remember life before her."

Chantilly

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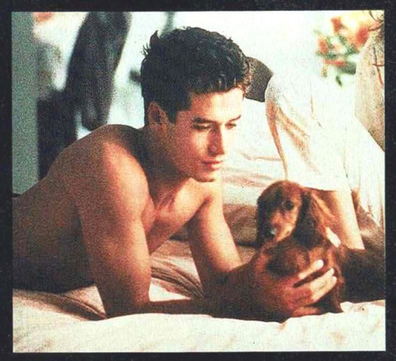

Parfums Houbigant Paris

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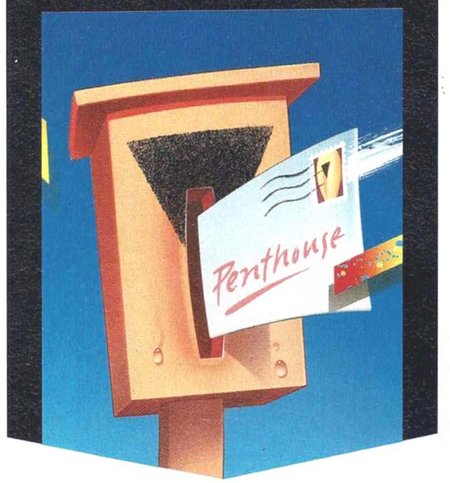


forum

All tied up

It has always been one of my fantasies to write to a magazine like *Penthouse*. However, you have to have something to write about. At last I have lived out a fantasy and here it is. I would love it if other readers wrote in with experiences similar to mine, and you published their letters.

My name is Sharon. I'm blonde, above average height, and very athletic. I run a gymnasium and share a flat with a girlfriend, Martina. We have had some lesbian experiences but are really into men.

Anyhow, at this gym this very handsome guy, Daniel, signed up. He's a real hunk: about six four with shiny dark hair and a cute baby face. Daniel's no Arnold Schwarzenegger but he is muscly and in perfect proportion. He is also tanned and has a very cheeky grin. Anyhow, Daniel started giving me a bit of cheek, and when Martina came into the gym he also started giving her heaps. He was always giving it to us about being two girls into weightlifting and sharing a flat. He said that Martina just called herself that after the lesbian tennis player.

It was all friendly stuff but it wore a bit thin after a while, so Martina and I hatched a plan to get back at this hunk and also live out a fantasy that up till then we didn't know we both shared.

By the way, Martina is a petite brunette with a dark tan and a very, very firm body. She's 22, I'm 26, and Daniel is 24.

We invited Daniel around to our place for "drinks." Once inside, he was ours to play with. We had a few bourbons and a couple of smokes. The talk was all very sexy and we asked for the chance to prove that we weren't lesbians. We didn't have to ask twice.

In no time we had him my bedroom and naked. Wow, what a body! We were still clothed as we told him we were going to show him a good time. Firstly, we blindfolded him and laid him on his back on the king-sized bed. Martina had tied some silk ropes to the legs of the bed, and it was when we started to tie him up that things got a bit difficult. I lay across his chest to hold him down as Martina tied his wrists, then we had to fight him to do the same with his ankles.

There, we had him. We took off the blindfold and he looked a little worried, helpless and spreadeagled. But we reassured him and slowly undressed each other. His worry gave in to boyish fascination as he studied our bodies.

Martina was the first to speak, her voice husky. "We're not going to hurt you. In fact, you're going to come and come until you're dry. You're going to be quite tickled by the fact that we're into men . . . quite tickled indeed." She then softly raked her long fingernails across his abdomen. He jerked and she smiled to me, "Oh my! This is going to be fun."

So we got started on him, slowly at first, just running our fingernails over his chest. I then started on his inner thighs as Martina worked on his arms and his nipples. He giggled and moaned, but his cock was fully erect and his nipples hard.

Daniel's cock was not huge, but I must say I hate the emphasis a lot of people put on size. Some of my best male partners have had average-sized cocks. It's all in how they use them.

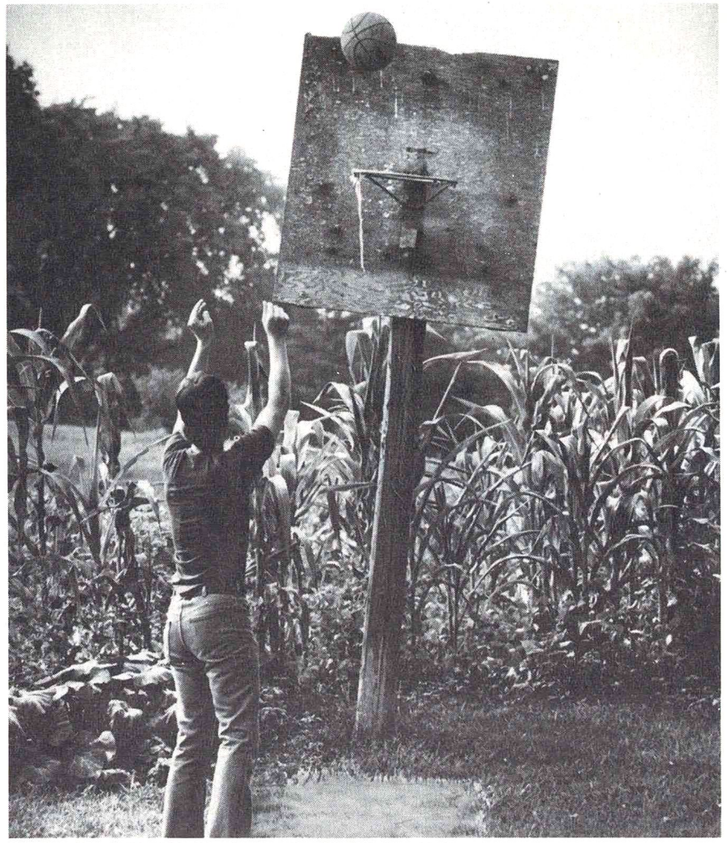
We hadn't touched his balls or his penis but we were working our way there. Martina spoke again: "We're going to get to your cock and balls, but first . . ." and she winked at me. She then straddled Daniel's chest, facing him, and I went down to his feet. "Now for some real tickling!" she giggled as she began furiously tickling his ribs and I went hell for leather tickling his feet. Daniel screamed out in laughter, his beautiful body bucking and straining against the ropes. I was wet, so wet, and Martina's pubic hair was drenched. I yelled out: "Nipple time!" and we both dived on Daniel's nipples with our mouths. He giggled and begged, "Please, no, no, stop it. Oh God, please . . ." His face was gorgeous as he laughed. The best was yet to come and I was to learn how to really tickle a man where it counts.

Martina and I moved next to each other, crouching over his cock and facing him. I didn't want to miss one expression, one wince on that baby face. "Aren't you girls into fucking?" he asked. Martina looked sternly at him and replied: "Is that a criticism?" He quickly said, "No, no, it wasn't." Martina could hardly speak, her voice was so husky. "Too late," she said. "This is going to be much slower, but boy it is going to tickle." With that, we ever so slowly played our nails over his now-hard balls. His arms and legs tensed hard against the ropes. He squirmed, he giggled, he moaned, but we gave him no mercy.

I had noticed that Daniel's cock pulsated every so often and his beautiful cockhead swelled. It was glistening with pre-come. Martina looked at me and said: "Do you want to learn a technique in ultimate cock torture? Our prey here has the perfect cock for it — young, sensitive and pulsating." Her eyes were sparkling with childish excitement and I grabbed her and kissed her.

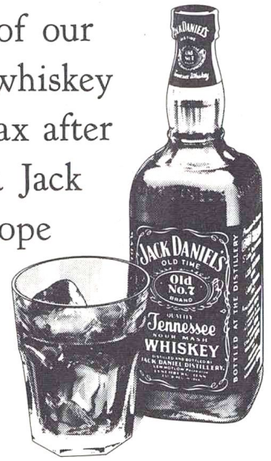
"See, you are lezbos!" said Daniel. Martina gave him an awfully devilish smile and replied, "Oh, Daniel, you're going to wish you hadn't said that." My excitement was at breaking point.

Martina glided her fingers lightly over his cock. It pulsated and at that instant she squeezed the base between her thumb and index finger. It was tight enough to hold his cockhead in a swollen state but not cause him any pain. "There, you see his knob is really swollen, but I am in



If you're a friend of Jack Daniels, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

IN LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE you don't need a big gymnasium to play basketball. Most of our employees (like Bobby Owens up there) have a basket right in their own backyard. And, since we spend most of our days sitting and waiting for whiskey to age, it's a good way to relax after work. Have you asked for a Jack Daniel's lately? If not, we hope you'll do so soon. After a sip, you'll agree we've got some pretty good "shot makers" here in Lynchburg.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13655/A SJD 0378

control and it won't go down until I let go. There is plenty of pre-come for lubrication so I'll just gently roll my hand back and forth over his knob while holding it in what I call 'The Locked Swollen Position.' You can't do this for too long because it just tickles too much and is so intense." She looked him in the eye, her impish eyes sparkling, and said, "Here we go, boy, and I'm gonna love watching your face."

At that point Martina did it. Daniel's reaction was unbelievable. He arched high against the bed and let out the most incredible laugh as he thrashed and swung his head from side to side. This really was intense. Martina then stopped and he sagged back on to the bed, his chest heaving. His knob went down but his cock was still hard as steel.

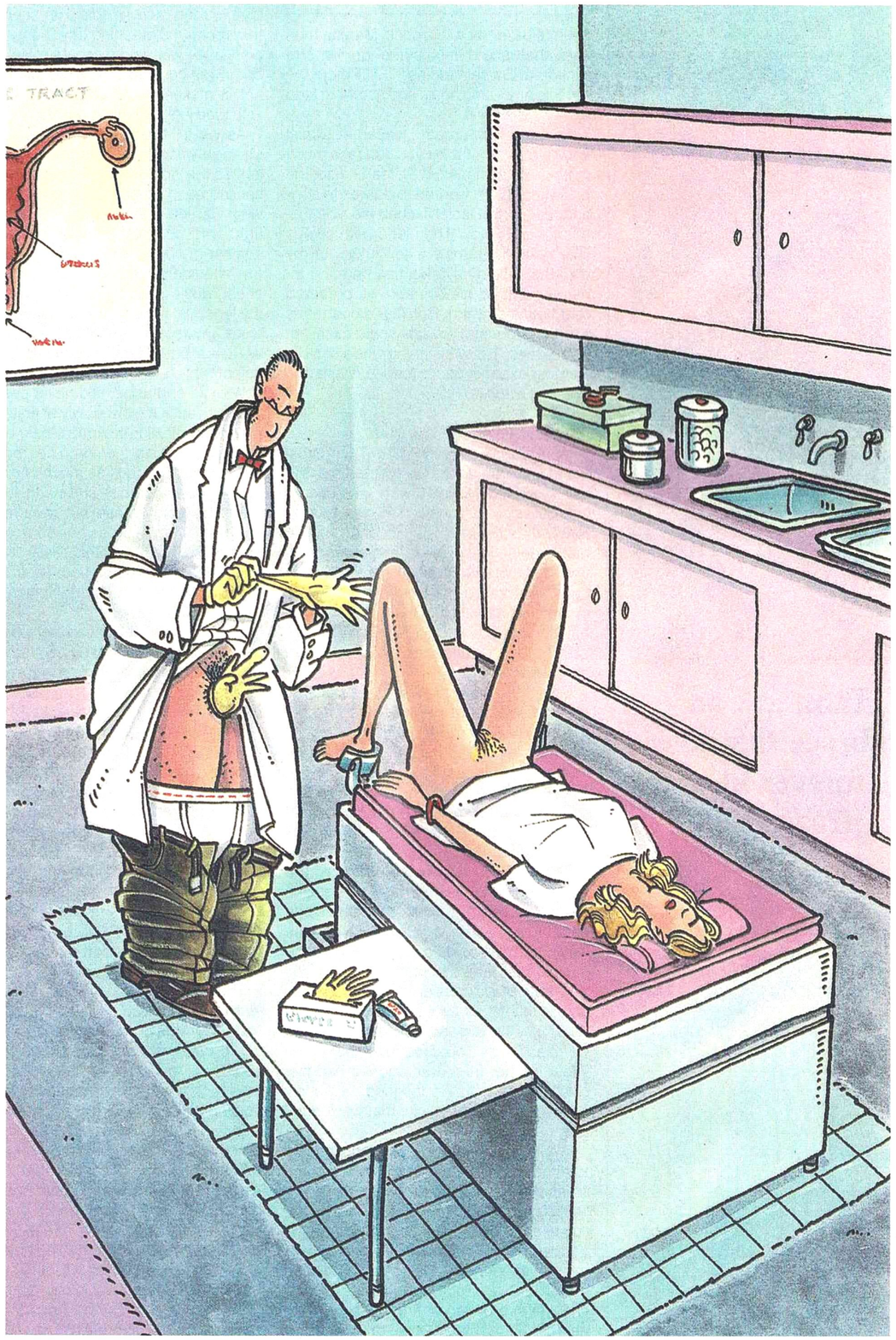
It was too much for me. I pushed one, then two fingers deep into Martina's hot wet pussy and she came almost immediately. She rolled me on to my back, arched across Daniel's body, and then fingered me hard and deep. Like Martina, I almost came as she entered me. The tension had built so high that I could barely stand my own orgasm, my pussy was so sensitive. We kissed and squeezed each other's nipples. Then Martina looked at Daniel and said, "What, no smartarse comments, no little wisecracks to make?" Daniel shook his weary head. "Don't worry, Daniel," I said. "Now it's your turn to come."

Martina quickly crouched over his cock again and licked along it until it pulsed. She then applied the lock again. Daniel raised his head, starting to giggle, and cried, "Please, not again. Just make me come." Martina smiled at him, "Don't worry, baby, this ain't gonna be fast, just nice and slow." With that, she glided her tongue and rubbed it all around the rim, back and forth slowly. She was right, this position does make a man's cock supersensitive. It glistened and looked so big and tender. Daniel was squirming and trying to dig his hips into the bed, trying to get his cock away from Martina's torturous tongue.

I have found that many men have very sensitive armpits when aroused, so I headed there and very lightly swirled my tongue around just below where the hair stops. Daniel's face crunched up, his giggles now constant.

"Okay, that's enough," announced Martina. With that, I stopped and Martina impaled herself on Daniel's cock. She bobbed up and down for only about 20 seconds and then he came. I was annoyed because I wanted to do two other things. I wanted the chance to fuck this hunk and I also wanted to suck his beautiful cock and watch it shoot come, as that's a real turn-on for me.

Anyhow, Martina sat back and Daniel lay spent, with the tension finally having



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forum

been released from his cock. Martina then said that she'd mix some drinks and winked at Daniel, adding, ". . . Before we get this guy going again and see what kind of man he really is."

As she left the room I looked at Daniel and said, "I don't think you can take much more of the same. Anyway, Martina got the bit I wanted. All I wanted to do was to suck and fuck you." Daniel flashed me a beautiful grin and said, "Then let's both seek a little revenge. I know a few tricks of my own that would have Martina begging for mercy." I freed his ties and we prepared for Martina's return. But that alone forms another story and reveals some excellent techniques. The whole thing was a big, big learning experience for me. — *Name and address withheld*

A quiet evening

I met Carol on a blind date. The mutual friend who had set us up assured me that she was not only smart, witty, and charming but also beautiful. The reality was better than the promise. Her short blonde hair, green eyes, glasses, and sharp business suit, which framed an incredibly sexy figure, enthralled me for the entire evening. By the way she blushed when I asked her out again, I knew she wasn't disappointed by me, either, even though I am short and balding.

Over the following weeks, we became even closer, and it grew apparent to me that we would soon be doing "the nasty." We had teased and taunted each other into a mutual state of sexual frenzy. Finally, the time had come.

On a Friday night after work, I left my ad agency and drove to North Sydney to pick her up at her office. Although her day had been shitty, when I presented her with a single red rose, I could see her tension ease. But I knew it would probably come back again, perhaps building to a huge wave, before it came crashing down in orgasmic bliss later that night.

The fireplace cast an orangey shadow across the flat as we sat sipping wine and relaxing. She slipped her shoes off and watched while I cooked dinner. Later I finger-fed her fresh fruit and we had ice-cold champagne. We laughed, nervously at times, easing the desire that was beginning to overwhelm us.

We kissed and pressed our bodies together. Slowly we began helping each other down to our underwear. With the little light we had I was able to verify what I'd suspected all along. This woman was a goddess. From her toes to her nose, everything was perfect. Her swan-like neck curved down to an amazing pair of shoulders. Her small firm breasts were nestled in a black lace bra. Her flat stomach led to a skimpy pair of matching black lace panties, which almost hid a bountiful patch of golden pubic hair. Carol's legs were shaped like a dream — long, strong, and flexible. Her scent filled the room, heightening my hunger. Her arse was, well, indescribable. Her entire body was covered by skin so soft, and so hot, it makes my testicles bang together with glee just to think about it.

As we fell to the bed, the fire sent our strangely colored shadows tumbling across the walls. My cock was aching. We sensed each other's longing and took off what was left of our clothing. My balls were tight, my cock tapped its purple head against my belly. She ran her hands over my shoulders, through the hair on my chest, down over my belly, and between my legs, until she finally grasped my hard shaft. I caressed her incredibly soft skin. We were both literally trembling with anticipation.

With an enthusiasm I'd never seen, she began to suck me off, slowly at first, licking all around, tickling my pubic hair, rubbing my balls, sucking them into her mouth — this I loved. She took as much of my thick cock into her mouth as she could. It was all I could do to not scream out. My arms were flailing at my sides uncontrollably, pounding the bed. She really had me squirming. She continued to drive me nutso, until my cock felt as if it were going to split at the seams.

Sadly, I pulled her head from between my legs. She slowly slid up my body, dragging her hot, erect nipples over my cock and balls. She had this incredible look of passion on her face. She licked her lips and stared at me in a way that made me realise I'd found a truly sexual being.

With my cock twitching madly, I rolled her over on to her back. She spread her legs randily, cupping her hand over her pussy and rubbing it while her arms forced her breasts together. She was oozing sex from her eyes, her mouth, and her cunt. I put my face between her legs and heard her breath get short. I kissed, licked, and nuzzled all around her hot box until I thought she'd pull what's left of my hair right out of my head.

The scent of her cunt was light but overwhelming. I spread her outer lips with my fingers and dove in. She gasped, I sucked and probed with my fingers until she was squirming to get away. I had my mouth mashed against her pussy and was holding her steady with all the power I had in my arms. Every time I'd suck at the bottom of her hole I could feel her tremble, telling me she was near the edge. After a while I could tell she and I both needed to get on with it. Oral sex can be gratifying, but it was fucking that we needed.

With my face covered with her juices, I slid my way up her torso, stopping to suck her tits. We kissed ferociously, sharing her taste. My cock was too hot for words. Smoke was escaping from between both our legs. I rubbed my cock up and down her slit, driving us into a mutual fit of lust.

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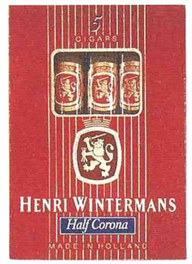

HENRI WINTERMANS
HALF CORONA
CIGARS

She reached down and grabbed my throbbing rod, putting the tip into her hole. We both gasped as I entered her slowly, a little at a time, using short strokes to build a rhythm.

She half-moaned, half-screamed when I finally hammered all the way in. I had to stop because I could feel my orgasm just on the brink of exploding from my hard cock. She clawed at my back and butt, begging me to get on with it. After I'd regained my composure, we began to fuck in earnest. With each stroke in, she yelled. I knew the neighbors could hear, but I didn't care. There was no way I was going to stop until we were both totally spent.

We pounded away. The bedsprings screeched. Her screams became more rapacious. We were a synchronised sweaty mass of heaving flesh on fire. My cock and her pussy were soaked. I looked in her eyes as she groaned out, "You're fucking the shit out of me and I love it." I used every angle I could think of, every rhythm, every bit of sexual intensity I could muster. When she came, she clamped down on me with her legs and almost cut my back wide open with her nails. Her moans stopped for an instant as she let go completely, her body arching up and going rigid.

I moved into high gear, boosting my pace. The heat of our bodies, the sweat rolling down, the light from the now-dying fire, increased my passion. Carol rocked her hips and moved her legs, heightening the friction betwen us. She reached down and squeezed and stroked my balls. It was all I needed. I came in her with such force I thought my whole body would squeeze out of the tip of my cock. She sucked me into her body, closing her legs around my waist, cradling my head against her shoulder, moaning in my ear. I began to relax, my body still twitching out of control.

We stayed like that for a while. Slowly, our heartbeats returned to normal. When we finally looked into each other's eyes, we laughed. Our first sex was better than I'd ever expected. It was fate, it was love, and we both knew it.

Since then the quality of our sex has not diminished, but rather intensified. And since we're both fairly adventuresome, I'm sure we won't lack for inventiveness. We'll keep you posted. — *Name and address withheld*

Regrettable amnesia

I awoke the morning after an incredible party, completely naked on my king-size bed. Sharing the covers, to my elated surprise, was a blonde, very attractive lady. How I had come upon such terrific luck was beyond my recollection. As gazed at her peacefully angelic face, my unrestrained admiration aroused the sleeping beauty. Her blue eyes fluttered open, and I yawned a dreamy, "Good morning."

"What time is it?" came her drowsy inquiry.

"10.16," I gloated, "Uh, you're not married, are you?"

"Oh, my God," she exclaimed. "I should have been at work an hour ago." She bolted from the bed, wrapping my blankets around her. This left me suddenly unprotected. I turned over quickly to hide a rapidly rising hard-on. Her borrowed apparel did little to conceal a gorgeous pair of queen-size tits.

"There's a phone on the bedside table," I said, though I was not overly anxious to offer.

"Thank you." She swiftly accepted.

After she had completed the call, I thought I noticed a look of disappointment, so I asked, "What's wrong?" thinking that, I naturally, could help relieve any frustration.

"My boss had someone else come in," she explained. "He doesn't need me at all today."

Darn, I silently mused. "Would you like to take a shower?" I asked, my body pushing the words right out of my mouth. The thought of her sweet, velvet pussy dripping wet beneath the warm, pounding spray was all my mind could contain.

She momentarily considered the suggestion before nodding. I led her to the bathroom and shut the door behind us. As we got the plumbing running, I turned to kiss her moist cherry lips. Meeting my caress with accelerating passion, she pressed her hard nipples against my hairy chest.

I slid my hands slowly down her back to cup the tight cheeks of her irresistible arse. Steam began to fog our cosy enclosure as we explored each other with uninhibited pleasure.

My sensuous seductress moaned softly under the jet from the shower. Her groping hands squeezed my throbbing cock until its explosion seemed inevitable. This in no way interrupted the hottest, wettest kiss I had ever experienced. As the soothing spray rushed over our nude, excited, erotic physiques, she guided my grateful manhood into her damp, tight, quivering twat. I pounded her love nest with long, powerful, lingering strokes.

She sobbed soft sighs of ecstasy and spread her creamy thighs to take it deeper. Her lovely body trembled with orgasms. At last we came together in one powerful burst that launched us into paradise.

After I finally withdrew, she nursed my happy, long fellow back to life, licking our juices off tastefully with her eager tongue. She ate me, I ate her, and we both starved for more. Following an experiment with numerous and fulfilling positions around the house, we shared a smoke.

"Did we have this much fun last night?" I couldn't help wondering out loud.

"We had more," she said, smiling mischievously. With every effort, I still

Continued on page 150

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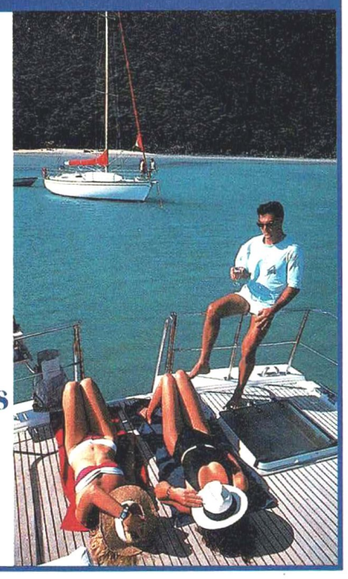

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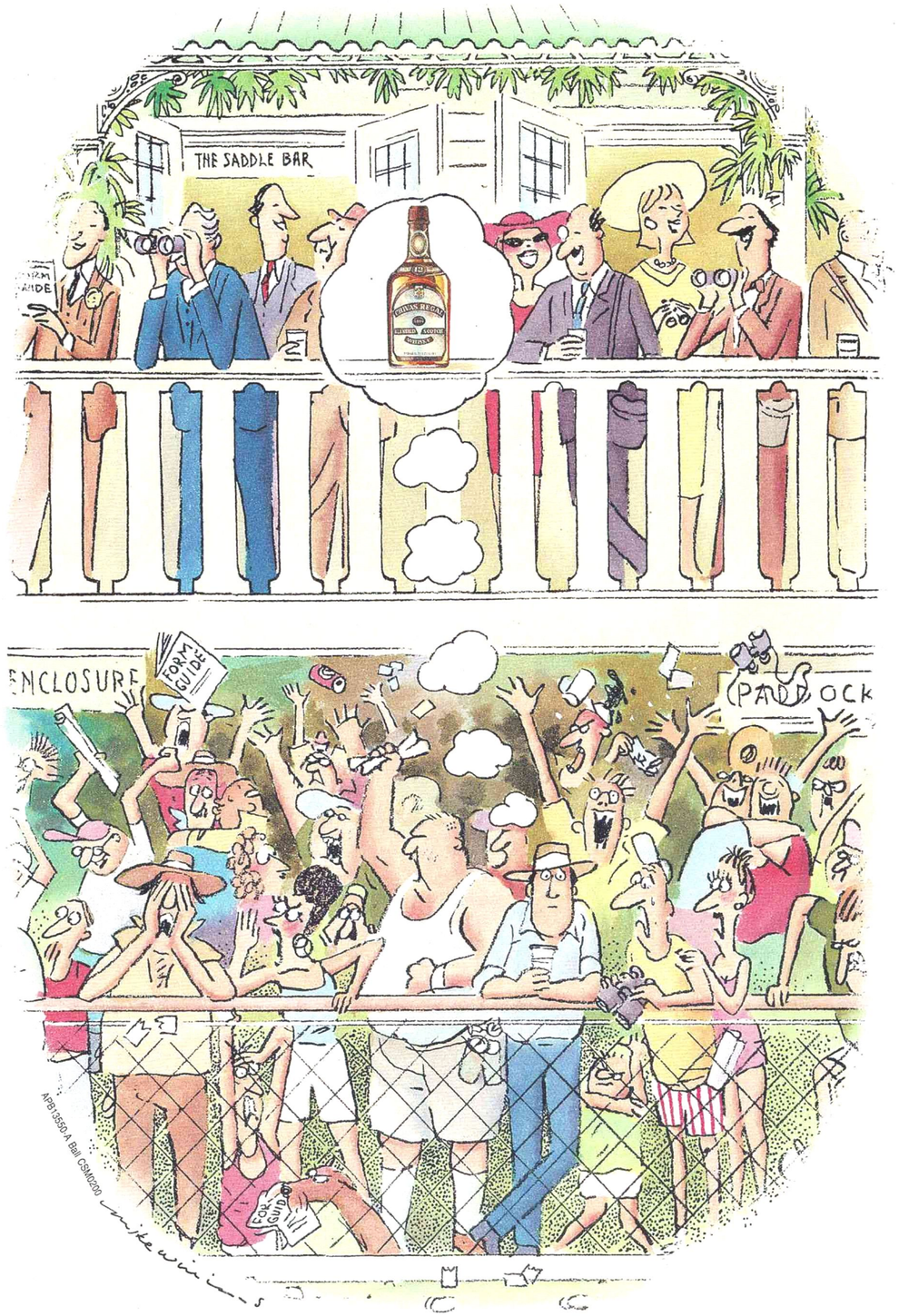


"My favourite's been drawn on the fence."

CHIVAS REGAL

WILD OATS

So every self-styled expert is telling us that it's not sexy to be single in 1990? And that this is to be a decade of connubial bliss with monogamy as the mainstay and the missionary position close behind? Was it AIDS, and that old Grim Reaper who did more in a few months than generations of cold showers to squash the flowering of libido? Or maybe it was the ascent of Mammon during the late Eighties, when passion was redirected into power dressing, and stress stepped into the shoes once occupied by sex.

Let me tell you about being single in 1990. Well, first, let's look at what people *think* it means. Sad-eyed men in crumpled shirts who advertise as "Mr Professional, non-smoker, 38" in the lonely hearts columns; women wearing biological clocks on their sleeves who aerobicise themselves to a standstill in an attempt to ensure that the goods on offer remain desirable. Is that what you've heard?

Lies, my friend, propagated, perhaps, by traditionalists who believe that any relationship (no matter how shitty) is better than no relationship at all. There are plenty of people happily linked for life, as well as those who would have you believe it, truth aside. But only a minority of Australians are conforming to the blueprint of the nuclear family, so what happened to the rest of us?

Let me tell you about being single in 1990. They say it's a miserable condition. We smoke more and drink more; we're supposed to be depressed, lonely and alienated. We're supposed to endure, rather than enjoy, waiting for IT — the perfect match, accompanied, of course, by a perfect sunset to ride off into. Not forgetting the Happily Ever After bit. And if we don't hit IT, then in some inexplicable way, we have failed to become whole.

More lies. Some crawl back out of that sunset, some bolt back, yelping, and some fly out on gilded wings. We've all helped survivors to pick up the pieces after forays into Happily Ever After Land. And we've all compared notes: "She never put the garbage out *once* in five years"; "You should have heard him snoring!"; "He got a whole batch of parking fines in my car, and I only found out when my licence was suspended"; "Her bloody cat had to sleep on the bed every night, and I got sick of all those fleas"; "She gave me herpes, the bitch."

To emerge wounded, disappointed or angry is acceptable. What you're supposed to do is patch up your (inevitably lacerated) self-esteem and head off doggedly, once again, in search of IT. A lot less acceptable is an attitude of cheerful delight at being free. You're not supposed to come dancing out of that sunset with a silly grin all over your mug, whistling while you scour the "To Let" columns for somewhere nice to live alone. To be openly

It's still okay to be naughty in the Nineties

ecstatic about renewed singlehood is considered at best weird, and at worst, callous and selfish.

Selfish it may be, but the bottom line of being single is that it's fun. Especially if you've been un-single for a while. It's fun to set up your own place, put in it only the things you like, get rid of all those things you put up with but loathed, and establish yourself as an individual again. You soon find that there are gratifying aspects of living in your own, unencumbered environment. You can make a mess, play loud music and lust after whom you choose; you can entertain if and when you wish and indulge in apocalyptic, rather than obligatory, sex; you can incur what expenses you like, without having to explain yourself afterwards. If your emotional security is self-created, you never have to worry about losing it.

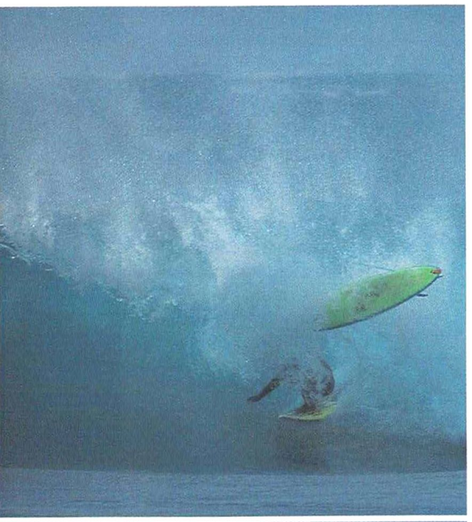
So who's depressed and alienated? I posed the question to my unattached mates during various late-night rum-fuelled rabbit sessions. "Not me," said Maureen, who's two years short of 40. Signing her divorce papers made her feel like a kid wagging school — except that then, she stole mere days for herself whereas now, it's a lifetime. What about lonely? "*Lonely?*" hooted Tony, a lawyer by day and a layabout by night. "I was more lonely when I was married. All those bloody barbecues — and baby talk." He shuddered, just to make his point. What about bored? "Uh-uh," sighed Annabel of the long, slender legs. "I go fishing, I go skiing, I have a good supply of condoms. I only invite really interesting prospects home, and then they have to please leave before breakfast." Limited social life? "Oh, yeah, it's limited all right," agreed Alison, who's heading off to hitch-hike around the world on yachts. "Limited by the fact there are only 24 hours in the day." Anybody wish they were married? "Marriage," yawned Maureen, "boils down to work, washing up and wishful thinking."

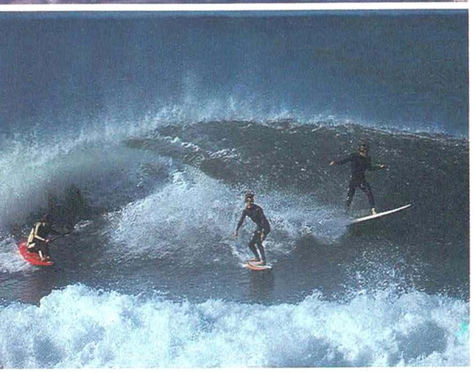
And that, my friend, is the truth about being single in 1990. It's the best-kept secret of the decade. Because the much-sought IT can very swiftly turn to *shIT*, and in the long run, the most perfect match of all is with yourself. — *Sam Severn*

Illustration by Victor Terletzky

SURF WARS

A few years ago, Hollywood spat out a B-grade horror shlock movie called *Surf Nazis Must Die*, a gross portrait of post-apocalyptic gang warfare on California's beaches — sort of like Frankie Avalon Meets Freddie Krueger. "The waves are a war zone, the beaches are a battlefield," the movie's poster proclaimed under a garish painting of a neo-Nazi surfer with a chainsaw for a fin running over a screaming, bikini-clad girl. The movie was ignored by most of the world, and surfers dismissed it as sick exploitation of beach culture.





Sick it might have been, but there was a whiff of prophecy in its slogans, because all is not peace and harmony in the surf at the moment. Any pop psychologists out there in search of life on the boil need look no further than their local surf spot. Right now, more than ever before, there is a social melting-pot beyond the breakers, all bobbing away side by side, vying for that most precious of prizes — waves. No longer can surfers be typecast into one category of young, long-haired and unemployed. That stereotype started cracking 20-odd years ago, and in its place a menagerie of sub-species has emerged.

The most obvious distinction between the new breeds is in the equipment. Take a close look next time you come across a crowded surf beach. As well as the stand-up surfboard you'll find old-style longboards, bodyboards by the score, wave-skis, jet-skis, surf boats, rescue boards, kneeboards, sailboards and bodysurfers.

It's a potentially explosive mix. Surf spots have been getting more and more crowded for years, but when everyone is on the same equipment,

All is not well out in the swell

at least the competition is on an even footing. The peformance advantages and inadequacies of different surf craft make for serious tension when the surf is up. Strict rules of etiquette apply in the surf, keeping the thrashing, frothing mob in some sort of order. But the growing diversity of surfcraft has strained these rules to the limits.

Opinion is divided on how these conflicts will be resolved. Is the growing tension in the surf a mirror of a society in the process of breaking down, of the development of a "law-of-the-jungle" regime? Or will the social mix in the surf set an example of co-existence and harmony? These might sound like pretty serious analogies to draw from an apparently simple, indulgent activity like surfing. But for surfers who are passionate about their sport, it's a serious issue.

Many skilled surfers have become so at the expense of relationships or even careers. The surf is their arena of achievement and a good surfer earns his position in the line-up at his local surf spot through years of practice and dues-paying. Dave, for example, is a serious surfer in his late twenties. He's single, a laborer by profession, only basically educated, but on a big day at The Point he is in his element — a courageous, expert practitioner of an honorable artform, respected and admired. The precise skill of jumping from prone to standing up on a piece of foam and fibreglass as it hurtles down a three-metre wall of water is something to behold.

But all of a sudden, Dave finds he is competing with young kids on little pieces of foam rubber, lying down and kicking their flippers and paddling with webbed gloves, all of whom are trying to assume the same position in the line-up as he is. The respect traditionally accorded skill and experience is disregarded.

Further out to sea you'll find older surfers on longboards. Their extra length gives them a huge paddling advantage, so they sit way out the back and paddle into waves long before other surfers can. Many longboarders opt for this equipment because age and reduced fitness have made them uncompetitive on a short board.

Also waiting out back are the wave-ski riders who sit on large, chunky canoe-boards which they propel by paddle. Again, they have a serious paddling advantage and are considered prone to "dropping in" — gatecrashing someone else's wave. The surfer closest to the breaking curl of the wave, who positions himself in the most dangerous and critical part of the wave before taking off, has right of way. Longboards and wave-skis can pick waves up on the flat shoulder and exploit their paddling advantage by dropping in. Their limited manoeuvrability, too, can make them dangerous objects in the surf.

So our friend Dave is finding that his main source of recreation is becoming taxed by inexperienced and often inept riders of alternative surfcraft. As well, there is the dreaded jet-ski, a sort of jet-propelled water scooter that has already claimed several lives in Hawaii and earned the universal contempt of surfers in Australia. A representative of one surfing association in Australia has received death threats because of his campaign to have jet-skis banned by law from the surf.

Photos by Peter Crawford

Anecdotal evidence of the friction between different surf species abounds. Earlier this year a jet-ski rider on the NSW south coast was amusing himself by zapping in and out of a crowded surf spot, the jet-ski's noise, wake and petrol fumes all spoiling the surf for the rest of the crowd. When the new-fangled machine stalled, he was set upon and beaten up while his jet-ski was left to be smashed on the rocks.

Around the Australian coastline there are hot-spots where alternative surfers have arrived in large numbers. Wave-ski riders tried to claim Dee Why Point as their own some years ago. There have been fights on the beach and in the water — and even one stabbing in the Dee Why car park — between stand-up riders and wave-ski riders. The language in the letters pages of surfing magazines is ominous. Wave-skis are written off as "goat boats", "egg beaters" or "wave pigs." Bodyboards are called "speed bumps" or "esky lids", while bodyboarders themselves, with the arrogance of youth, scorn all else in the surfing world.

But not everybody regards the influx of alternative surfers with alarm. Australia's first world surfing champion (in 1964), Midget Farrelly, is in a better position than most to observe the phenomenon. He rides a longboard, a shortboard and a sailboard, runs a surfboard business, and his teenage daughter is one of the growing number of women now taking to the surf. Midget reckons that the therapy people get from the ocean is so good, it doesn't matter what they ride. The more people that surf, the better a place the world will be; a fat, middle-aged bloke on a wave-ski might cause you a bit of grief out in the surf, but he'll cause you a lot less grief on land because he's experienced surfing in some form.

It remains to be seen how Australian surfers sort out the new pecking order of the Nineties. But they would do well to heed Midget's philosophy: "I always think back to [Hawaiian surfing great of the early 1900s] Duke Kahanamoku's words to try and stop Hawaii's surfing conflicts — 'Hey boys, there's always another wave!'" — *Clifford Jones*

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THE KING'S KITCHEN

It is to my lasting regret that, on my one and only visit to the Vatican, I didn't lash out and buy a Pope-shaped bottle opener. At the time, the spirit was willing but the hip pocket was weak. It was that bottle-opener or lunch, and, piglet that I am, I opted for the growl. But visions of that bottle opener still haunt me. As fat and fist-filling as a bambino's forearm it was, painted with a crude semblance of purple robes, and the business end, the bit that actually got the top off the bottles, was formed by His Holiness's two fingers raised in benediction. Every time I think of what I missed out on I could kick my own arse.

And so it was that when I found myself in another and equally famous place of holy pilgrimage, this time with a big $20 to fritter at will, I was

Chowing down with Elvis Presley

determined to come away with some exclusive item of kitsch crap. Imagine my profound disappointment, then, when I discovered that Graceland, Memphis, Tennessee, Legendary Seat Of The King, has a really crummy tasteful souvenir shop. In the Vatican gift shop, where nuns man the cash registers like pecuniary penguins, you can go crass crazy on bottle openers, Pope dolls and postcards of Jesus Christ on which His stigmata bleed and His soulful eyes blink courtesy of the miracle of 3-D. In the much more reverent Graceland souvenir shop, zealous, pink-cheeked Southern girls with names like Mary-Lou and Betsy-Sue preside politely over shelves of restrained songbooks, sedate glassware, understated keyrings, and stuffed hound-dogs in the scintillating array of one color: hound-dog brown. Nary a 3-D postcard or black velvet painting in sight.

To get to the point of a column that flies under the banner of "Food", let me say that I bought a cookbook — *The Presley Family Cookbook*, penned (and signed) by loyal Graceland guard Uncle Vester Presley and Nancy Rook, maid and cook to the King and his boys since 1967. In these salad days of Pritikin and cholesterol counts, it was the closest thing to a relic I could find. I'll be danged if I didn't put on a couple of kilos of lard just *reading* this book. And, much as any traveller will bore you with his slides, let me share with you my little bit of Graceland.

I'll kick off with a special fave of the Great Man. Elvis was known to have flown friends from all around the country to partake of this dish:

FRIED PEANUT BUTTER AND BANANA SANDWICH — You will need: 3 tbsp peanut butter; 1 banana; 2 slices white bread; 2 tbsp melted margarine. Mix peanut butter and banana together. Toast bread lightly. Spread mixture on toast and brown on both sides in melted margarine.

According to unofficial Presley biographer Albert Goldman, Elvis and Little Elvis (Big E's name for his penis) were fond of watching young women engaging in pillow fights while clad only in white cotton panties. Perhaps, between bouts, The Pelvis would wrap the hungry laughing gear around a mess of:

SOUTHERN FRIED SQUIRREL — Take: 1½lbs squirrel meat; 1 tsp each pepper and parsley flakes; salt; 1 cup flour; 1½ cups cooking oil. Boil squirrel until tender. Pat dry. Season and coat with flour. Cook in hot fat until brown.

Heck y'all, why not go the whole Tennessee hog and bung on an Elvis Presley dinner party? You'll need a lot of ingredients but you may even bump into the Man Himself down at the shopping mall. A lot of people seem to, if *Picture* magazine is anything to go by. May I suggest you kick off with the squirrel, then try these Graceland treats:

CHEESEBURGER LOAF — 1½lbs beef mince; ½ cup chopped onion; 3 tbsps ketchup; 1 tsp each salt and pepper; 1 egg; 1 cup cracker crumbs; ¼ tsp mustard; ½ cup *condensed milk*; 4 slices American [processed] cheese. Mix all ingredients into meat except cheese. Put half mixture into loaf pan, top with 2 slices cheese, then another layer of meat and cheese. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 mins.

COLA SALAD — 1 large pack black cherry jelly; 15oz can crushed pineapple, drained; 1 cup each chopped apple and raisins; ½ cup each chopped pecans and white grapes; 1 8oz pack cream cheese, softened; 1 king-sized can cola. Make jelly according to instructions. Add remaining ingredients except cola and mix well. Add cola last, stir and pour into oiled salad mould. Refrigerate for at least six hours before serving. *Enjoy.*

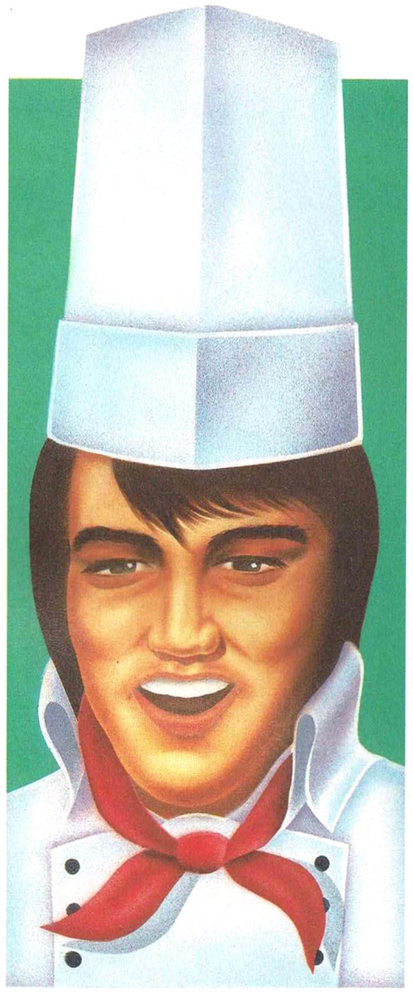

Illustration by Rodney Wong

Chef's note: don't be stingy with the old grease bottle, y'hear. And should you be tempted to learn more sumptuous secrets from the King's kitchen, write to me here and I'll supply recipes for Pork Brains And Scrambled Eggs, Wild Rice And Gizzards, Pork Ears, Feet And Tails — and more!

Finally, for that special touch of down home authenticity, try making your Elvis bash a BYO affair. Tell everyone to check the contents of their bathroom cabinets and bring along a big bottle of pills. Hell, any kind'll do! All of the above is to be consumed with lashings of diet soft drink before the party retires to your loungeroom to watch kung-fu movies and shoot at the TV. — *C.J. Mackay*

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DAYS OF HEAVEN

Krabi is a fishing port some 1000 kms south of Bangkok, down that long thin bit which Thailand partly shares with Burma before it becomes Malaysia at the bottom. The only direct means of reaching it from the capital is by overnight bus. So it is that, after 11 sleepless hours, I find myself standing in the main street next to a pretty grotty bit of beach, wondering whether my mate Frank had got it all wrong.

Frank — who lives in London — had told me about some article in the *London Sunday Times* which had listed the ten most beautiful beaches in the world. Number two was apparently in Thailand. So Frank, knowing I was headed there for a holiday and aware of my predilection for places where sand meets sea, felt it his his duty to bring it to my attention. "So where is it?" I'd asked. "Near a town called Krabi. It's got some Thai name. Just ask the locals, they'll know!"

So here I am in lacklustre Krabi. Of even more concern is a dilapidated looking building bearing the name Frank Tour — a worrying coincidence of names. Putting my misgiving to one side, I walk in and ask for Frank (always deal with the principal). "Ah! No Frank! I Mister T who run Frank Tour!" explains a beaming Thai gentleman behind a makeshift counter. "Frank mean very sincere in English, right? So we call Frank Tour! Home away from home! Very sincere!" Of course. Bloody obvious when you think about it.

There is a beach in Thailand where heaven touches Earth

Now to find the mystery beach. The walls of Frank Tour are covered in handmade posters for beaches. Judging from the snapshots stuck on them they're all sensational. Their names are as exotic as their looks, with one exception: James Bond Island doesn't have the same authentic ring to it as say Koh Phi Phi or Koh Poda. "Ah!" says Mr T, "this rocation for James Bond in Man With Goden Gun. Good for day trip but think you should stay here! Very pretty beach!" he adds, pointing to another poster. "This most beautiful beach in Thairand!" Mr T, you have a customer.

Thirty minutes across the turquoise waters of the Andaman Sea our long-tail boat approaches a giant limestone nodule, its bottom edges chewed away by millennia of wave power. This sight is extraordinary and the beach freak within me wonders what magic awaits on the other side. I soon find out.

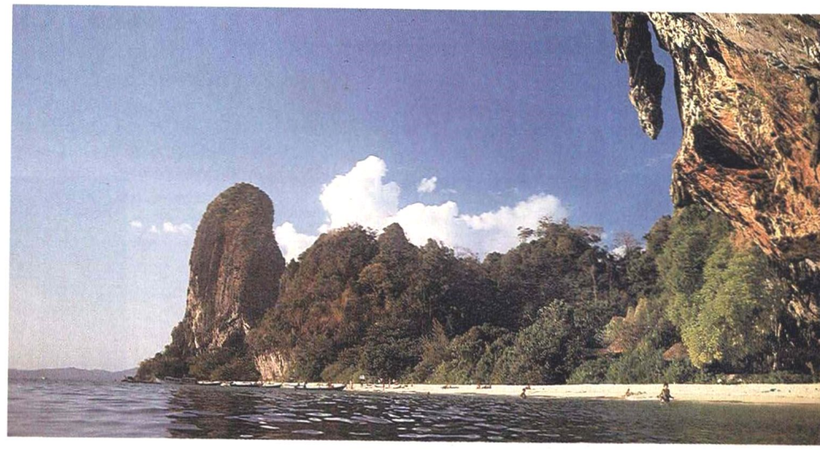

Photo by John McNally

Its name is Ao Phra Nang, and bugger *The Sunday Times* — this is *the* most beautiful beach in the world. A couple of kilometres of sand with a giant rock nodule at either end, Ao Phra Nang is — well, it's *it*. The best. The one thing that sets it apart from all others is the vast Princess Cave at the southern end. To float on your back at high tide and look up at stalactites dripping from the vaulted roof of a natural cathedral is the stuff of dreams. Or to watch the amazing sunsets every evening, then sit on the sand at night with a Singha beer or two counting the fishing boats in the distance, each one lit up like a film set in order to attract light loving marine species. There's also another giant rock nodule within wading distance, plus a couple of extraordinary islands a cheap ($5 for half the day) boat trip away which have magnificent coral reefs for snorkelling.

Ao Phra Nang is on the end of an isthmus which is protected from anything but water access by a giant rock escarpment. There are, in fact, three beaches to cater for those lucky enough to find the place. I stayed in one of the thatched palm and bamboo bungalows dotted about a 12ha coconut plantation, which is all there was at Ao Phra Nang before the owners discovered there was more baht to be made from tourists than from copra and coconut milk. The bungalows are basic and ridiculously cheap at around $12 to $25 a night each in the high season from November to March) down to $4 in the low season. Each bungalow sleeps two.

There are half a dozen beachside restaurants in the area, each appearing to operate its own group of bungalows. Whatever the merits of the accommodation, their food is sensational both in taste and price, with such delicacies as whole fish in either chilli or peanut sauce a mere $2.

Sadly though, Ao Phra Nang's days of tranquil, laid back ambience are numbered. A major hotel group plans to gouge a tunnel through the protecting rock buttress behind and provide vehicular access to an adjoining beach. Here it intends to build the usual 300-room "luxury" hotel which is scheduled to open in the early Nineties. An airport is also planned for Krabi and the price of land there has increased 600 percent in the last five years, which is a fair indication of what the future holds.

Thailand is a poor country inhabited by a race of people whose genuine affection for other human beings is unparalleled. It is called the Land of Smiles with good reason. However, some of the smiles, particularly in the Westernised hotels and resorts, are suffering from the highly contagious "have a nice day" syndrome. Before it reaches Ao Phra Nang, call Mr T. — *John McNally*

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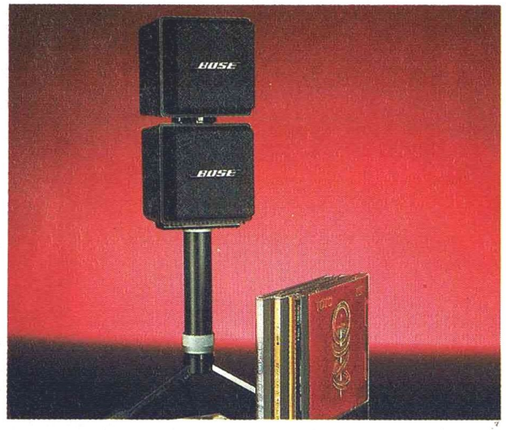

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SAVINGS PLANS

Unscrambling the business of nest eggs

A few years ago I set up a notional account for my godson, into which I put five percent of my earnings from share trading: to accumulate by reinvestment and to be available when he is an adult and needs money to get married or something. When you're making good profits, five percent is a mere snip and why not give it to a good cause?

Of course I told the boy's parents that I was doing something along these lines and, of course, they mentioned something about Uncle David's trust fund to the lad. So when I visit I'm treated rather well: rather like the rich uncle of the comics.

I checked the balance of this notional account the other day. Being notional, the value of the account will vary from time to time, depending on the valuation philosophy used, credit dates, the tides, wind direction and so on. But, due to a serious miscalculation late in 1987, young Nathaniel's account now owes me about $1300.

Assuming no further disasters, or even successes, and an interest rate of 15 percent, by the time the boy is 25 he will owe me about four and a half grand. As he has managed to turn out a very fine cut of bloke — probably due to the complete absence of any moral guidance from his godfather — I have no doubt that when Nathaniel does come around to tying the knot with some young lady and asks me about the trust fund he will be 100 percent reliable about putting the wedding off until he has paid out the money owing to his not-so-rich-after-all Uncle David. I mean, I was prepared to share with him some of my profits so it is only fair that he help defray the costs of any reverses.

Now, I mention this rather inglorious piece of Scroogery by way of showing how important it is to lock profits away when they are there and not to assume that they can always be repeated. What if Nathaniel's trust fund were in fact a superannuation fund? That would mean a very frugal old age for your correspondent — a prospect I fear may well be a reality for many Australians if the present approach to superannuation pertains for the next 40 or 50 years.

The task of honest and competent insurers is to maximise management and minimise luck to provide a result that is closer to the mid-range of those extremes: between drought and plenty, ie, you get your money back. Unfortunately, even honest and competent insurance companies are sometimes forced into paying their salesmen so much that you end up getting less back than you put in. You can avoid paying these high commissions by keeping the money in a term deposit in the bank for, after inflation and tax, about the same return.

Boring, isn't it? Well, that's what security is: boring. But it depends on who you want to look after your life's savings: Rob Lowe or Henry Fonda (if he's still alive). Of course there is always the chance that Rob Lowe, being still young, could grow up into an incredibly productive zillionaire, taking you along with him, while Henry Fonda turns out to be a seedy degenerate with gambling fever. With insurance, however, what you often get is Rob Lowe up front — all Porsche and gold bracelets — with Henry Fonda in the back room counting out the money. And, when it comes to straight investment policies such as insurance bonds or endowment or, as they are called these days, "savings plans", there is little difference between an insurance company and a bank.

Both pool the savings of lots of small savers and take big positions in income-producing assets. The banks usually take their positions at a fixed rate of interest with a stranglehold on the assets whereas an insurance company usually takes equity; equity, not being limited to a fixed rate of return like a bank loan, can often earn more, because it has a call on the profits — but it can earn less, because it also has to share in the losses. Thus, with banks, you know what you're going to get; with insurance products, it's a bit more mysterious. But both of them lend your money to business. Because the insurance companies lend equity there is an argument that says they will provide a better return over the long-run. It could be so but for every proof I've seen, I've seen an equally acceptable disproof. Their savings plans, for example, I find even less attractive in these days of electronic banking. I'm not knocking savings plans — I'm just suggesting that you don't need an insurance company to have one if you have self-discipline. You can easily get some of that discipline via an automatic pay deduction; banks charge for such transactions, building societies do them free.

Once you've got your building society automatically syphoning off a set amount of your salary or wages each payday, bingo, you've got a savings plan going — and after a while you won't notice it. Then every so often, when the sum saved reaches a predetermined amount — say $500 — you whack it in a term deposit at a bank, or at least a different institution to your normal savings body. It helps to build up relationships with different institutions and, remember, there's eggs and baskets. There is no need to do any more than that for a good, safe savings plan. It'll take you ten minutes three or four times a year. No salesmen will call. Batteries aren't included but they aren't needed.

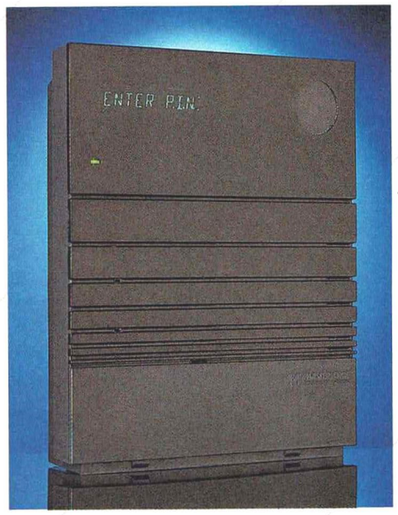
And, as far as it is possible in this world, there's a money-back guarantee. What you save is what you get.

Over the years, it will give you as much as an insurance company plan would give you, probably more. I'm going out right now to start one for myself. And you know what? I think I'll also see that five percent of what I put aside each week in turn be put aside into a special trust account for my godson. For real, this time. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Sky Rogers

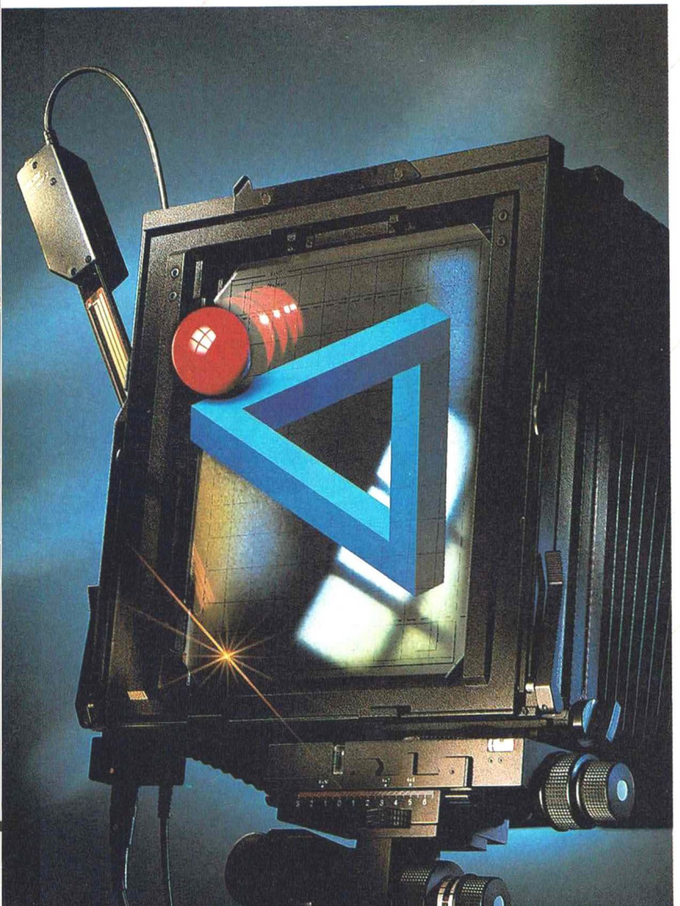
FRONT

You may never have to flick a switch again once the Mastervoice Butler-In-A-Box is installed in your home. The system enables up to 256 devices around the home (from swimming pool filters to the coffee maker) to be remotely controlled either via touch buttons, a timer delay or even voice commands. Conveniently, the Butler-In-A Box operates directly through existing house or office wiring and also acts as a security system by providing a trigger for existing alarm systems. According to the distributor, Autoworld International Marketing, the system recognises both male and female voices and responds to any language. More details on (02) 905 5055.



Latest model to wear the legendary Nikon marque is the F-601 which features auto-everything operation and a neatly-concealed built-in flash unit. An advanced exposure control system balances flash and available light for professional results at the touch of a button. A built-in motordrive allows two-frames-per-second action sequences while a top shutter speed of 1/2000 second stops anything dead in its tracks. Another nice feature is a price tag of $1150 which includes a 35-70mm autofocus zoom. From Maxwell Optical Industries.

If you have a spare $30,000 to spend on a camera then consider the Swiss-built Sinar e. It's the ultimate studio camera and is coupled to a personal computer which relays all the settings required to greatly simplify complicated photographic set-ups. Focusing, exposure and flash calculations are all handled by the computer which even takes into account the type of film used. The e (for electronic) accepts 4x5 inch sheet film to deliver stunningly high quality results. Distribution is by Baltronics.



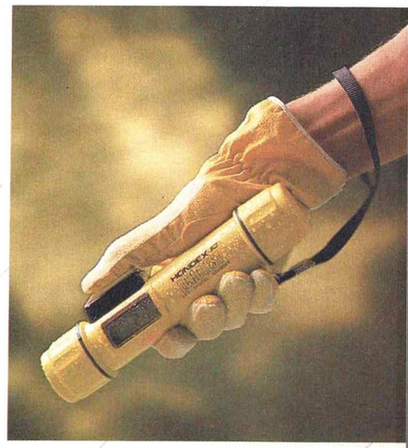
If you want sound gear which looks as good as it sounds, then Proton's new 400 Series system is both tasteful and supremely satisfying. The components comprise a 50 watt per channel amplifier which drives a AM/FM stereo tuner, a CD player with two times oversampling and a twin-head cassette deck with Dolby B and C noise reduction. All feature smart and stylish front panels which don't look like Hong Kong at night and you'll even find a few good, old-fashioned knobs. Proton equipment is distributed by W.C. Wedderspoons who can be contacted on (02) 642 2595 for dealer details.

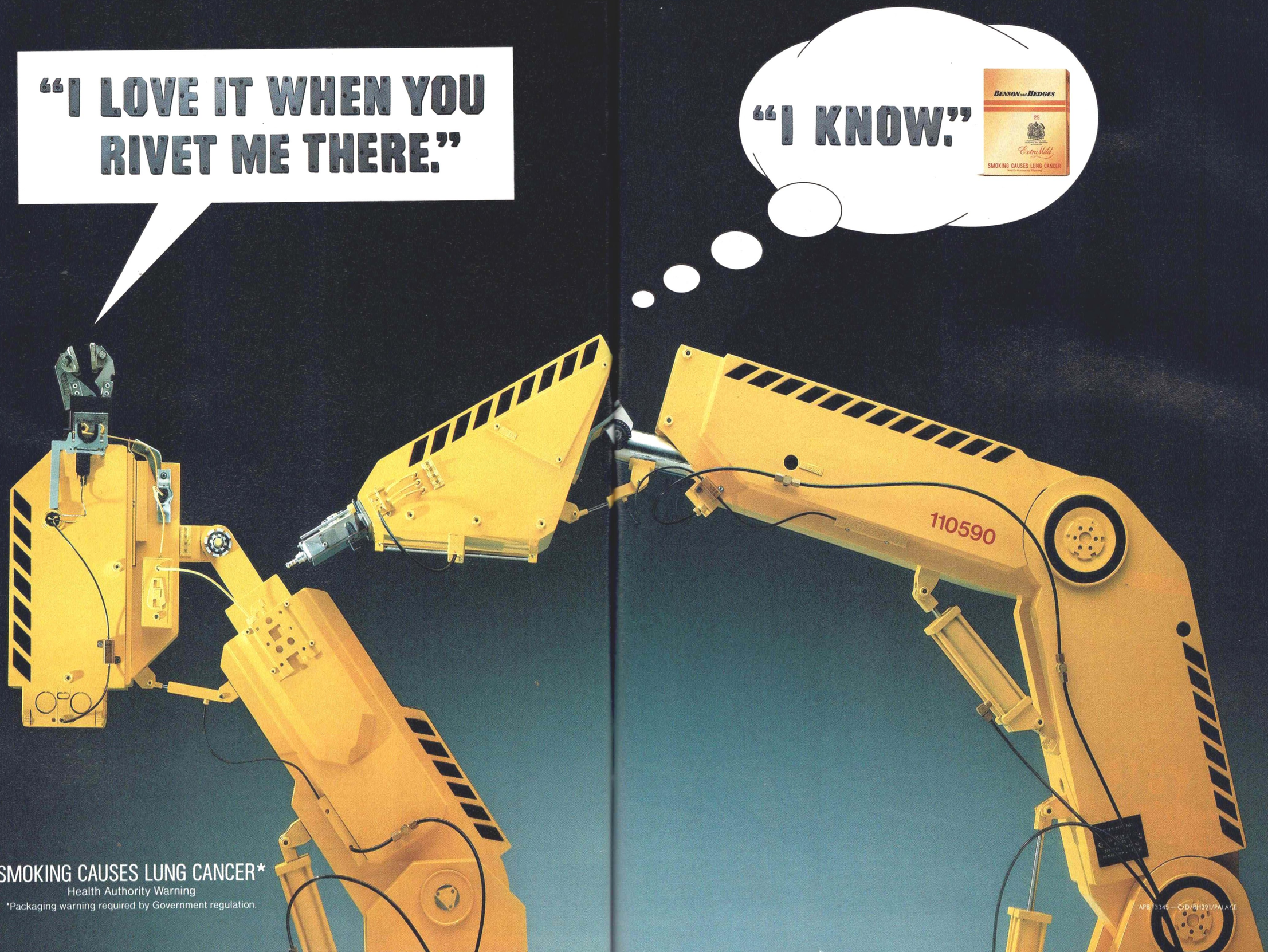
No doubt healthy video camcorder sales (a predicted 150,000 units this year in Australia) has prompted Akai to rejoin the fray with its unusually designed PVS-C100E. It's gripped binocular-style for greater stability and has a high resolution 420,000 pixel image sensor (which means a better quality image on-screen). Other features include an eight times power zoom lens, 1/2000 second high speed shutter and built-in character generator for creating titles. The price tag is $1899 and the format is VHS-C.

Okay, so you can't afford Ayrton Senna's cast-off McLaren or Mr Schwanz's Suzuki, but a modest $3200 buys pedal-power's equivalent of a grand prix racer. Sydney-based frame maker Jim Bundy has custom-built this track bike from advanced Reynolds 531 Speed Stream tubing and you can pick the whole thing up with one finger. The racing frame is mated with Campagnolo components and runs on a Khamsin disc rear wheel (from Atom Imports) and a blade-spoked front wheel (for aerodynamic effect). How does it go? That's up to you, mate.

Video-to-go with Philips' PVR200 which combines a full-size VHS format recorder and a 10 cm color LCD screen. The unit can be powered via a rechargeable battery, AC mains or a car cigarette lighter point and the screen folds down for easy carriage. A full set of audio and video connections allow the PVR200 to be connected to a larger TV or it can act as the monitor for a camcorder. Notable features include on-screen displays and a one event/24-hour timer for unattended recording. However, while the unit may be small the price tag is a hefty $2699 . . . still, convenience was never cheap.

Getting in deep becomes a rather more precise science with the Hondex Echotest handheld depth sounder. The torch-like unit provides depth indications (via a liquid crystal display) relative to the sea or lake bed or alternatively gauges the distance to an underwater rock or reef. The range is 79 metres (which gives ample time to take evasive action) and the unit can be submerged to 50 metres. Ideal for the boating and fishing crowd or scuba divers, the Echotest is from Plastimo who can be contacted on (02) 482 1544.





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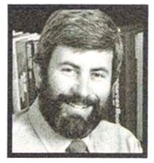

Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

FALSE PRETENCES

Should you always tell your partner the truth?

She was a very impressive woman, so it was only natural that you wanted to make a good impression yourself. You didn't actually *lie* to her. You just didn't correct her mistaken assumption that you were wealthy. Perhaps you just dropped hints about your professional qualifications or past experiences — hints that won't stand up to close scrutiny. But you didn't tell any outright lies. Or did you? She says you did. How far can you stretch the truth before it snaps back in your face?

I am not a believer in compulsory honesty in relationships — that is, the approach that says: "I'm going to tell you the truth, the whole truth and every bit of the truth, no matter how rotten it makes you feel, because then I feel better." I think the idea of total honesty in a relationship is naive and selfish. It is naive to expect someone else not to be upset by something that you feel bad about yourself. It is selfish if your reason for telling is to assuage your own guilt rather than help the relationship.

There's also a question of timing. Most love relationships begin with passionate infatuation.

You have a strong feeling of arousal at the sight or even the thought of your beloved. You think about her a lot. You are usually very sexually attracted. And you think she's perfect. Aren't you lucky she seems to feel the same way about you? The point about passionate love that is overlooked in most movies is that it gradually fades. It usually lasts from six to 30 months. One sign of this fading is your gradual realisation that your beloved isn't really perfect — that she may indeed have some faults or off-putting characteristics. If, in the meantime, you have been building a companionate love relationship, based on good communication, shared values and interests, you will probably just accept her faults (and hopefully she will accept yours).

If you tell your brand new acquaintance the whole truth about yourself, in the interests of making an "honest and open relationship", there's a real risk you'll scare her off. Relationships develop closeness and trust through a process called self-disclosure. At first, you don't share much that's personal. As the relationship develops, you gradually share more personal information about yourself. If your partner wants to get closer to you, then she or he will respond by also disclosing something personal.

"You should exercise reasonable privacy, but let me make it clear that I do not favor blatant deception about yourself as a socal skill.'

If you have a few personal points you don't want to share with the world, you are entitled to reasonable privacy. But do make sure you don't wind up in an important relationship that is vulnerable because you have not yet shared some important information about yourself. A simple rule of thumb is to ask yourself: "Could someone blackmail me by threatening to tell my spouse (or lover or business partner) something?" If the answer is "Yes", then it's probably best if you now tell them yourself, unless you can be reasonably certain they will never find out. The developing closeness in a relationship should be matched by increasing openness in disclosure. But choosing not to tell everyone in your life the whole truth about yourself may be exercising only reasonable privacy.

However, let me also make it clear that I do not favor blatant deception — telling lies about yourself — as a social skill. To deceive someone is to try to manipulate them and manipulation is not a basis for successful long-term relationships. Telling fibs about yourself, your achievements, your wealth, your status or whatever, may seem to give you a head start in a relationship. But it's difficult to keep it up. If your goal is just a one-night stand and you feel comfortable lying to get it, then you don't need my help. But few people can happily lead a life of perpetual promiscuity, and sooner or later most of us want to settle down.

Sometimes that sneaks up on you. It was no great worry to imply you owned an ocean-going yacht when you didn't expect to know her long enough for her to ask for a ride on it. But now you find yourself suddenly more attached to her than you expected. You'd be rather sorry to have to say goodbye, now. But how do you explain your yacht is really a windsurfer?

A corner that many women paint themselves into is to fake orgasms. They often say, with some realism, that they do it to protect their partners' egos, that "he would be devastated if he thought he hadn't turned me on." But in truth they are often faking also to get into the relationship. A year or more later, she lobs into my office complaining, "Sex has never been great and now it's so boring even the idea puts me off. How do I tell him I've been faking orgasm all this time?" There is a way out, but it would have been easier if she hadn't faked in the first place.

I'm a great believer in assertive relationships — dealing with others on a basis of mutual respect. I suggest you try to respect her rights and feelings without surrendering yours. Try to respect her right not to be misled by or about you, and therefore be unnecessarily hurt, but don't surrender your rights to reasonable privacy or to set your own limits on your relationships. The main reason for being reasonably honest in starting relationships is that you give those relationships a better chance of succeeding and you save yourself unnecessary pain later, when you either get caught out or have to come clean.

If you believe that she won't like you as you really are, so you need a bit of window-dressing, you are saying one of two things. You may be saying you lack self-esteem. In that case, your real answer is to build a better self-esteem, not to fib. Or you may be saying that she will only be interested in someone with the phony attributes you have cooked up. If you guessed correctly about her, what does that tell you? Even if you do have a yacht, if that's all she finds attractive about you, what happens if you lose it? In that case, your real answer again is not to fib, but to find yourself someone who wants you as you are, regardless of any window-dressing.

advisor

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Sock it to 'em

I find women in short white bobby socks very attractive. Such socks make their legs look very sexy. I like to kiss and fondle their legs and feet when they wear socks. Am I the only man with such a preference?

Of course you're not. A great many say they find shapely legs in flashy white socks a big turn-on. Even more men get even more turned on by shapely legs encased in sheer nylon or silk. If little white socks are your preference, you'll be more likely to find love on the tennis court than on the beach.

Happy with hair

I like lots of body hair on women: bushy pubic hair, armpit hair and unshaven legs. How many men find this sexy? Do women also find this sexy?

Here were are into cultural differences. Hispanic men — and sometimes French men — are said to get off on hairy armpits, legs and crotches. There is the theory that armpit hair has a high arousal factor because it subliminally reminds men of female pubic hair. It might, too, have something to do with general sophistication — Europeans being more worldly than Australians (or so it is said). Scandinavian women are less prone to shaving their armpits or depilating their legs. But they're blonde.

In answer to the second part of your question — "Do women find it sexy?" — it depends largely on acculturation. Australian women, like American women, are generally conditioned to a sterile, hyper-clean and deodorised approach. So no, most probably don't consider it to be sexy.

Double down

I love to perform oral sex on my wife, but she puts up with it only if we do 69. She says it's not intimate if she's not doing me also. Why is that?

There are several possible reasons why. One is conditioning: women are not comfortable with touching themselves down there, much less with having a man's face there. It seems very taboo. Another reason may be control. The woman has no control over what the man is doing, which can make her feel too vulnerable. There's a paradox in this. Even though the woman is in a submissive position, she may feel that the man is demeaning himself by servicing her.

This is particularly true when she's really seeking the domination that is brought about by the power of his penis. Because they receive so much pleasure when a woman sucks them, men often think that the greatest pleasure they can give a woman is to go down on her. However, such direct contact can be too much when a woman is very aroused. If you truly enjoy cunnilingus, maybe you should agree with your wife's terms: you'll let her go down on you if she'll let you go down on her first. May I suggest that you try bargaining your way to bliss in the bedroom?

Dominating desire

I like to be dominated and humiliated by my wife. Am I a sick man? How many other couples are interested in this sort of pleasure?

I am really not in the numbers game. I don't know how many but I suppose Kinsey and other sexologists interested in statistics could help you out. Rest assured, however, that you are not alone. Without question, many men like to be dominated and humiliated by their wife or girlfriend. In fact, I believe that far more males enjoy being dominated and humiliated in a sexual sense than do females. In other words, it's far easier to find sadistic rather than masochistic women in S&M relationships. Whatever the case, have your fun just as long as you don't get hurt.

Risky business

My wife and I sometimes invite other men to join us in the bedroom. On several occasions they have tried to romance her away from me. This has made me feel vulnerable and scared of losing her, and yet I still love our kinky sessions. How can we stop this from happening and still continue to enjoy group sex?

I don't think you stand much chance of defending yourself against other men when you turn your wife over to them. In the swinging relationship, it is said that sex is okay but love is taboo. Lots of luck, but be prepared to lose your wife. Maybe you should try inviting other women to join you sometimes — just in case.

Coming out

My wife and I are having problems with sex. She was a virgin when we married. I've never been able to make her come. We've tried a lot of things, including counselling, which has helped, but not much. I've tried stimulating her clitoris, but she says it hurts after a while. I don't know what to do.

Relax. It's quite possible that neither of you will ever be able to make her orgasm. Some women just can't, ever, and as many as a third of them have a great deal of trouble climaxing with any degree of frequency. It's a myth that the only good sex is orgasmic. If she enjoys sex as it is, that might have to be enough for both of you.

Cock-teasers

Do many women enjoy cock-teasing?

A true cock-teaser is an abomination. A little flirting is okay, even salutary. Guys like to have women suggest that they, the men, might be the greatest of all cocksmen. But when a woman really turns on the heat and then doesn't deliver, a guy can't help but be distressed. Or pissed off. Most women don't necessarily enjoy it, but for some, it might be an expression of power over men.

Skin flicks

I am uncircumcised and most of my girlfriends have expressed displeasure at the extra skin. Do most women prefer circumcised penises?

It's all a matter of taste, and also what women are used to. Since circumcision is pretty widespread in Australia, it is probably preferred here. European women apparently prefer uncircumcised penises. But bar a little unfamiliarity, and as long as the whole shebang is kept clean, women should have no difficulty with an uncircumcised penis. What women are really after is hardness — the odd flick of skin won't make much difference as long as the basics are in place.

Hung up

Where can I meet a man who is extra well-hung? I am not interested in men whose members measure less than eight inches. Do you think I should place an ad in the personals?

By all means, if you think it will bring in the goods. But be aware that many men won't be honest, and you may only discover the truth once it's too late to do much about it. Since it is possible, and in fact usual, to have great sex without going to the lengths you mention, I can't really encourage you to pursue the outsized penis to the exclusion of all others. In the long run, you'll miss out.

Nursing sister

I recently had to take an insurance physical, so I made an appointment at my usual clinic. My wife's sister works there as a nurse. To cut a long story short, she isn't speaking to me because I got a hard-on during the examination — in her presence. I've never come on to her as I'm not interested in her. But what if she should tell my wife?

Next time you need a physical, go to a different clinic. As a relative, she should not have been present at your examination. Her ethics are open to question here, not yours. An erection under such circumstances is perfectly normal. It doesn't mean you are turned on by your sister-in-law. Maybe you were just nervous. And maybe she was in the room because she wanted a look. Whether or not she'll tell your wife doesn't matter. You've no reason at all to feel guilty or embarrassed.

Over the top

My boyfriend likes the position where I lie on my back with my legs and feet up over my head. I don't like it because my feet aren't on the bed. He says it's the best position because when the man isn't well endowed, the woman can take him in deeper. What do you think?

I think sex is more fun when both partners are comfortable in the positions they're using. If you don't feel like lying on your back with your feet over your head, say so. This surely isn't his only holding pattern, is it?

The position you speak of may certainly prove uncomfortable if held for a long time, especially if you aren't very supple. But what does having your feet on the bed have to do with it?

Self stimulation

My girlfriend only climaxes during intercourse if she stimulates her own clitoris. Am I doing something wrong? in the past, my partners haven't needed to help get themselves off.

According to sex researchers, most women don't climax through intercourse alone. They require some clitoral stimulation. You could vary things by going down independently, if you don't already do that. But if her self-stimulation brings you to simultaneous orgasm, well, count yourself lucky. You probably aren't doing anything wrong, and she's certainly doing the right thing by taking responsibility for her own pleasure.

Hot or not

I had the hottest sex of my life with this woman — and now I can't even get her out to lunch. Did I blow her mind? Was it more than she could handle?

I really doubt that you were so good that you opened up a sexual world that she fears to enter again. More likely, it wasn't the hottest sex she's ever had. Maybe you were panting so hard you didn't notice her yawns. When a woman has what she considers to be a great sexual experience, and never hears from a man again, she's apt to wonder what she did wrong. But when a man has what he considers to be a great sexual experience and never hears from the woman again, he's apt to wonder what's wrong with her. If she wanted more, you'd know about it.

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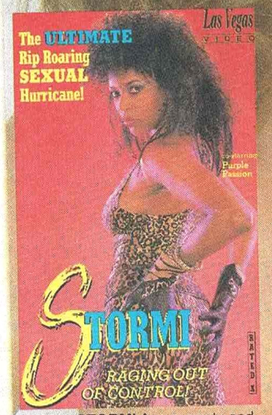

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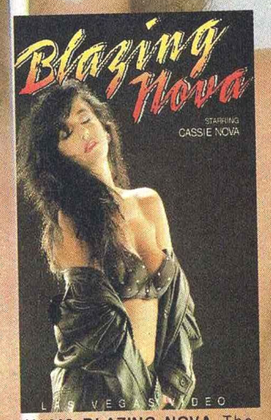

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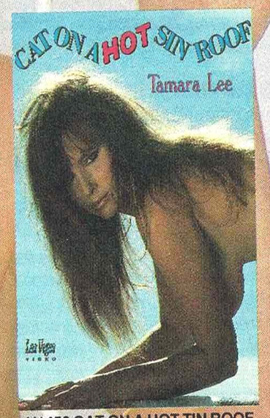

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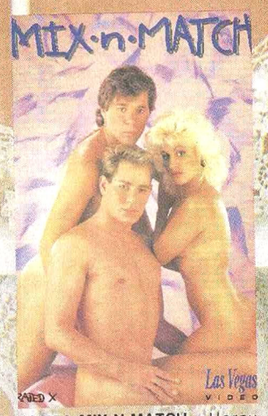

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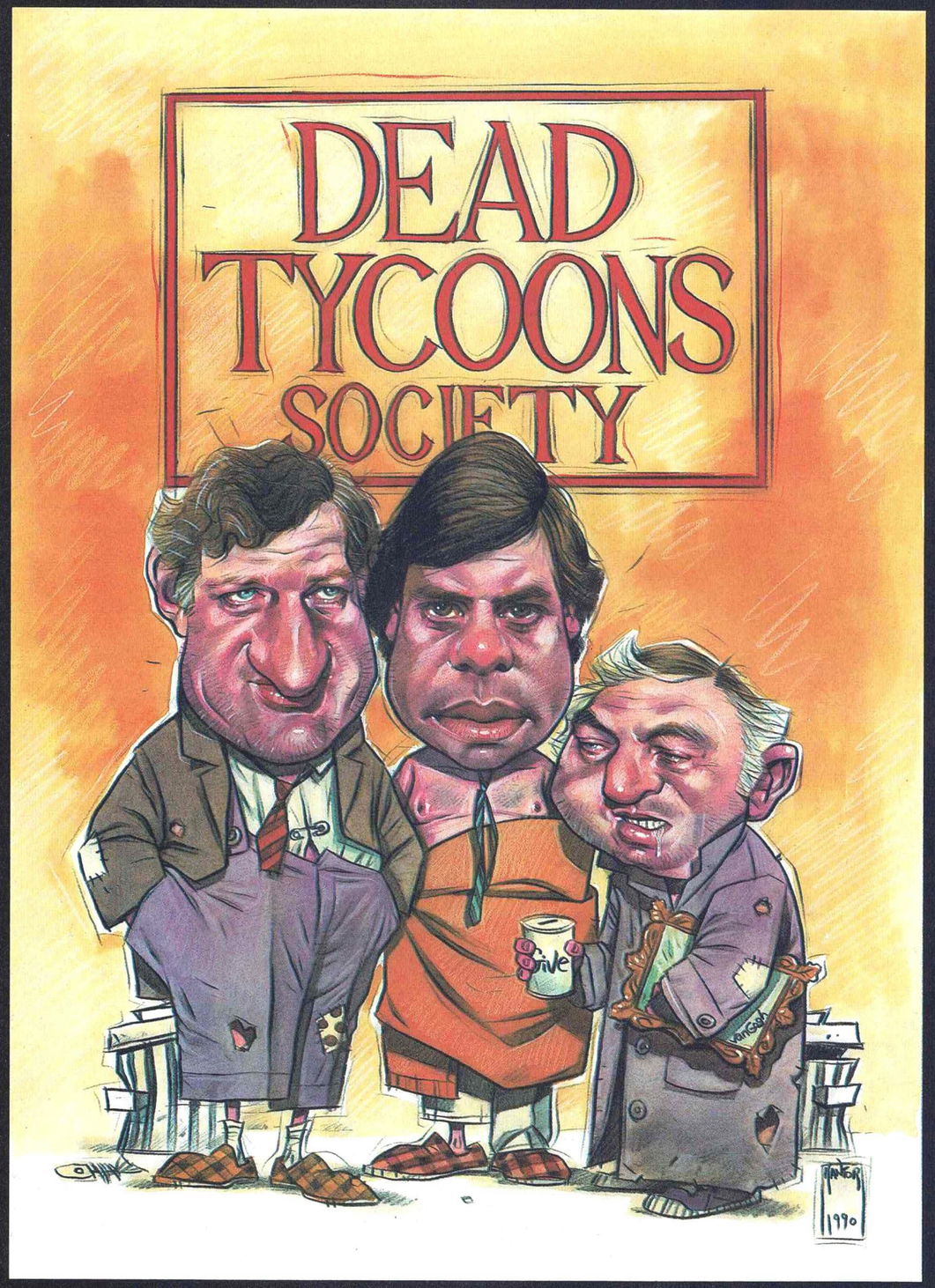
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

There's a bright new star on the horizon, and for Amy Lynn, success knows no bounds. After several film appearances, Amy's making her debut in Sam Kinison's "Under My Thumb" video. "We shot for 24 hours straight," Amy enthuses, "but it was a blast."

HURRICANE AMY

For Amy, however, stardom will never diminish the stars in her eyes. "I'm just a hopeless romantic. To me, long walks in the moonlight followed by an even longer lovemaking session take the place of everything."

When she's not busy scuba diving or immersing herself in the latest Danielle Steele novel, Amy enjoys following her horoscope. "Like most Virgos, I'm down-to-earth," Amy explains. "But I'm not neat and meticulous — I'm like a hurricane waiting to happen."



KANTOR'S GALLERY

SEX & DEATH IN MANILA

BY PAUL WILSON

ILLUSTRATION BY EDD ARAGON

The man with the garish floral shirt and the protruding stomach gazed lustfully at the legs of the naked girl frolicking on the bar. His eyes moved swiftly up her body, finally fixating on her shaved pubic region.

The girl's hand reached down, fingers groping for her opening and the wetness within. The man opened his mouth and pointed to it. As if under orders to obey, the girl withdrew her dripping fingers and thrust them into the man's gaping mouth.

The man told me his name was Harry and he came from Sydney. A travel agent had guaranteed him 15 girls in 15 nights, all for $3000 on top of the air fare to Manila.

As we talked, the girl climbed down from the bar and joined Harry on his chair. Her firm naked bottom planted itself on his crotch, wriggling and bouncing on his genitals.

In 1990 the former sex capital of Asia is one of the most dangerous places on Earth

SEX AND DEATH IN MANILA

As the hot and humid Manila night wore on, Harry downed bottle after bottle of San Miguel. His withered, 63-year-old hands pawed the small body of a girl young enough to be his granddaughter. "This is the best girl," he told me. "She will do anything."

Eight days later I saw Harry again, this time sitting quietly by himself in a rundown cafe in Ermita, the tourist and red-light district of Manila. He beckoned me to join him and then proceeded to pour out his recent troubles.

It all began just after he acquired his seventh girl, the one who was able to match him drink for drink. The story was familiar: they went back to his hotel, she mixed a whiskey and soda, and he woke up after a drugged sleep to find his passport and wallet missing. The police couldn't help and neither could the Australian Embassy. So, when the girl rang him three days later, offering to return his passport for 5000 pesos — about 300 Australian dollars — Harry agreed to meet her.

They drank whiskey together and Harry exchanged the money for his passport. But when he arrived back at his hotel, he saw the final act of the scam — the *coup de grace*. His room had been ransacked and everything of value was gone, including the emergency money sent from his bank in Australia a day before.

When Harry left me he was complaining about a bright red sore that had erupted on his penis and a burning sensation whenever he urinated. "At least it's not bloody AIDS," he proclaimed, not realising that no medical test in the world could tell him at that stage whether he had or hadn't contracted the killer disease. It would be at least three months before he could have an inkling of his fate.

I first visited the Philippines in 1972, just after the re-election of Ferdinand Marcos. Martial law had been declared. The ruthless dictator resorted to this measure ostensibly to cut down on widespread anarchy enveloping the country. But Marcos no doubt made the declaration because he revelled in power and under the terms of the Constitution he could not have run for a third term as President.

However, at least in terms of cutting down on crime, martial law did work. Manila under Marcos was a far safer and less violent city than it is in 1990. As a result, male tourists poured into the city, where they were welcomed with open arms and wet vaginas and made to feel like Hollywood sex objects.

Jet-loads of Harrys from all over the world would descend upon Manila and for a few dollars — or francs or deutschmarks or yen — would indulge in a cornucopia of sex and sin. The middle-aged and elderly ockers would ogle the girls who smoked cigarettes out of every orifice, gape at the lesbian acts in the $2 nightclubs, and spend their nights copulating in ways that they could previously only fantasise about.

If they were unlucky they might catch syphilis or gonorrhoea. But few died from those diseases, and fewer still became victims of crime. The sex tourists luxuriated in their paradise on Earth, wallowing in the dark brown bosoms and thighs of some of the most beautiful women on the planet.

After Benigno Aquino was assassinated in 1983, and his wife Cory subsequently came to power on a wave of popular goodwill, not much changed. The jumbos were still flying in from the four corners of the globe, jammed full of horny men champing at the bit to unleash themselves on the ladies of Ermita. The girls, under pressure from a government determined to clean up the country's image, were forced to don bikinis. Though the bars were raided and the nightly television news flashed scenes of police round-ups, tourists were rarely touched by the forces of law and order.

You could still see rich Arabs flaunting a bevy of teenage girls in Ermita or a flock of underage boys accompanying Australian pedophiles at Pagsanjan Falls, just outside the city. The police would generally leave the sex tourists alone and the local criminals who stalked the mean streets would prey on their own kind, ignoring the foreigners.

In 1990, though, all this has changed. Cory Aquino's Cabinet has waged war on the exploitation of young Filipinos by Western or Asian travellers. Since 1988 raids on foreign non-residents in both the Manila and Laguna Province areas have concentrated on ridding the country of tourists with a predilection for youthful flesh. Scores of foreigners — including many Australians — have been ordered to leave the country and barred from ever returning.

"We do not jail pedophiles," a government official told me. "The Philippines is a poor country and we cannot afford the cost of feeding foreigners in jail." Instead, the authorities stamp tourists' passports with the words: "Deported For Sexual Perversion." As a result, many Australians arriving back in Sydney, Melbourne or Brisbane have faced embarrassing questions from scornful immigration officials or Federal Police.

Meanwhile, in Manila, there may be some law but there is little order. The streets are no longer safe and murders and muggings are commonplace events. It can begin when the traveller arrives at Manila International Airport, officially renamed Ninoy Aquino Airport.

Stepping outside the terminal, you're met by a rabble of louts and taxi drivers who pull you this way and that, touting "special" prices to take you to your hotel.

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SEX AND DEATH IN MANILA

If you're lucky you will arrive safely — fleeced perhaps by an outrageously rigged taxi meter, but still in one piece. But if you're unlucky you will be a victim of the new Manila crime of taxi-hiking. Your driver will cart you off the beaten track to meet with his waiting accomplices, who will then separate you from your money and possessions.

Your hotel is no longer a safe haven. Though most of the luxury hotels are as secure as those in Australia or North America, the same cannot be said for some of the medium-priced establishments. And anyone who stays at a flophouse can expect to cash in his chips at any time.

Manila has seen an upsurge of brutal hotel robberies. Tourists staying in cheap accommodation are preyed upon by gangs who literally break down the door of the room and take what they want. Those who resist risk a severe bashing or even death.

Communist death squads — popularly known as the "Sparrows" — operate with relative impunity in the Philippines' capital. During the two weeks I was in Manila recently, the Sparrows struck six times, killing 14 police and Filipino military personnel. American soldiers on leave are also favorite targets for the communist killers. The Sparrows are ruthlessly efficient. They work in teams of five — a scout, a getaway driver, a hitman, a second hitman to finish off the job, and a "coach" who surveys the assassination and offers an impartial assessment of the performance of the team.

Though Australian tourists are not yet targets for the communist killers, documents seized by the Philippines Army suggest that all foreigners may soon be at risk. The young Australians raging around Angeles City, the honky-tonk whorehouse town north of Manila, sporting T-shirts with the message "Don't Shoot Us, We're Aussies" don't know how much danger they're really in. Events move quickly in the Philippines.

Australians are already fair game for the street gangs that increasingly roam the sprawling metropolis. Unfortunately, the assailants are just as likely to be the police as they are the slum dwellers of Tondo or Ermita.

In June this year, the bodies of two university students were exhumed from shallow graves. Their limbs were bound with wire and their mouths gagged with tape. The victims had multiple stab wounds and slashed throats, and their heads had been bashed in. Manila police link ten of their colleagues to what appears to be a kidnap-murder case. One credible theory has it that the victims were murdered by an auto theft gang controlled by the police. Tourists, as well as locals, are just as likely to be targets for the gang.

In July Ramon Tulfo, a respected columnist for the Philippine *Daily Inquirer*, scathingly attacked police corruption and savagery. He gave an example in which two corrupt cops, after shooting down their targets, "opened up their victims and ate the livers of the dead men." This barbaric ritual is meant to give its practitioners courage.

Even without police involvement, bank and armored car robberies are on the rise and the safes and property of high-class hotels are prime targets. Travellers who venture off well-worn tourist routes at any time of the day or night have a good chance of becoming one more crime statistic.

Australian tourists seeking cheap erotic thrills would be wise to consider the Filipino obsession with intermingling sex and death. No nation on Earth is so preoccupied with the making of films that simultaneously show nudity, rape, slaughter, torture and, in some cases, decapitation. There are other examples of this twisted association everywhere. In Harrison Plaza, a large shopping mall in Malate, Manila, there is an air-rifle shooting gallery for school children. Mechanised animals and human targets are fired on by spirited youngsters. The most popular target by far is an attractive young woman whose skirt rises to show her panties when she is shot in the stomach.

Harry might well have escaped death during his relentless pursuit of sexual Nirvana but only time will tell whether AIDS will kill him as surely as it will kill hundreds, if not thousands, of other tourists.

One of the cruellest myths perpetuated by tourist officials in the Philippines is that Asian women are somehow immune to AIDS. But tests caried out around American bases in Subic Bay and Olongapo suggest that up to 50 percent of the prostitutes could be infected with the virus. And it appears that those women who charge rock-bottom prices are much more likely to be HIV positive than higher-class prostitutes. In sex, as in life, you get what you pay for.

In a few years' time plenty of Australian tourists will discover that the beautiful young Filipina they wish to marry is a viral time-bomb. Australian immigration procedures declare that Filipina brides-to-be present themselves for a thorough medical examination. If (as has happened on a number of occasions) the woman is HIV positive, she is barred from entering Australia. But under our privacy laws, the potential Aussie husband is not allowed to be told about her medical condition. He may be unable to marry the woman of his dreams and bring her back to Australia, but he certainly will return to Australia and begin a relationship with a local woman unaware that he might have AIDS.

Many of these potential brides are, of

"Have yourself a shitty little Christmas."

WHEN YOU APPRECIATE WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE YOU'LL ASK FOR GRANT'S.

William Grant of Glenfiddich

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course, "bar girls" — that is, hookers. Although for many years Filipinos accepted sexual tourism, attitudes towards the use of Asian flesh by Western men are fast changing.

Traditionally, the people of the Philippines have revelled in sex and given themselves freely and willingly to foreign visitors. Strangely, although this is a staunchly Catholic country, there are no hang-ups or guilt feelings associated with sex, and sexual tourism under Marcos was openly promoted by tourism authorities.

Though analysts have tended to relate cheap and easy sex in the Philippines with poverty, there is more to it than that. There are countries just as poor or poorer than the Philippines, like India, Bangladesh and Pakistan, but few if any tourists go to these places to exchange cash for sexual escapades. The allure is not simply the abundance of erotic delights but also the general desire of Filipinas to please, titillate and captivate their partners, sexually and otherwise.

There are limits, though, to what the country will tolerate. European and Australian heterosexual and homosexual pedophiles have callously exploited Filipino children. As a result, there has been a backlash against foreigners whose predilection is for adults.

A recent survey of public attitudes toward sex tourism was carried out by UNESCO in the cities of Manila, Cebu and Baguio. Nearly 80 percent of women and 54 percent of men agreed with the statement: "There is a racist element in the use of Asians for military prostitution and sex tourism." When you hear fat, middle-aged Australian businessmen haggling over the price of a "short-time" screw representing an amount that they'd spend on their lunch back in Australia, you can understand why these surveys report such overwhelming disapproval.

What has happened to a land populated by one of the kindest, gentlest races of people in the world? Why has crime and violence overwhelmed a nation that has traditionally been hospitable and generous to foreigners? It is too simplistic to argue that the change is due to Western tourist exploitation of their women, because Filipinos have lived with exploitation for centuries.

Filipinos are Malay people, closely related to races that inhabit Indonesia and Malaysia. Very little is known about their pre-colonial society, mainly because the Spaniards, who ruled the country for more than 300 years, systematically eliminated nearly every trace of what they felt was a "heathen" culture.

The Americans finally pushed the Spanish out of the Philippines during the Spanish-American War of 1898. Admiral Dewey sent this message to President McKinley: "Have captured Philippines; what shall we do with them?" McKinley told Dewey to annex the islands, convert them to the American way of life and "Christianise" them.

President McKinley's ignorance of the Spanish success in coverting Filipinos to Catholicism was subsequently matched by other American blunders. Atempts to impose American-style democracy spawned vote-buying and corruption throughout the archipelago. At the same time, American businessmen ruthlessly exploited Filipino workers and the existence of US military bases made the people aware that they were living under "colonial rule."

The reign of President Marcos was marked by massive corruption and despotism. The economy, potentially dynamic and prosperous, became one of the weakest in the otherwise booming South-East Asian region. The assassination of Marcos' opponent, Benigno Aquino, in 1983 pushed opposition to Marcos to new heights and further shook the fragile economy.

When Cory Aquino came to power she promised massive social reform, but has delivered little of it. Although initially supported by the army, Cory soon found that the military were far from consistently loyal to her. Coup after coup has been launched during her presidency and it seems only a matter of time before one succeeds.

Meanwhile, the communist New People's Army (NPA) grows ever stronger and popular disillusionment with Aquino's government has set in. Despite assurances from the President that significant agrarian reform would take place, virtually nothing has happened. It is estimated that well over half the population live in crippling poverty.

Combined with what the government defines as "under-employment" (poorly paid, part-time work), unemployment last year reached 43 percent. "The only thing Aquino has achieved," student activist Deno De La Pena told *Penthouse*, "is a certain measure of democracy — but you can't eat democracy."

Filipinos are painfully aware of the truth of those words. At one time the Philippines exported rice. Now it imports huge amounts of this basic commodity. Massive and growing corruption ensures that food prices remain exorbitantly high. A bunch of beans from the provinces may cost a retailer one peso to buy and cart to Manila. But after it has passed through several military checkpoints, each of which insists on a "safe transport" payment, the price in the city has reached 20 pesos.

Under Aquino, bitterness and cynicism have reached new heights. The people used to shout in the streets, "Cory, Cory."

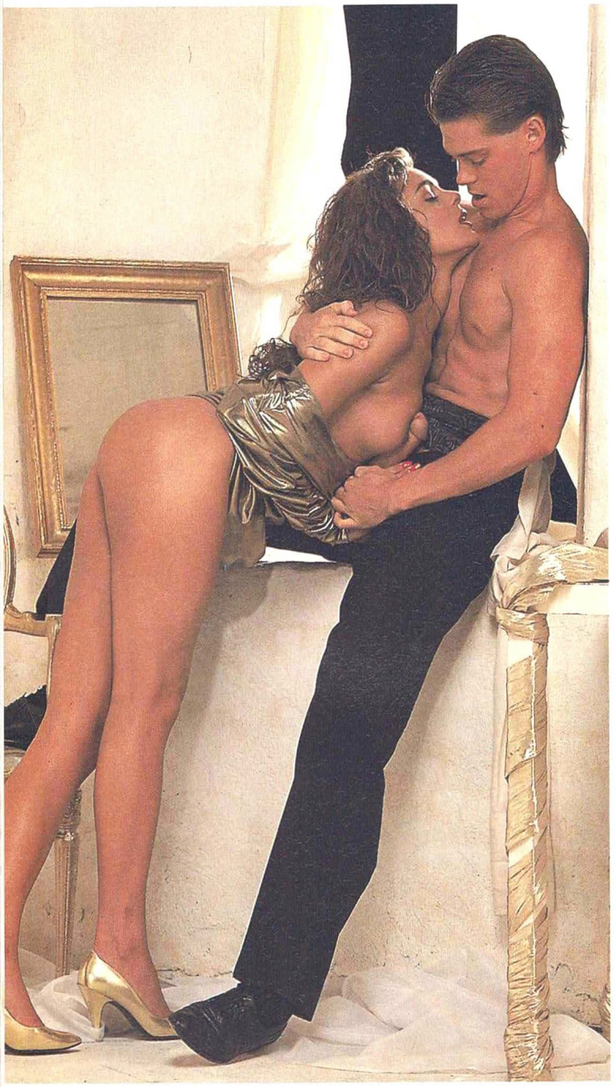
Continued on page 94

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

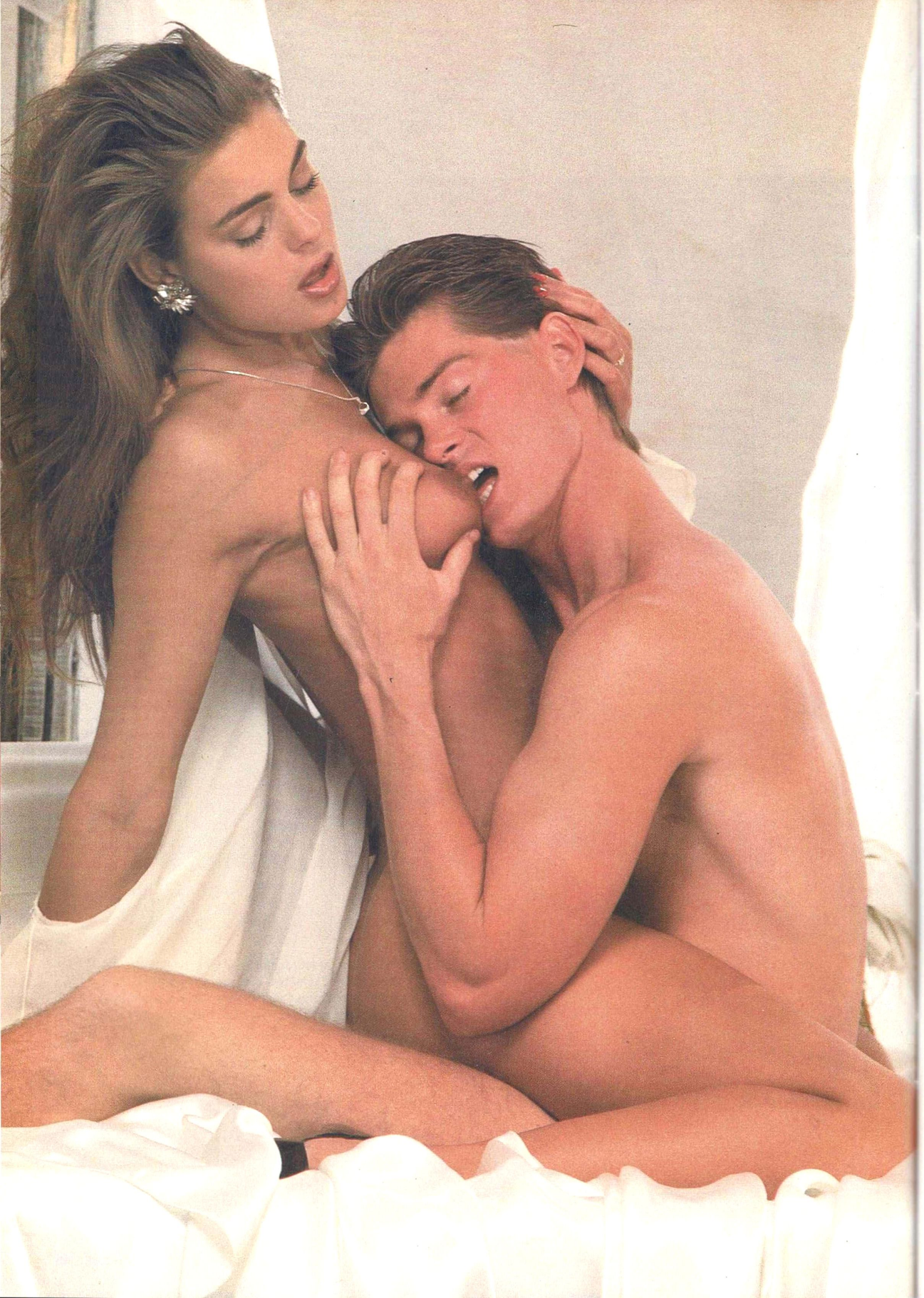
that's dancin'

Amy and Jason were both ballroom dancers, although usually, they had different partners. But while in class perfecting the lambada, Jason caught one glimpse of Amy's sleek shape beneath her swirling skirt and his knees went weak.

With another sort of dancing in mind, Jason whispered to Amy to meet him in the props room. Amy wasn't sure what he wanted, but she soon found out. Rumba, tango, even the lambada, they all faded in the face of the dance that now began.



Perfectly in tune, they swung together through a series of breathless steps and rhythms. Sometimes he led, sometimes she, but always they returned together to the same still place between the beat before whirling away to begin again.



She was supple, he strong, and together they created flaming electricity. Moving in the most timeless dance of all, they found that they shared the same cosmic music, and the excitement of their discovery inspired them to dance all night.

BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Australia's tycoons these days may well be making takeover bids for each other's sleeping space on park benches. But a new breed of multi-millionaire is coming out swinging — not a portfolio but a golf club, tennis racquet, saddle, driving gloves or bike helmet. Such equipment is the trademark of the Nineties' tycoon in Australia. While the former corporate high-fliers circle the wagons to fend off the marauding bankers, Australia's band of sporting million-a-year men is growing at a rapid rate.

Just two years ago, there would scarcely have been three of them — Greg Norman, Wayne Gardner and Pat Cash after his Wimbledon triumph. Now, even with Cash being less appropriately named than he once was, ten Australian sporting stars will earn more than a million dollars in 1990. And yapping at their heels, another ten are about to do the same. The message is quite clear: don't put your sons and daughters on the business stage, Mrs Worthington — buy them golf and tennis lessons instead. Skip the rattle and the teddy bear as cotside toys. Throw in a plastic racquet or club. And if your son says he wants to ride a motor bike, don't reel back in horror. Give him the money right away. It might keep you in luxury in your dotage.

THE SPOILS OF sport

Ten Australian sporting achievers will rake in a million dollars or more this year. Who are they, and what are they worth?

sport

Far and away Australia's highest earning sportsman is the golfer Greg Norman. He weighs in at $10 million a year. And, apart from the very highest echelons of boxing, golf is the most lucrative of all sporting careers. Among Australia's ten sporting million dollar men, six are golfers. And there are some surprising names on the list. You can be excused for wondering who the hell is Brian Jones, listed as earning $1.2 million annually. Isn't Bruce Crampton ($1 million) an old man? And what's the racehorse Canny Lad ($1.6 million) doing there? All will be revealed later, but let's start at the top.

Norman's career golf earnings are approaching $8 million. Halfway through this year he'd already won around $1 million, not taking into account exhibitions like the obscenely rich Skins tournaments. But the money Norman makes from swinging a club pales into insignificance alongside the endorsements from such companies as Toyota, Reebok, Daikyo, Spalding and McDonalds. "My other family," he calls them.

His run of bad luck in major tournaments notwithstanding, companies clamor for a piece of Norman. Unless the kick-off point is a million dollars a year or more, company representatives won't even get to see the front door of Norman's agents, the International Management Group. IMG's Sydney managing director James Erskine reckons: "In world golf there are only two men who can generate the sort of sums we are talking about. One is Greg Norman, the other Seve Ballesteros. Call it charisma if you like. In purely financial terms, the narrow losses in so many major tournaments didn't do Greg any harm at all. The one thing the world doesn't like is injustice. And justice was not served when Greg lost a couple of majors."

But Norman is not a spoiled sport, up for sale to the highest bidder. He says: "I say 'no' to more offers than I accept. I think you have to be selective. I'm very careful about the companies and brands I support. I'm the one who makes the final decision, not my agents. It's up to me to pick and choose from the ones they present to me."

In the manner of people with more money than they know what to do with, Norman is casual about its importance. "I play for the thrill of competition. I don't step on to a course thinking, 'Gee, this is worth $180,000.' That's attacking the thing arse-about. I step on the first tee with the plan of shooting the best possible score I can on the day. If you do that, all the other rewards will fall into place."

Indeed they have. The aptly-named Robin Leach of *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous* could do worse than examine the Normans. Home is a newly built Mediterranean-style mansion on the shores of the Atlantic in Florida. A beachfront villa was bulldozed to make way for it. The dining room seats 100 or more; the billiard table in the family room is the one used in the 1932 world championships. Go for a drive? Take your pick — either of the two Ferraris, the Rolls Royce, the Aston Martin or the Range Rover. A spot of boating? The cruiser is named *Aussie Rules*. Another is being built for the Normans. So life isn't cruel to Greg, his wife Laura and children Morgan, 8, and Greg Junior, 4. Daddy earns an eight-figure income and win or lose the big tournaments, that sort of money is guaranteed for several years down the track.

To arrive at this happy and wealthy period in his life, Norman endured a tough apprenticeship, travelling the country for small money tournaments and practising long hours under the tutelage of Brisbane golf teacher Charlie Earp. Now his annual earnings quadruple those of Australia's second-richest sporting star, the former 500cc world motor cycle champion, Wayne Gardner. While he recovered from the latest round of bike accidents, Gardner could enjoy the view from his Monte Carlo apartment and reflect on an annual income of around $2.5 million. Never, though, has "danger money" been a more apt term. Gardner has broken a leg, several ribs and nine bones in his foot in the past two seasons alone.

From humble beginnings in Wollongong, south of Sydney, Gardner has revved himself up the rich list in a remarkable manner. Along with the abode in Monte Carlo comes a 15-metre Sunseeker cruiser with twin 700 horsepower diesels and a Ferrari Testarossa. His wife has a car, of course, and another in case it breaks down, and Gardner has a massive Harley-Davidson bike on which to swan about the Riviera. At home in Wollongong, the Gardners own an apartment on the beach, a ski boat, a Honda CRX sports car and a Range Rover.

Gardner's contract to ride for the Rothmans Honda team is worth $1.25 million a year. He has a major endorsement deals with Kushitani leathers and Shoei helmets; he has a clothing line in Japan and Britain; and if your company wishes to buy a small patch on his outfit or some advertising space on the machine, then start at around $300,000 a year. He has another big sponsorship from Michelin tyres, though as yet no major Australian backer. A Swan brewery deal was worth $1 million over three years, but given Alan Bond's current position, that's gone down the gurgler. Gardner is, though, immensely popular here. His life story, *Gardner — A Dream Come True* is into its fourth printing. The book was translated into Japanese as well.

Since winning the championship, Gardner has been dogged by bad luck, though certainly not by creditors. Should he win back the crown, he could well set out after Greg Norman as our wealthiest sports hero. He is certainly the most financially buoyant of Australia's motorcycle aces. The others aren't quite at the million-dollar mark yet, but not all that far away. Kevin Magee, seriously hurt in a Californian race fall, has a half-million dollar contract with the Lucky Strike Suzuki team; Michael Doohan of the Gold Coast has a $400,000 deal with Rothmans Honda, increasing by 50 percent when the contract expires at the end of the year.

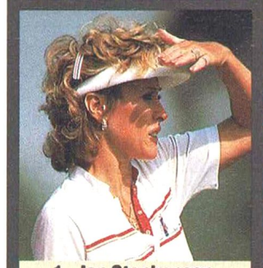
So to the racehorse Canny Lad, Australia's third-biggest earner. If it sounds an odd inclusion, then there are venerable precedents: the US magazine *Sports Illustrated* named the pacing horse Niatross as its sports star of the year in the early Eighties, and *The Australian* newspaper has nominated Kingston Town as its champion "sportsman", too. In the 1989-90 racing season, Canny Lad totalled prizemoney of $1,663,950, and that's a lot of chaff in any animal's language. His lifestyle isn't quite as luxurious as Norman's or Gardner's, but consider what lies ahead at the end of his career. Canny Lad will go to stud, serving some 80 mares a year for a fee of around $30,000 each. Canny indeed.

At Number 4 on the rich list is Geoff Brabham, hard-driving son of Australia's first Formula One world champion, Sir Jack Brabham. Brabham The Younger lives in Nobblesville, Indiana and has a house as well in Florida. In prizemoney alone, he's made $2.5 million since moving to the US and is a former US Driver Of The Year. He didn't win in the drive around the Indianapolis circuit, but the drive to the bank is never unpleasant. Brabham will make around $1.3 million this year.

The fifth-highest earner is probably the least recognisable of the lot: the Japan-based golfer Brian Jones. He was among the first to cash in on the Japanese passion for the sport and spends 11 months of the year there, regularly winning tournaments worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. With the strength of the yen in world markets, his annual income would easily go to $1.2 million. It proves that in golf, even more so than in tennis, you don't need to win major tournaments to earn a decent living.

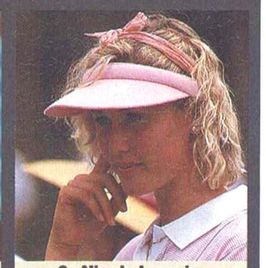
Number 6 is another golfer — this one far better known — in Rodger Davis. In recent years Davis has concentrated on the European circuit and has pretty much made it his domain. Midway through the year, Davis was in fourth place on the European Order Of Merit, and had backed himself substantially with London bookies to be on top at the end of the circuit. His prizemoney earnings had shot to around $250,000 by mid-year, and with the considerable endorsements, appearance money and exhibitions open to golfers of his renown and popularity, Davis' bounty for the year would likely reach $1.1 million. However, if a big tournament win were to come his way it would push Davis past Brian Jones and Geoff Brabham.

THE LEADING WOMEN



1. Jan Stephenson
golf $800,000

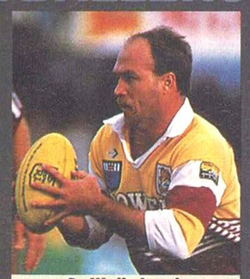
2. Hana Mandlikova
tennis $700,000



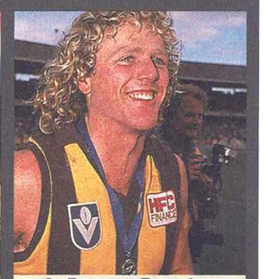
3. Nicole Lowein
golf $600,000

THE FOOTBALLERS

1. Frank Farina
soccer $700,000



2. Wally Lewis
Rugby League $600,000



3. Dermott Brereton
Australian Rules $250,000

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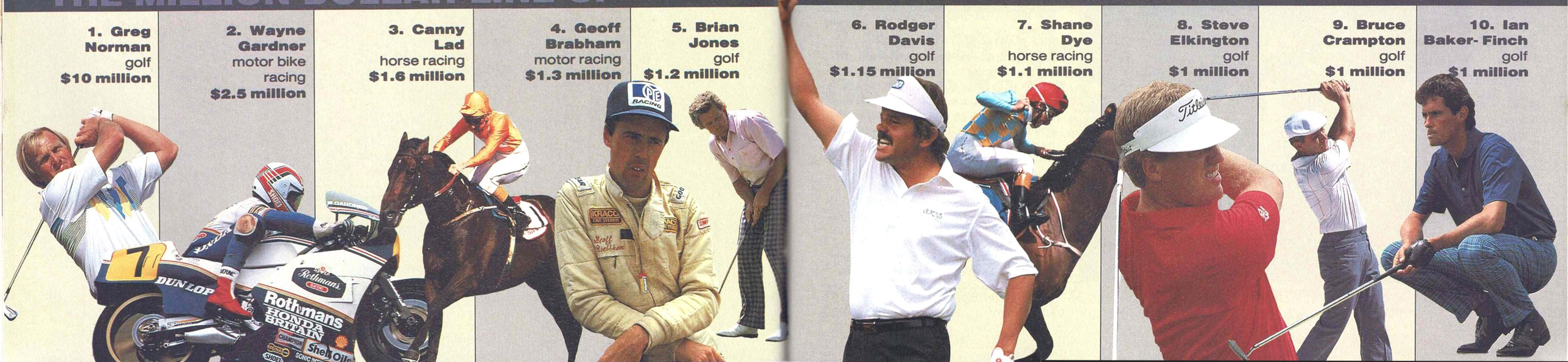
THE MILLION DOLLAR LINE-UP

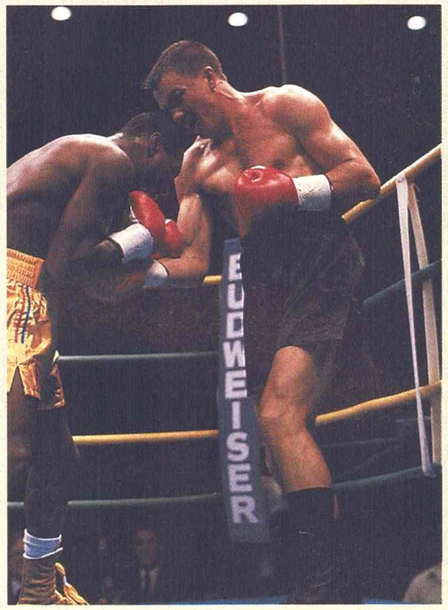


TYCOONS OF TOMORROW

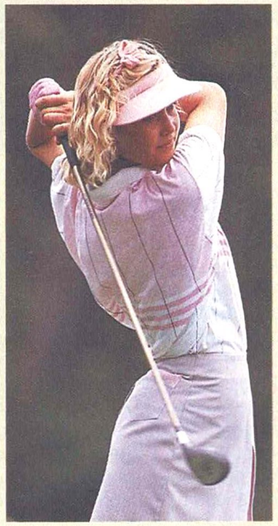
Given that the world's richest sporting stars are boxers — Mike Tyson rakes in $35 million annually, even after losing his heavyweight title, while Sugar Ray Leonard weighs in at $20 million — a top-class boxer has a great chance to retire early, wealthy, and with a sufficient number of brain cells intact.

And Australia's best chance in the battle for big bucks would have to be the former WBC world light-heavyweight champ, Jeff Harding. Even though he went down to Denis Andries in the world title rematch last July, Harding is far from finished and could well be demanding big purses soon. His advantage over a boxer like Jeff Fenech is that American fight fans want to see the bigger and heavier men punching the hell out of each other, so those are the fighters who pack the stadiums and get the TV networks' purse-strings open.

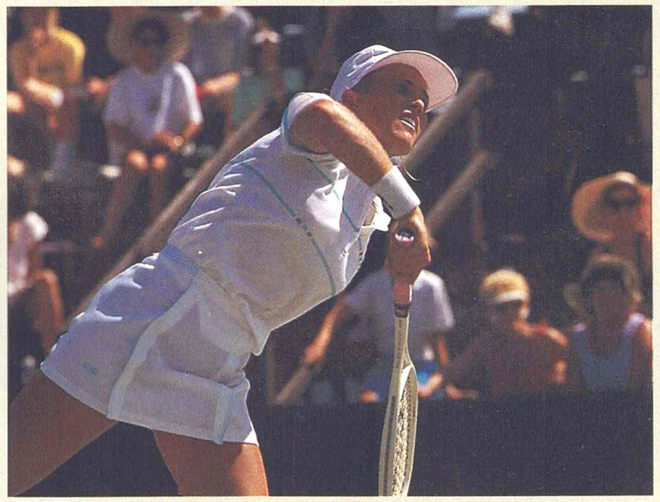
Young chamion golfer Nicole Lowein is a certainty to join the million dollar ranks in the years ahead. And in tennis, Newcastle rookie Rachel McQuillan is likely to be a high-flying bolter. For the top three or four in the tennis world, the financial well is bottomless. McQuillan definitely has the potential to get there, and with that will come riches beyond a teenager's wildest imaginings.



Jeff Harding



Nicole Lowein



Rachel McQuillan

One of the non-golfers on the rich list is the seventh-highest earner, Shane Dye. He partnered Canny Lad to the Golden Slipper Ball. (That race alone is worth more than $1 million.) As well, the young jockey won the Melbourne Cup on Tawrrific and the the Brisbane Cup on Shuzohra in the last racing season. Dye's stunning rise to the top of the jocks has been a well-planned exercise. He was New Zealand's leading apprentice when he decided to move to Sydney five years ago. On arrival at the airport, Dye was met by the jockey who rode Kiwi to win the Melbourne Cup, Jim Cassidy. Dye told him: "I'll be a millionaire in five years and then I'll go home." It turns out he was only half right. Dye has no intention of returning to New Zealand.

Some may reckon it's not right to place a Kiwi on the list of Australia's richest sports stars. But we're happy to claim Phar Lap, so why not? Dye's mounts in the last racing season won almost $8 million in prizemoney. The mandatory jockey's percentage is five percent, but it's an unwritten law that an additional five percent is given to the winning rider. So that's $800,000 for Dye before further gifts from grateful racing folk. His money is prudently invested, some of it in cattle embryos, which can't be any less safe than the stock market these days.

Another $75,000 can be added to Dye's tally. That's the sum he won in a blackjack tournament in Townsville the week before the Golden Slipper.When he first came to Sydney he rented a pokey apartment in downmarket Parramatta. Now home for Dye and his new bride is a spread known as the "Burwood Mansion" in the city's inner west. It has a large swimming pool and even a theatrette. A jockey's wealth is hard-earned, though. Eight have died in Australian race falls during the time Dye has been riding here.

Golfers fill the last three places on the rich list. At Number 8 is Steve Elkington, like Wayne Gardner a Wollongong boy. Midway through the year, Elkington was sitting on 11th place in the US pro tour with earnings of $450,000. At 28, the man still has a lot of golf left in him. If he isn't so well known as Norman and Davis, it's because Elkington did much of his learning in the US. He took up an American scholarship and mastered the manufactured courses over there better than most. Elkington will top the million-dollar mark without much trouble in 1990.

Bruce Crampton was Australian golf's greatest money winner in the Sixties and Seventies. But he stunned the golfing world by announcing his retirement in 1977 at the age of 41. The lucrative Seniors circuit has lured Crampton back and it's there that he's racking up the

Continued on page 142

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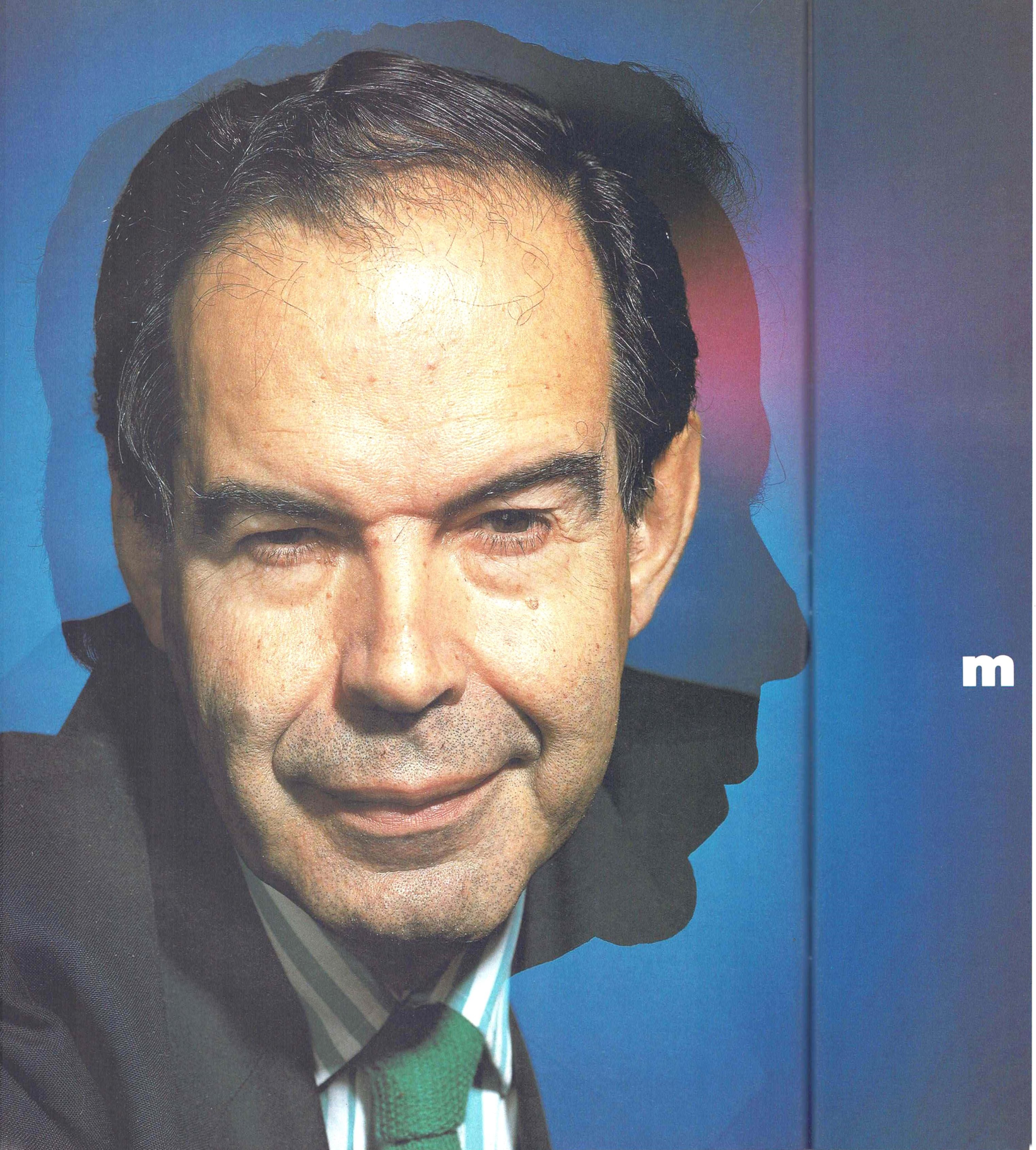


master MIND

Edward de Bono, possessor of one of the most original minds in history, has the power to change the course of our lives

his ears are prodigious — large and curved and unexpectedly erogenous, with a small black tuft of hair at each tip. Edward de Bono ceremoniously folds his hands in his lap and looks up with an expression of amusement. "There is a reason for those tufts. I am, in actuality, a creature of Tolkien's. I was his inspiration." He looks at the floor with a smile. "But whatever you do, don't make me sound human. I don't want to be human. Just focus on my work."

There is a knock at the door, and a bellboy presents him with a number of faxes and messages. As he begins to tear each one open, he quietly says, "It's the work that is interesting. There's nothing interesting about me at all."

Dr de Bono's first speaking engagement in Melbourne is at the Regent Hotel Auditorium. Not unexpectedly, the turnout is enormous for a man who has made "lateral thinking" a commonplace expression and is the possessor of one of the most powerful and original intellects in the world. The throng of well-dressed people spills out of the foyer and into the hall, where they discuss and review his theories and their expectations of him.

A man with an eyepatch tucks his copy of *Bali On A Budget* into the pocket of this tweed jacket and stares into his glass. "Do you think he does it for the money?" he asks his friend.

"Oh no," she replies authoritatively. "Oh, no. I think he really *enjoys* it."

The electricity is immediate as de Bono begins to make his way through the crowd. It is a palpable restraint with all these well-behaved adults, with all these lovers of lexical somersaults; were they not so polite, you get the feeling they'd be thumping each other in the crush for locks of his hair and squealing with excitement. It is an unusual response to a professor — one more generally aligned with the luminaries of the music industry.

He walks down to the front of the auditorium and takes his seat, never for a moment looking at anyone. Today he is wearing his blazer and flannels and one of his trademark ties — a nuclear job. They

PROFILE BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT GARVEY

come in all colors and designs, these silk ties of his: red and black tiger stripes, ice-blue parrots, vivid lemon yellows melding into greens, inter-galactic violets patterned with scarlet planets; the variety is startling. Ties, he will tell you, are a passion of his. "The conventional male wardrobe limits self-expression," he explains. "And besides, these ties help the people at the back focus more easily."

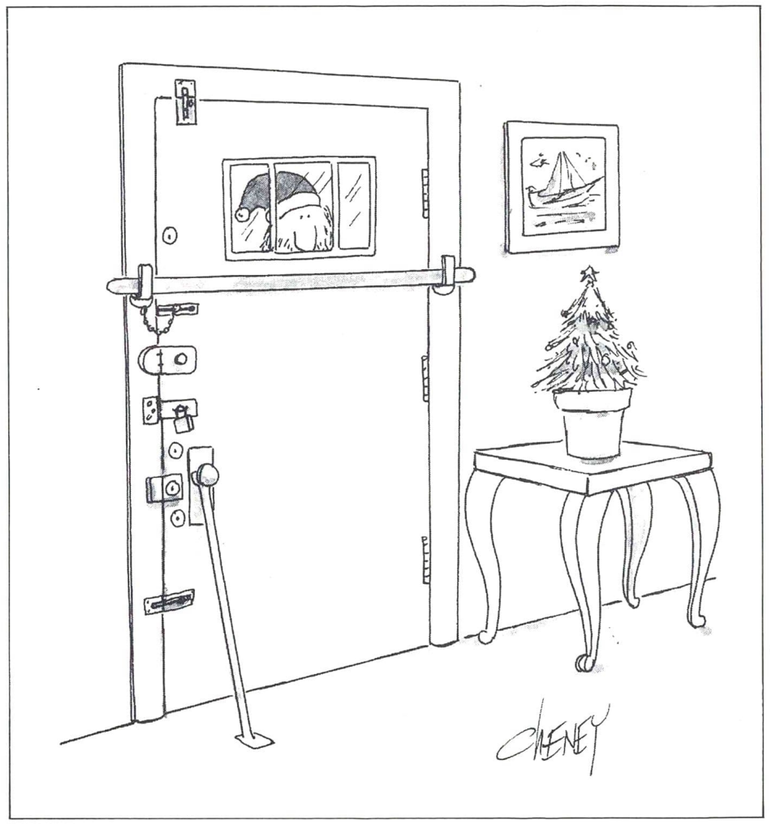
A considerate gesture, but an unnecessary one. Without exception, the audience concentrates with what amounts to a pornographic enthusiasm for the entire two-hour lecture. Dr de Bono, for all his arrogant optimism, seems to be unaware of the fact that he no longer needs to be provocative to rouse attention.

As a presence, he is not imposing. The effect he has on people is more of a gravitational pull. He has the gentle, mildly amused and occasionally stern manner of the doctor that he essentially is, with all the attendant patience that such a profession encourages. Even so, the *provocateur* is never far away. By presenting himself as a conservative figure, his anarchic concepts find greater acceptance. Who would not trust this tall and thoughtful man? Away from the stage, his voice is so soft and so low that the listener is forced to pay attention for fear of missing anything. The only indications of anger or displeasure are an arched eyebrow or the lowering of his eyes.

"I do think that artistic temperaments are self-indulgent. You can be highly strung, but why build on it? It's like in the old days of the American sensitivity groups, where people used to sit around and 'let it all hang out' . . . all those anguishes and so on. After a while, what happens is that people start play-acting. They think, 'Here I am sitting in a self-awareness group and it's my turn to speak! I've got to perform!' So they look around for something to have a crisis about. That's the way it works."

After the lecture, a queue of women forms itself at the foot of the stage. A few men push their glasses up the bridge of their noses and leaf through their papers. De Bono listens and nods at them, signing their books and accepting their gifts and answering their questions as if each one was his first. One particularly attractive blonde hands him her copy of his book *I Am Right — You Are Wrong* to be autographed. He briskly signs it and hands it back to her. She leans closer to him, and begins asking him questions. The closer she leans, the further his retreat, until the situation is diffused by the defensive crossing of his arms across his chest.

A man in the front row is busy asphyxiating himself in his efforts to adjust the knot of his tie properly. "I want a photograph taken with him. Would you — do you think he would pose for a photograph with me?" He pulls a small red metal instamatic camera from his briefcase and manfully approaches his hero. De Bono stands patiently as the man virtually embraces him before the lens. His gratitude extends all the way to the door, where he has accompanied de Bono with his searching inventory.



It becomes apparent that the three driving forces behind de Bono are curiosity, responsibility, and conscientiousness. He is singular in his ambitions to dismantle dogma and replace it with what he calls creative thinking. "You know," he says, "the only reason Napoleon made such a mess of things is because I wasn't around to advise him." He grins happily at his joke, but there is an element of truth to it. This is at once a joke and a non-joke; one of the paradoxes he is so partial to.

With so few people in the world concerned with the *method* of our thinking, de Bono rightly feels that his is a heavy burden to shoulder. He travels the world up to four times a year, flying up to 250,000 kilometres. Much of his life is spent on organisation and preparation — receiving phone calls, replying to correspondence, addressing audiences, preparing lectures, writing and promoting books, consulting for corporations and organisations, organising schedules, attending functions, being interviewed; the cycle is self-perpetuating and unrelenting in its demands. And the most extraordinary thing of all is that de Bono is still standing, unpolluted by insanity or physical collapse.

"My lifestyle does sometimes cause problems with my family. I try to spend as much time with my family as possible, but it's not easy. As far as living differently is concerned, I don't think that you can ever really judge what it would be like to be terribly different. You can theorise and say, 'Well, if I were a cow in a field munching away and unaware of the world, would that be enjoyable?' It's impossible, as you can see." His fingers fan out in a gesture of dismissal and he shrugs.

"There's never a time when I'm not thinking. I think about everything. I used to play a lot of sport — polo, cricket, tennis, that kind of thing — but it's not easy arranging that whilst travelling around the world. These days, I have a tendency to sleep in my spare time."

Despite his unflagging enthusiasm for his mission, de Bono looks like he could do with a bit more of his tendency to sleep. There is a tiredness around his eyes, and for all his belief in moving forward he seems to have forgotten that sometimes the best course of action is to stand still.

Born in Malta in 1933 to a professor of medicine and his Irish-English wife, he was looked after by an English nanny who had

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been with the family for more than 70 years. His dearest wish as a child was to own a red toy car — "I don't know why, because I already had one. It just appealed to me."

He describes his mother as "lively and involved in various activities", and his father as having been "remote." Beyond that, he offers very little. From the outset it appears that de Bono was a child trained to produce and to persist without being permitted the ordinary and voluptuous demands of childhood. True to form, he established a pattern of success; he skipped a number of grades and always found himself the youngest in the class, a situation which prevented him from forming close alliances with his peers. Gordon Barton, who has been a friend of his for close on 15 years, is of the opinion that "if Edward could ever achieve a proper interface with the real world, he would probably be an even bigger success than he is."

After obtaining a degree in medicine at the Royal University of Malta, he proceeded to Christchurch, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar, where he gained an honors degree in psychology and physiology and then a D. Phil in medicine. He later went on to gain a PhD from Cambridge. Since then, he has had faculty appointments at the universities of Harvard, Oxford, London, and Cambridge. In the Author's Note of his new book, he states that the connection between medicine and thinking is quite direct: "*Indeed, it is difficult to see how anyone working in the field of thinking in the future can do so without an understanding of the underlying biological processes.*" In other words, an understanding of how the brain works.

Throughout the book he discusses the need for alternative educational systems in the face of the present system's incompetence. His fascination with schooling stems from a dissatisfaction with his own. "I didn't encounter any major problems at university, although I certainly didn't find it a particularly stimulating place. I think that there are several factors. First of all, medicine as such is not meant to be stimulating. There is a certain amount you have to know — you've got to be competent, you have to cover vast amounts of material and so on. The university life was quite interesting, but the intellectual side was lacking, so I have always followed my own interests, saying: 'Well, that's something I want to look into and I'll get on with doing it.'"

Most of his work in the educational field is unpaid and subsidised by his business consultations. De Bono runs the largest curriculum program for the direct teaching of thinking in schools, a program which is now compulsory in countries such as Venezuela, and which is growing in use in Canada, the USA, China, and the USSR. Australia is, as always, still a little reticent.

His instruction in thinking has also been sought by heavy-shouldered corporations such as NTT (Japan), Du Pont, Olivetti, Ericsson, United Technologies, Exxon, Shell, IBM and Prudential. He has been asked to advise various governments on environmental issues, particularly on the disposal of toxic waste, and he is invited to address everything from a class of nine-year-old children to meetings of Nobel Prize Laureates. The Institute of Institutional Investors, the Commonwealth Law Conference, the American Bar Association, the World Congress on Emergency and Disaster Medicine, and the World Economic Forum are among the bodies which have called for his thoughts. It consequently seems to be something akin to irreverence to merely associate this man with "lateral thinking." Booked until late December this year, he will be pitting his wits against problems far greater than the mere gymnastics of a simple concept.

> "Finding the English language inadequate in its expression of "thinking concepts", de Bono sat down and created a new one."

De Bono would very much have liked to have inherited enough money to allow him to pursue his interests without doing all the "money-earning stuff." As this was not the case, he explains his forays into the business world.

"It is necessary to earn an income. I advise businesses and they profit from my work and they pay me, quite correctly. Not as much as I am worth, but they do pay me. So the business makes the rest possible. Also, business is more interested in creative thinking than most sectors of society. Most sectors of society find that it is enough to defend a point of view — politics, the academic world, and so on. In business, defending a point of view has no meaning. If you go bankrupt, you go bankrupt. So there is a genuine interest in thinking in business. Not in every business, and certainly not in every businessman, but as a sector, the interest in thinking is genuine. For example, my first four books have nothing about business in them, nothing whatsoever. I didn't go out to businesses and tell them how to think; they came to me because it made sense to them. Also, it is an area in which the results are tangible."

Robert Holmes a Court and Pierre Trudeau are two men who would agree. Holmes à Court holds functions for de Bono whenever he is in town, and conversely, de Bono plays host to him and his wife in his Maltese palazzo. One of his systems for ensuring that everyone has a say is his rule to never spend more than eight minutes on the telephone with anyone. "Absolutely! Eight minutes, nothing more." He smiles broadly, exposing a set of small, fine teeth. "Unless, of course, it is the Queen."

I Am Right — You Are Wrong is the latest of his revolutionary books. He has written more than 30, and they have been translated into 24 languages, enabling both multinational power-brokers and Hottentot auto-didacts to clarify their thoughts. It is a fundamentally radical book which calls for a complete reassessment of our thinking. Written simply and comprehensibly, it avoids the usual potholes of sententiousness and indigestible length. It is based on formerly hatched ideas and elaborates upon them, culminating in his wish for a "new Renaissance."

"We are moving away from the last Renaissance, which was based upon the idea that if you found the truth, then everything would be fine. This notion failed because what it left out was the whole business of 'belief truth.' Plato believed that there was one truth, and that if we found it, everyone would be in agreement. Belief truth is where we set up a way of looking at the world which reinforces the way we look at the world. So different people can have different belief truths, and instead of one we have several, and that leads to arguments and clashes and quarrels and persecutions, which is why the last Renaissance was necessary. The new Renaissance — you can call it a coming of age if you like, yes, that is reasonable — is to say, 'How do we design for *value*, and not just look for the truth.'"

This concept of design is central to de Bono's philosophy. He believes that our society is obsessed with history and analysis, and that valuable time that could be used for creation and on design is being wasted on reflections. "Why fall backwards when you can move forwards?" he reasons.

It is a philosophy which is not only radical in content, but in application, for it calls on an attitude of positivity. This abundance of optimism is applied to every problem he encounters. Finding the English language inadequate in its expression of "thinking concepts", he sat

Continued on page 118

LOOKING BACK CAN BE A STEP FORWARD.

The past had a lot to offer. They were the good old days, when the pace of life was just right, and a ride on your motorcycle was the sheer pleasure of man and machine, not a high-tech race.

Today is complicated and frenzied enough without your motorcycle adding to the rush, so, Suzuki is pleased to introduce a new motorcycle that has its roots embedded deep in yesteryear, with none of the primitive hassles those riders had to endure.

The VX800 gives you a powerful, torquey liquid-cooled V-twin with just the right exhaust throb – but without poor carburetion, oil leaks and vibration. It gives you all the character and charm of a traditional twin cylinder sportbike – without pitted chrome, heavy metals and a hard seat. It gives you traditional twin shocks and forks – with none of the flex and flutter of old time suspension. It gives you smooth, reliable shaft drive, not the oily splatter and seized links of old chains.

With the VX800 you'll have everything you recall that was good about riding in years gone by, with just the right amount of subtle new technology to let you revel in it.

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RIDE IT RIGHT

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

Is there a bimbo in the house?

"And so the gentleman said that a girl with a brain like mine ought to do something else with it besides think." — *Lorelei, Lead Bimbo*, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, *1925.*

Question: is there a bimbo in *your* life?
(a) Certainly not — what do you think I am?
(b) Absolutely — every bloke should have one.
(c) Not sure — how do you tell?

If you responded with (a), please skip ahead to the section concerning The Joy Of Bimbos.

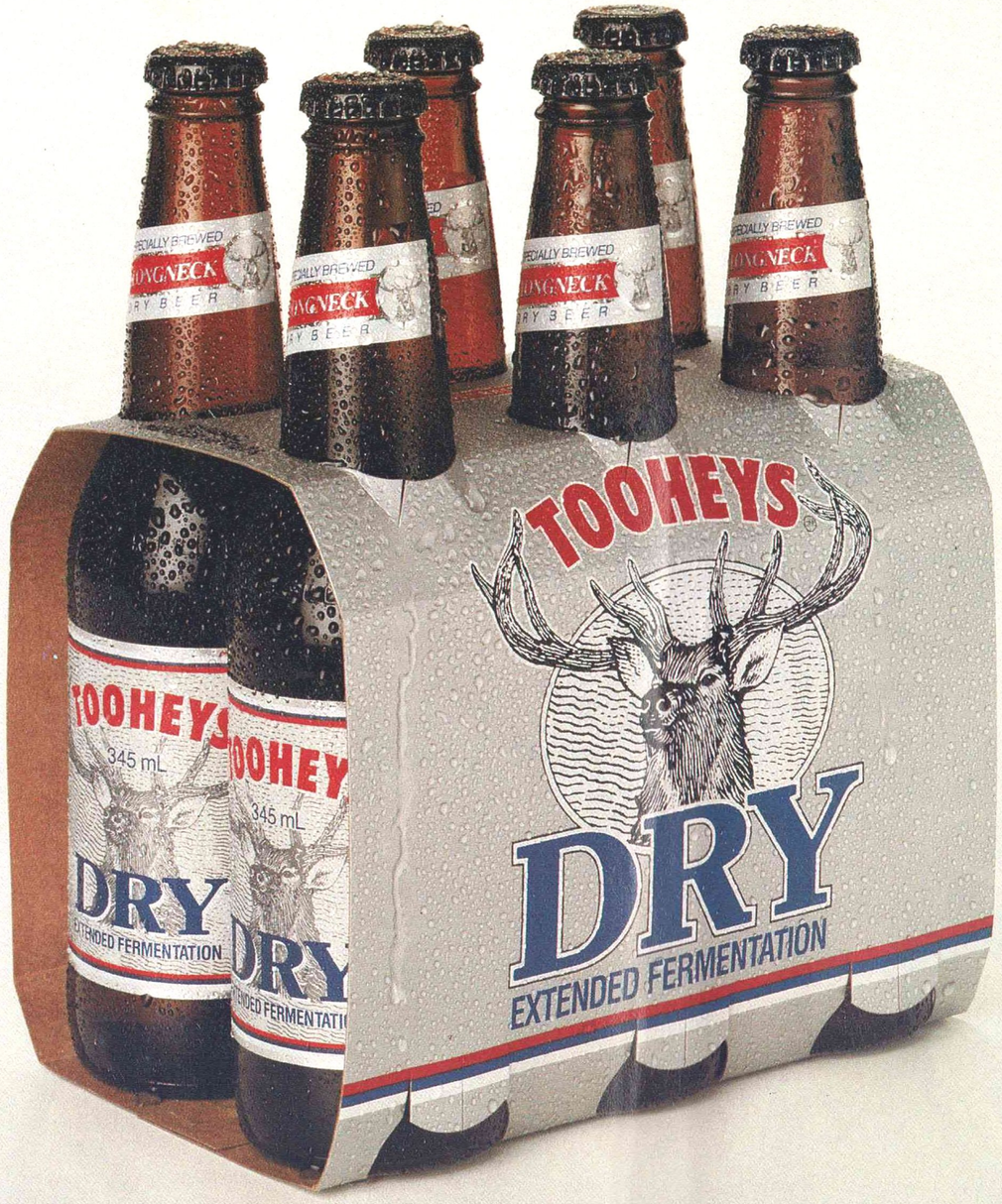
If you ticked (b), how do you know she's a bimbo? She may just be playing dumb to be on your level. Is it because she wears shoes so crippling they periodically paralyse her lower leg muscles? Peacock-blue eyeshadow? Big tits? Does she suffer from peroxide poisoning? An inability to hold her piss? An inane giggle? Seriously, what maketh the bimbo exactly?

The correct answer is actually (c), as this oft-used term dizzily defies definition. "She's all style and no substance," said the first person I asked. "A bimbo has no style whatsoever," snapped the second, whose boyfriend had just run away to Bali with one.

Merely wearing more make-up than another woman can earn a gal the bimbo tag. But then a lover can use it fondly for a girl who, despite repeated explanations, can't understand the terms "knock on" or "forward pass."

Bimbos make tasty media morsels — most often through their flingettes with famous men. The word fits nicely into

She's got the face of an angel, the body of a Venus, and the IQ of a choko



SIX APPEAL

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bimbo

headlines, as in "BIMBO BONKS BRIAN" or "I AM NOT A BIMBO CLAIMS BRIGITTE NEILSON."

Bimbos, or alleged bimbos anyway, favored by the press in recent years include Donna Rice and Jessica Hahn — respective bonk-and-tell lovers of US Senator Gary Hart and TV evangelist Jim Bakker. Samantha Fox, with her song begging to be used "like a tramp in the night", must be a classic of her genre — as are Pia Zadora, still trying to be a bimbette in her 30s; the aforementioned Brigitte Neilsen; and probably Italy's beloved Cicciolina, the smut starlet turned MP.

People are fond of pointing out to bimbos that beauty is only skin deep, but if you look like Patsy Kensit, who needs a pretty pancreas?

Bimbos are more newsworthy than ever before. So you'd imagine the dictionaries would have a comprehensive explanation for a word in such common usage. But actually they're rather vague. All the *Oxford* offered was that in the 1920s the word meant "a sallow chap — often contemptuous", and that later "bimbo" evolved to mean "woman — especially a whore."

Typically, they miss the point. Brothels may be brimful of bimbos, but a bimbo is not necessarily a whore.

Another book suggested the term stems from the Italian *bambina* — meaning baby or child — which is where we also get Bambi from. Anyway, to aid in correctly defining the term as it's used today, I sought advice from a man considered an expert in this field. "But neither my wife nor my girlfriend is a bimbo," he protested disingenuously. Eventually he admitted to having "known thousands [of bimbos] — but only in passing. Make sure you stress that. *Only in passing!*"

After relating several lurid and confidential tales featuring bimbos who only wanted him for his flash sports car, bimbos in baby doll nighties who only wanted to be tucked in at night, and bimbos who only wanted to make their Mafia sugar daddies jealous, he agreed to be officially interviewed.

Penthouse: So can you name some well-known or celebrity bimbos to sort of illustrate the point?

Expert: God, you sound like a bimbo. The whole point about bimbos is that they have no identity. They're interchangeable. If she's actually famous then she ain't one. It makes me sick to hear people referring to women like Kim Basinger as "bimbos." Bimbos are the hordes of white-bikinied beach girlies hanging around in the background of the *Nerds* movies. They're the creatures writhing around in chain mail behind the heavy metal bands. Do you know the names of any of them?

Penthouse: Er, no. Not offhand.

Expert: Exactly. Neither do I . . . Well, I do know one of them. She . . . never mind. What you must understand is that a bona fide bimbo will never admit to it. It's every other girl but her. Like being a yuppie was in the Eighties.

Penthouse: So if she says, "Hi — I'm a bimbo," she won't be.

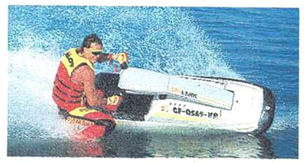
Expert: Absolutely not. That sort of statement would require confidence. But if she says, "Hi — I'm not really a waitress, I'm an actress", *bang* — you got her. A bimbo.

Penthouse: Okay. But what if she doesn't say, "Hi — I'm whatever." What if she's already in your life and you need to know whether she's a bimbo or not?

Expert: Easy. She'll have a swayback from wearing heels way too high for her in an effort to appear taller. But actually the best and quickest way for a guy to work out whether his girl's a bimbo is for him to start acting all natural and vulnerable. Admitting to doubts and fears occasionally. All that stuff. Bimbos like to just pour themselves into a man, but if he seems like a weak vessel — like he can't contain their essence and give them some form in this world — they'll just dribble off elsewhere. It's their low self-esteem and inadequate personality.

Penthouse: Thank you. When you said they were all interchangeable — are you actually saying they're all the same?

Expert: Baby, of course I'm saying that.



ONE

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bimbo

Like before when you asked me my star sign. Well, they *all* do that. Why don't you just interview yourself? Bimbos all share an eerie collective subconscious mentality. You know how schizophrenics all tend towards similar hallucinations even when they don't know one another? Like how they all think there's an alien radio transmitting from the Sydney Harbour Bridge?

Penthouse: Sure.

Expert: If I were to telephone any ten bimbos at any given time they'd all have the same stuff on their minds. Today they'd probably be concerned about Madonna remarrying Sean Penn. They'd really want it to work this time around — you know?

Penthouse: Yes. Do you think many guys unfairly label their women as bimbos?

Expert: Another bimboesque question. You really don't need me for this. No, they don't. There's far too many women running around who avoid their rightful bimbo status simply by holding down a vaguely intelligent job or dressing in designer clothes and putting on a pseudo-posh accent.

Penthouse: I see.

Expert: I'd like to add that bimbos tend to prefer married men, so it's silly to be discussing boyfriends as such. If a man's nice, available and sane, she won't want him. Her self-esteem's so sabotaged she'll think he's Jack The Ripper or something. Bimbos like the married man for that sexy aura of stability and because of the competitive element with the wife. Terminal bimbohood to me is the bimbo sitting at home, instead of being out prickteasing, drinking herself into a lonely delirium because her married bloke hasn't called and, you know, she starts turning psycho and ringing him at home and then hanging up . . . Excuse me. I really have to go and make a telephone call.

Penthouse: Thank you for your time.

Expert: My pleasure. You really shouldn't bite your nails. It makes you look like a bimbo. That's another thing they do.

Many women are able to slip easily in and out of bimbo mode. Such as when they're pulled over by a traffic officer. A female in this situation — even if she has just flown in after negotiating arms deals with the Third World — will feel compelled to open her eyes as wide as they'll go. Her lips will inexorably soften into a *moué* even as the voice raises into a breathy kid-at-fifth-birthday-party tone: "Oh officer, is that rilly a gun? Was I truly speeding? I'm so sorrrrry. Oh, you look so much like Dennis Quaid in that uniform . . ."

Sure, roll your eyes if you want — but it works. So there.

As far as full-time bimbos go, there are only two varieties.

THE BONA FIDE BIMBO

Scratch one of these starry-eyed little creatures and you'll find the class "wannabe." Who she wants to be is almost anyone but herself. She'll idealise suicide, Marilyn Monroe, cute furry animals, doomed love affairs and little babies.

Utterly obsessed with her looks, she'll pore over beauty magazines worshipping supermodels with an almost lesbianic intensity and hoping that if she reads enough of their beauty tips some of the fairy dust will rub off on her.

She makes sadly easy pickings for any old perv who says he's in the rock video business, casting, modelling or photography. The bona fide bimbo often pops up in those news sob stories whimpering: "It was all my holiday pay and I gave it to him for the portfolio (sob), and he was gonna take it to Ford Models in New York and he said it didn't matter that I was so short . . ."

> ❛ A bimbo is akin to a rose-tinted mirror reflecting a man's image back to him at ten times its natural grandeur ❜

Or — "He said it was for a rock video and when he said an 'artistic' shot . . ."

She tends towards rather maudlin one-night stands which usually start with her getting a crush on some guy at the pub, fantasising about what he'd be like as a boyfriend, getting amazingly pissed on the leg-openers he's plying her with . . . and end with her plaintively saying to anyone who'll listen: "But he said he really loved me and that he'd call . . ."

Lust doesn't enter into it. She reads Mills And Boon or bodice-ripper historical romances and has a very sweet tooth.

THE SCAVENGER BIMBO

By way of contrast, the scavenger bimbo tends toward a very dry palate. The bitch with the bimbette lining doesn't need youthful innocence because she can fake it so beautifully. She can play the virgin better than most virgins.

She's ten times more acquisitive than the bona fide bimbo, but would be horrified were anyone to suggest her favors were for sale. She simply has expenses that need to be covered.

Clichés like "power's an aphrodisiac" and "bald geriatrics are so much more virile, darling" spring easily to her forked and skilful tongue. She likes Madonna because she admitted that losing her virginity was a career move.

I know a man who's just been dumped by a scavenger bimbo. For her it was a flingette, but he's broken. "She did everything I wanted," he snivelled. "She wore crotchless knickers for easier access, and I just mentioned that I was wondering what she'd be like with no hair down there and she went and had a mega bikini wax. She gave me back rubs and fixed me martinis. When I saw her it was like I was the only man in her life. She never mentioned the others. God I miss her.

"And I miss my cashmere jerseys, my Jules cologne, my Lou Reed records, my credit rating after that loan I guaranteed the little bitch, my goddamned vacuum cleaner, for chrissake . . . Oh God . . . It was a wonderful two weeks . . . The little bloody trollop . . . I hate women."

And so another misogynist is bred. Scavenger bimbos leave stacks of them swirling around in their wake. Bona fide bimbettes are usually left behind by the man, who'll feel vaguely guilty — as if he may have trodden on a kitten in his sleep or something — and who also may have turned Bambi into a scavenger bimbo who'll savage his fellow men in the future.

Still there is **The Joy Of Bimbos**.

Phrases such as "I'm a breast man myself" and "I prefer blondes" aren't unknown to man. Some guys use them as a greeting at parties or when they can't think of anything else to say. But very few admit: "I'm a bimbo man" or "I prefer bimbos."

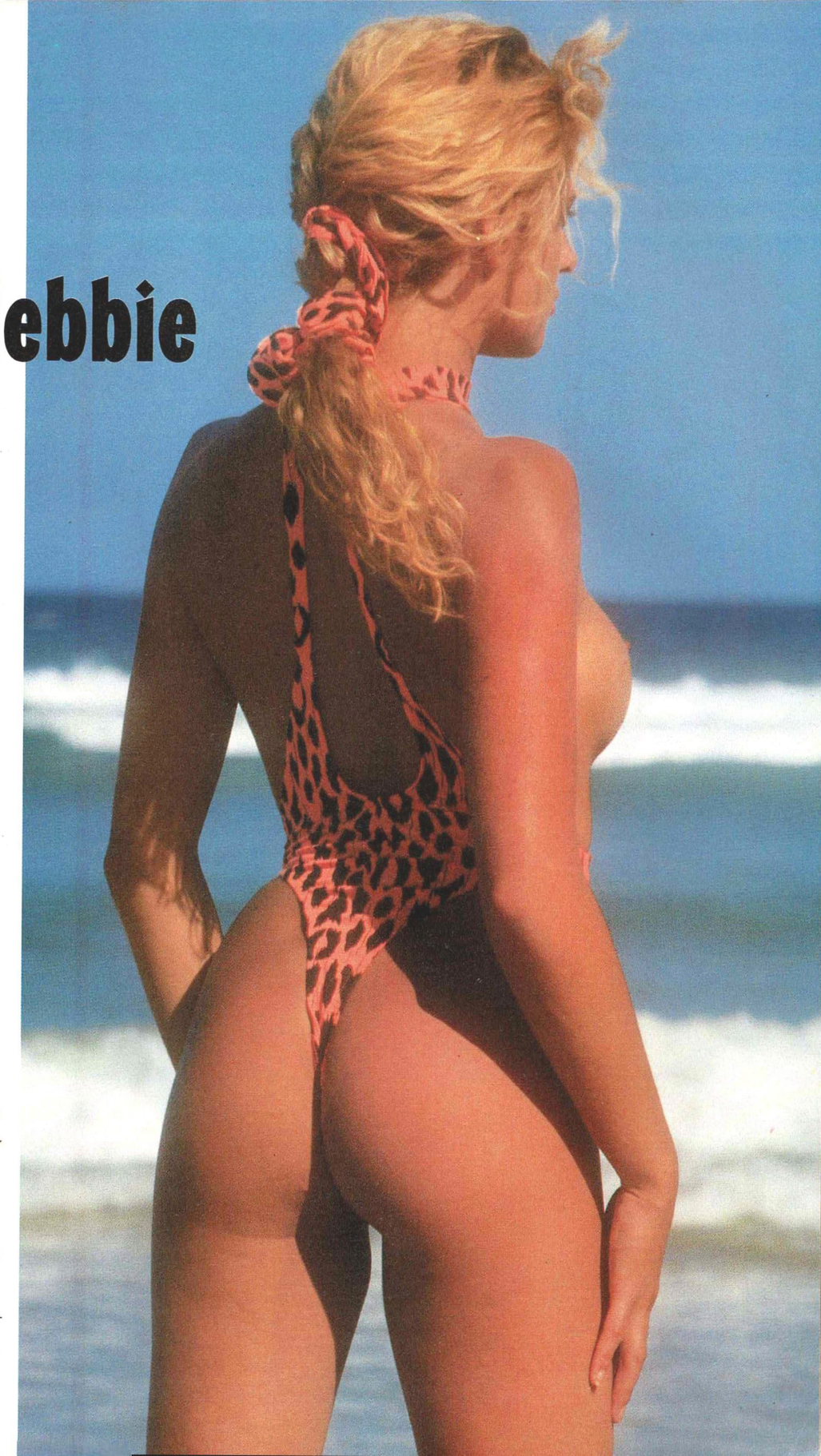
And why not? Bimbos have many advantages. Sure, you've got to pay lip service to the "my perfect complement is a spirited woman who's mentally challenging and knows what she wants" routine — but in all honesty, don't you really want someone who knows what *you* want?

The busy, globetrotting, suave, modern man of the world is really after something easy. Bimbos never ever say, "I think we need to *talk*" or ask, "What's really behind that facade of macho bravado?" Nor do they try and use big words that you mightn't know the meaning of. They need to be able to look up to you worshipfully and they'll keep you on that pedestal — even if they have to crucify you to do it. So they're easy.

Easy To Impress: "No, Baby, it's not a houseplant . . . A 'paradox' is when . . ." You can play teacher and feel real brainy. You can relate the secrets of your success over and over. Each time it'll be like the first time she's ever heard it, because she wasn't really listening then either. Exaggerate. Embellish. Feel free to bullshit. A bimbo's credulity has stretch marks.

Continued on page 120

debbie



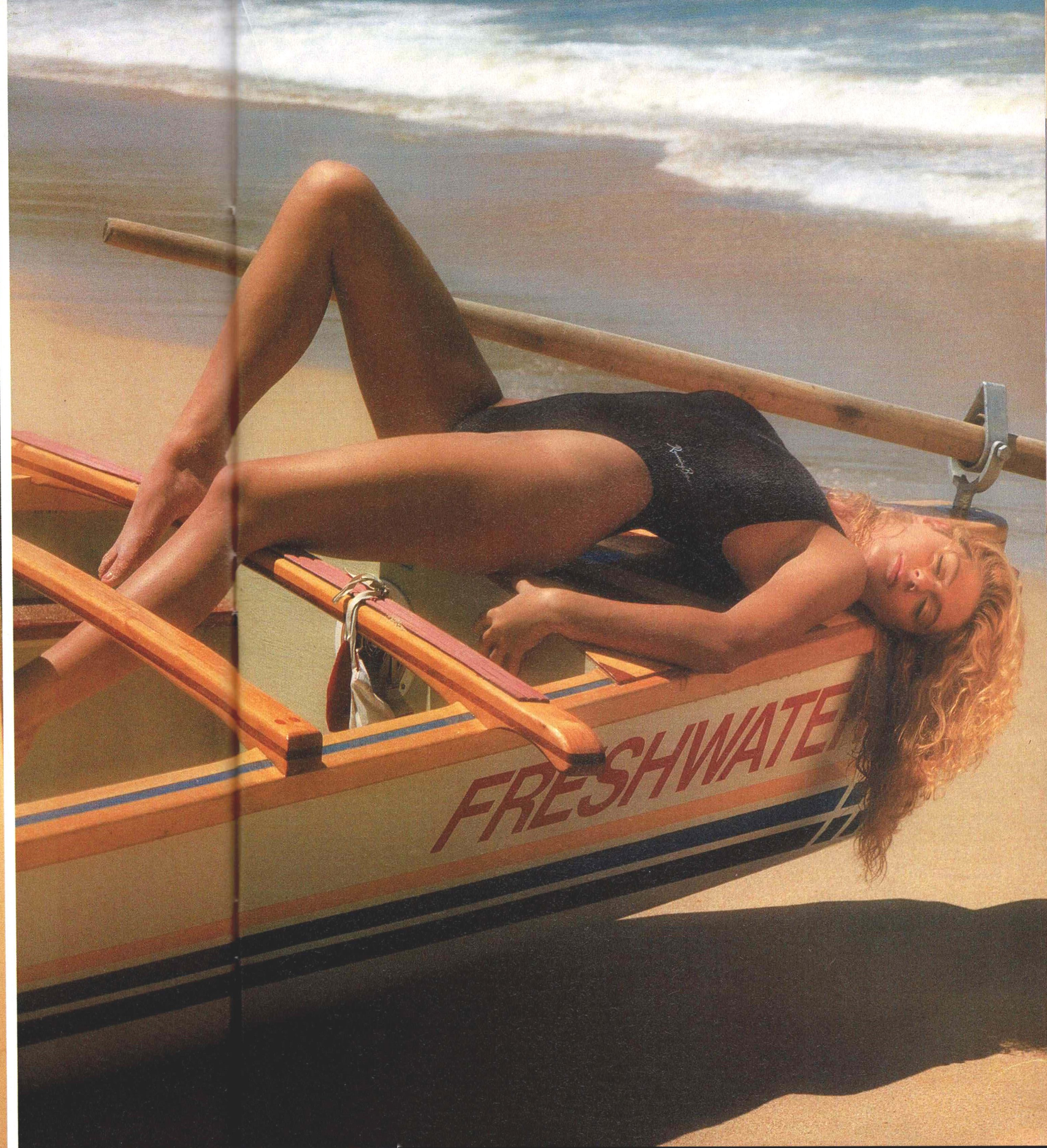
Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi. Shot on location at the Freshwater Surf Lifesaving Club, Harbord, Sydney. Black sheer costume and pink fluoro costume from Running Bare, (02) 319-2722; Blue polka-dot dress and pink silk blouse from Cash Palace, (02) 360-1564; patterned fluoro costumes from Mambo Graphics (02) 968-9233; black leather-studded corset from Risk, (02) 331-4276.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

SCORPIO RISING

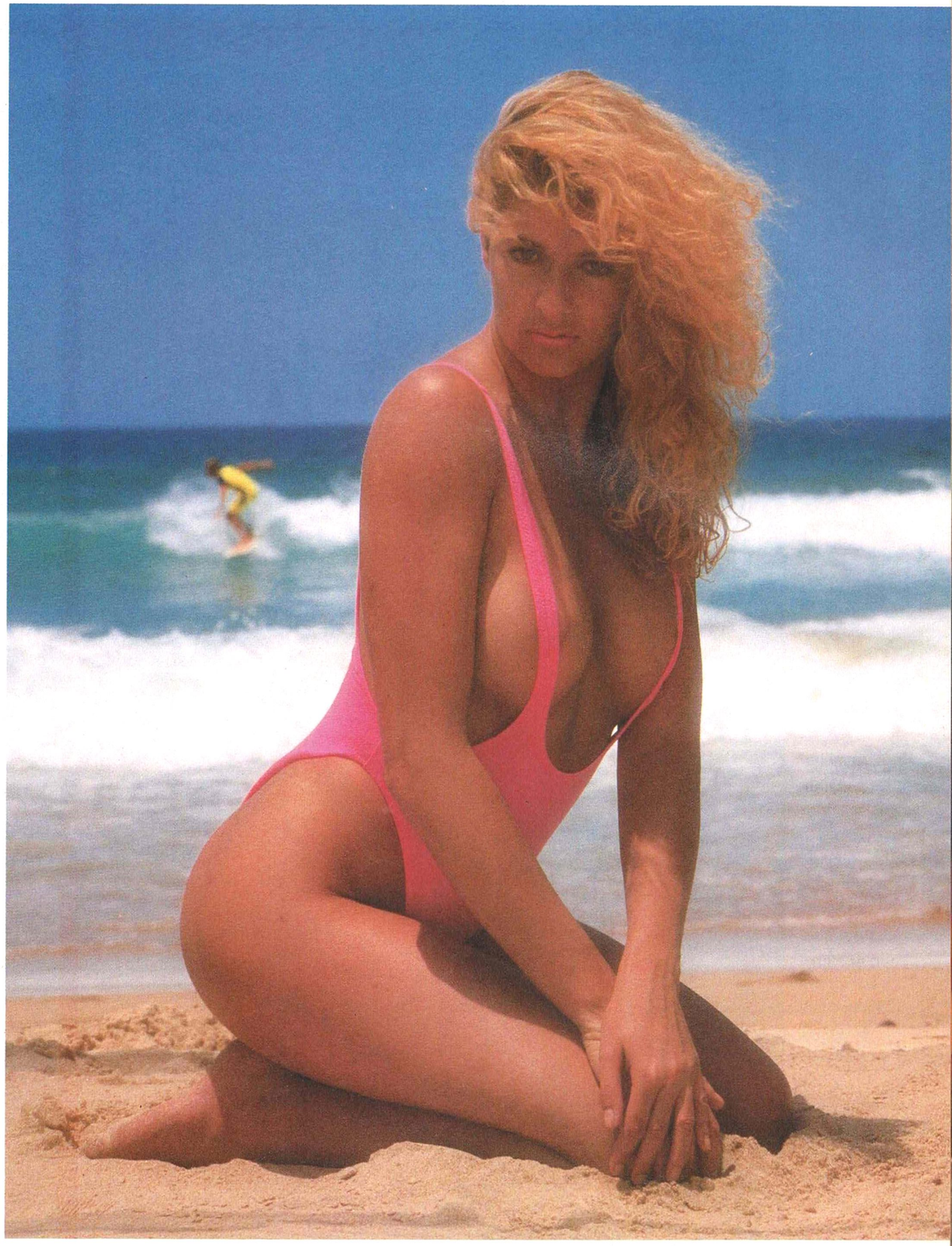
Pet of the month Debbie Joel is a fiery, stop-at-nothing Scorpio who likes to have a wild time. Born in Wollongong, Debbie, who measures 35-24-35, now lives in Sydney where she's having fun running amok doing promotions. "I'm a clown," she grins. "I'm not shy at all. There's $1000 to anybody who can make me blush!"

WINDSOR.
G. WINDSOR.


FRESHWATE

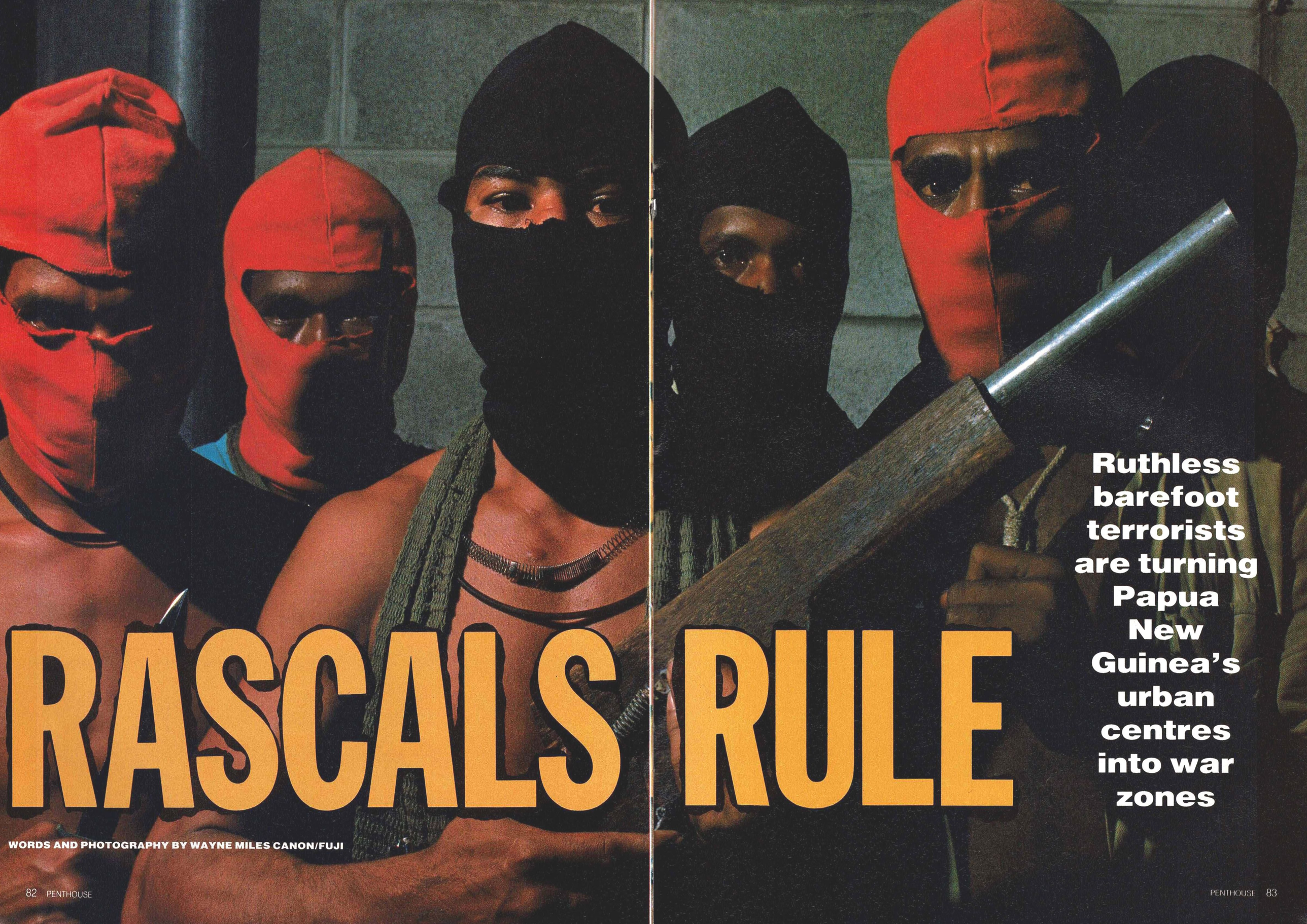
Debbie has a taste for things hot: Mexican food, bourbon, heavy metal and the beach. Her favorite beach hang-out is Hayman Island in the Whitsundays. For this shoot, however, she was winding up the lads at the Freshwater Surf Lifesaving Club in Sydney. "I thought *I* was good," she confides, "but the boys outdid me on the day."

As far as men go, the rock 'n' roll look appeals to Debbie — "long hair, cute bums, no shirt. My ideal fantasy is to have two gorgeous men (long-haired, of course) in the same room at the same time who can actually keep up with me!"



Debbie enjoys going out with friends to heavy metal pub gigs. "You know, those wild nights where you can run around and get drunk and nobody gives a damn!" She takes time out, though, to be alone with her man.

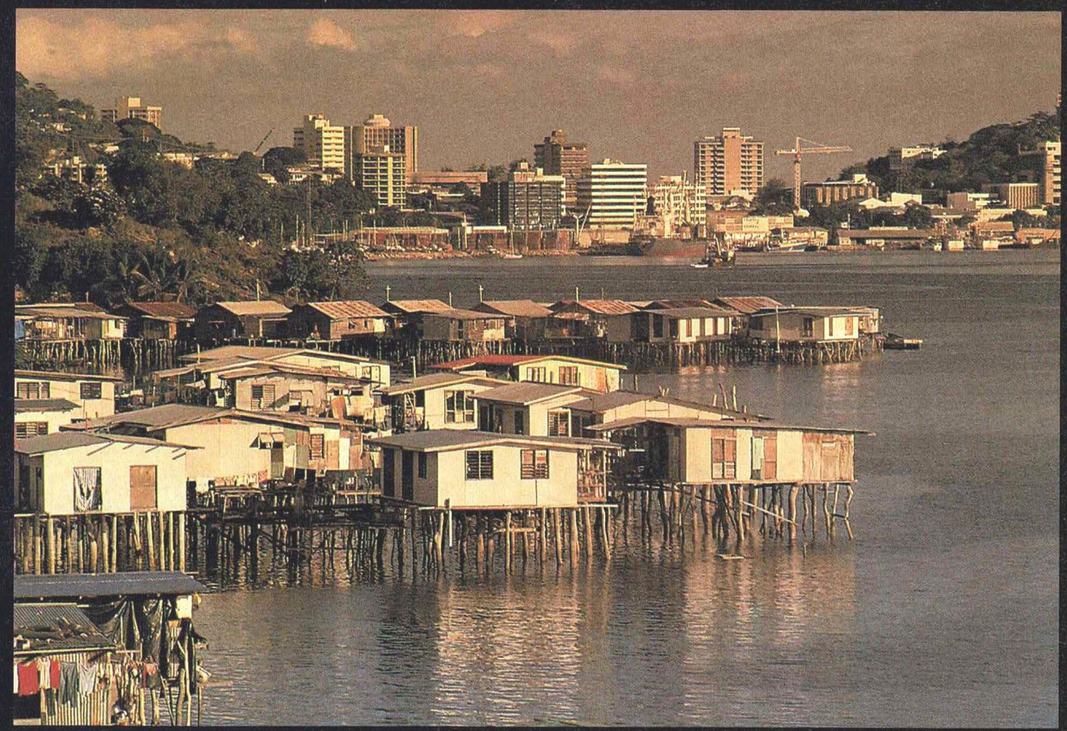
Careerwise Debbie wants to do a swimwear catalogue for a major company. "In fact, I'm determined to do that," she says firmly. In the long term, getting married and having kids is out of the question. "I'm just going to keep strutting my stuff until the wrinkles set in!"



RASCALS RULE

Ruthless barefoot terrorists are turning Papua New Guinea's urban centres into war zones

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE MILES CANON/FUJI



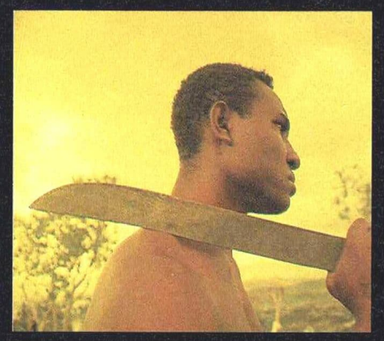
It's Friday night in Port Moresby. The air is sticky-hot and polluted, the atmosphere tense. In the downtown district called Boroko, police vans and mini-buses swerve back and forth, vainly trying to avoid potholes left over from the last wet season. It's payday, and to the locals, a bad night to be out.

On the sidewalk, in the shadows, a lone gangster thumbs the razor-sharp blade of his machete (nicking his finger in the process). His name is Manx, and he's out on a pay-back mission, a hit. "I kill 'em dead one time," he growls, deep in his throat. It's no idle threat.

Manx slips the long blade back into his trouser leg and steps into the careering traffic. Once on the opposite footpath, he scans the street like a feline in search of prey. He has to be very careful — he's out of his territory, out in the open, and easy game. Agile, feral, he suddenly crouches down next to a woman street vendor, who is sitting cross-legged on the ground. "Give me *tu-bai*" he hisses, not for a second taking his eyes off the passing throng around him. He flicks her a coin, and in the same motion is gone. Back in the shadows he mixes the betel nut and lime, chews and spits. As the drug takes effect, a sheen of sweat appears on his brow and his pulse quickens.

This is a mission of retribution. A week earlier, a Koboni gang member was shot. There are an estimated 3000 armed gang members on the streets of Port Moresby, and the Koboni clan is the largest. In Papua New Guinea, in the urban centres where gang life has become entrenched as a sub-stratum of society, the tribal pay-back system is the law of the street — a life for a life, more or less. Manx is out tonight to settle a debt, and it's got nothing to do with paying the gas bill.

Fully alert now, Manx goes about his mission more like a trained assassin than a

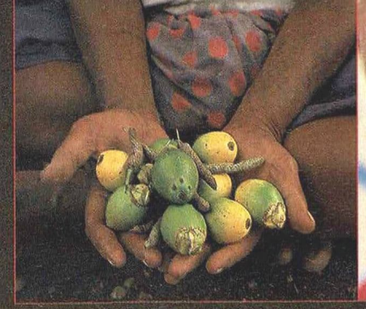


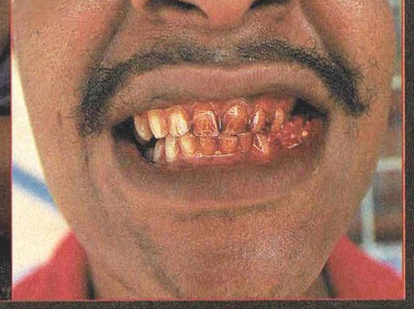
street gangster. He stalks noiselessly into the path of four rival gang members who are crossing the carpark. They don't see him until he is upon them. There are more members to engage than his informant has reckoned, but he dismisses that instantly with a "fuck 'em" attitude. His blade meets the first man with such force that the victim doesn't know he is dead. His head has almost been cut clean off his shoulders.

The next man is the biggest of the three, a mountainous *Goilala* (aggressive Highlanders from the north-west and central provinces). He lashes out with a weapon, but his attempted defence is futile, cut short by spurting crimson. Grinning like a tiger now, Manx sweeps his machete in a back-handed slash across the Highlander's belly, leaving a huge gash. The man drops to the ground, while his two mates are off and running. Manx pursues them hotly, bellowing a savage war chant reminiscent of his tribal ancestry.

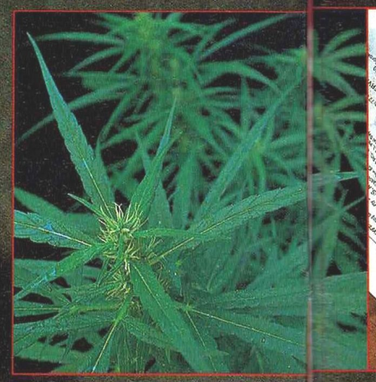
Welcome to the world of the Rascals. Welcome to the dark side of the Third World urban jungle. Fifteen years after independence from Australia, and freedom from colonialism, PNG faces the same dilemma that has plagued many developing nations in the past. Having thrust its people from a primitive tribal existence into the full glare of the 20th Century, it has created social dislocation and unrealistic expectations. This transformation has led to frustration and anger on the part of the country's youth, unable to achieve their aspirations. In turn, they've adapted to their environment with violence, and with an emphasis on the law of survival of the fittest.

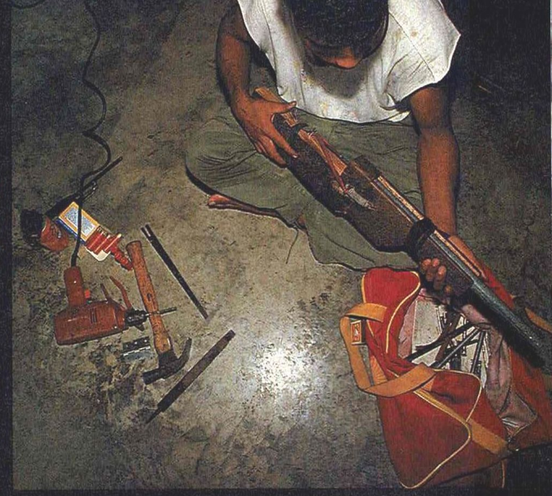
The result is that violent crime is now endemic in Port Moresby and other urban centres in PNG. Growing numbers of a menacing youth are banding together in the settlements and districts to form gangs — Rascals. As their ranks swell, so does their temerity and the Rascals are now classified as the most ruthless and threatening criminal organisation in PNG's history.





Opposite page: A peaceful view of Port Moresby, with Hanabada Village in the foreground, belies the nature of the city; Manx, the enforcer of the Gee-Koboni gang. Left: betel nut, and the stains it produces. Below: members of the Koboni gang.





Left: Tattoos and lethal weapons are marks of Rascal power. Inset: Alive and dried — potent marijuana heads from Henganofi. Right: A gang member constructs a home-made shotgun. Below: Primitive, crude, but still effective — typical Rascal weapons.

RASCALS RULE

In structure, they resemble a crude, early version of the Mafia — an overall brotherhood linked by crime, but splintered into rival clans and factions. They deal in marijuana, firearms, stolen vehicles and other illegal goods. They discipline insubordinate members by beating, slashing and sometimes killing them, and eliminate disloyal members and competitors through the tribal pay-back system. It's a brutal form of retribution inherited from their forebears and conveniently adapted to modern urban needs.

In a society still defined by hundreds of tribal groupings and a primitive warring order dating back a thousand years, Rascalism has become the core of a volatile and unpredictable social time-bomb. The young, unemployed, uneducated and hungry feel abused and neglected by those in power. With tribal tradition breaking down, Rascal gangs offer an enticing social structure to these dislocated people. They are poised to evolve into militant or even revolutionary organisations. It doesn't bode well for the future of PNG.

According to the "grass roots" (locals), the term "Rascal" first appeared back in the early Sixties, alongside "Hooligan" and "Mob." These terms were all used then to describe a highly-spirited or mildly delinquent youngster. But as the term acquired a negative connotation among respectable society, it became more attractive to those it was applied to. It was eventually worn proudly as a sign of rebelliousness and nonconformity.

In their early days the Rascals were poorly organised, their main activities being vandalism and petty theft. Their primary function was to build self-esteem for a loose collection of transients and Highland nomads who were caught in a social limbo — unable to live traditionally and unable to avoid the impact of Western influence. Today the Rascals are efficient criminal groups that operate with little fear of apprehension, seemingly beyond the control of the law. They are responsible for a massive escalation of violent crime in the towns and cities.

Although statistical data in Port Moresby is notoriously unreliable, Deputy Police Commissioner Philip Taku confirmed that in the first half of 1990 there had been around 160 armed robberies, 400 vehicle thefts, 80 rapes (with at least triple that number unreported), 20 murders and more reports of break-and-enters, abductions and assaults with deadly weapons than the force can cope with. All that in a total population of just 115,000.

Only five percent of stolen property is ever recovered, while just one in 30 break-and-enters and one in 15 stolen vehicles results in an arrest. But the threat of arrest and imprisonment is no deterrent to the Rascals. Far from it. The mark of a prison sentence in Rascal society emphasises a man's aura of experience and toughness and is a prerequisite for gang leadership. The Koboni clan, the largest and highest-profile in the country, in turn boasts the greatest number of members to have served time in Port Moresby's maximum security prison, Bomana. Many hardened criminals spend minimal time in prison — testimony to the fear they generate. Witnesses are hard to find in PNG.

The gangs now have highly organised structures of command, and initiation ceremonies in which members swear allegiance to their leader, the "king" or "father" of the clan. Each night "strike forces" go foraging, seeking to break, enter and steal or mug people. Lieutenants control the dividends, ensuring distribution among gang members according to their code. Loyalty is expected to be absolute, and exceeds the bonds of family or tradition. The evolution of the gangs has now reached a point where they are institutionalised enough to allow them to expand not only lucratively, but as a powerful form of social disruption.

In Port Moresby there are 44 gangs divided into 12 major clans. They rule entire sections of the city, marking out their territorial borders with graffiti scrawls, recognisable by codes with signatures such as "Laddies Mafia", "585 Bomai", "KKK", "Jawas", "Black Kaivas", "Koboni", "Apex", "Raipex" and "Six Mile Tigers." The graffiti is not just a territorial marking — it's designed to have impact, and it does. The younger gang members have to prove to their leaders that they will have an effect on the world around them, so they write their names on every available space as a kind of advertisement that they are threatening and courageous.

One reason for the growing popularity of gang membership is, quite simply, prestige. Rascals are now distinguished in their home neighborhoods by their possession of prestige goods, their cash and their ability to buy beer and drugs. There is, unfortunately, a concrete return to Rascal activity. It's seen as a means of ma-

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terial and social advancement.

Of course, the bottom line to all this is greed, and gang business is handled with the capitalistic ruthlessness of the New York Stock Exchange. Gang leaders have recognised the need for diversification into other criminal activities and a greater need for legitimate fronts to avoid over-exposure.

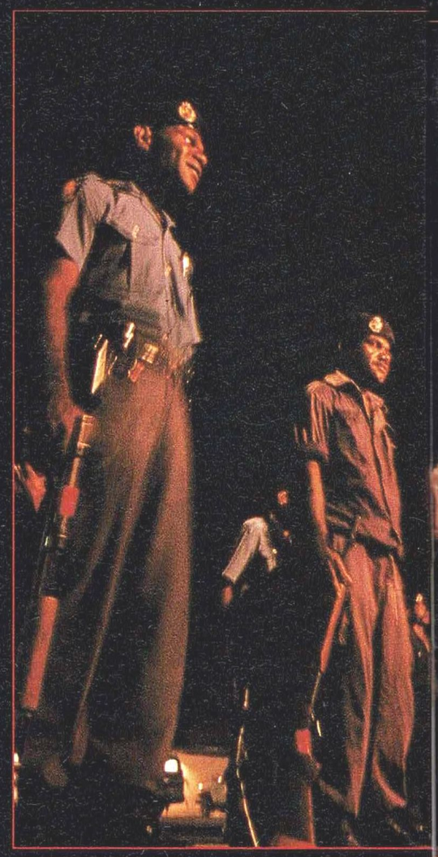
Individual members are motivated by the prospect of rising above their rivals. Hard-core gangs such as the Kips-Koboni have cemented ties with other criminal groups and are fast establishing links with international criminal organisations for the distribution of expensive stolen goods and the infamous *spak brus*, the potent marijuana that grows in the PNG Highlands and the Henganofi area.

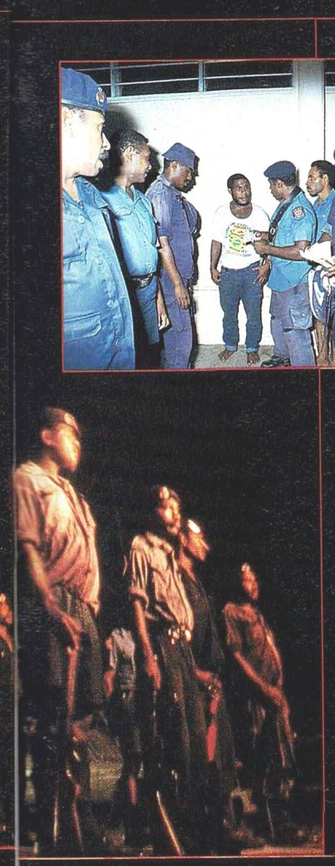
As the demand for this high-grade grass increases, the Rascal gangs have been quick to take control of its production and distribution. The organised drug trade has led to increased sophistication of the local gangs. As with America's Mafia in the early 20th Century, the gangs prey on citizens living in their neighborhoods, extorting protection money from them so they can avoid robbery, beatings and worse.

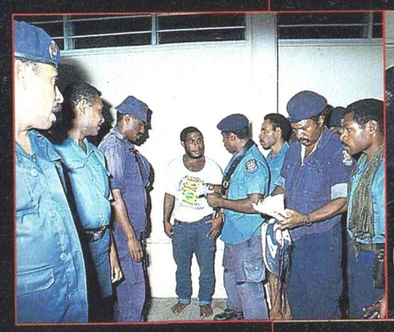
The "grass roots" and expatriates living in PNG's affected towns and cities may not like the endless crime but they've learned to look the other way. The more adroit gangs have developed an effective means of silencing this scared community, threatening them with pack-rape and pay-back crimes. Rape in PNG has long been a means of tribal retaliation: control over the woman of a rival is a traditional Melanesian way of establishing dominance. Rascals will rape the woman of a rival, this provokes further rapes in return, and a cycle is established which continues until one gang becomes victorious.

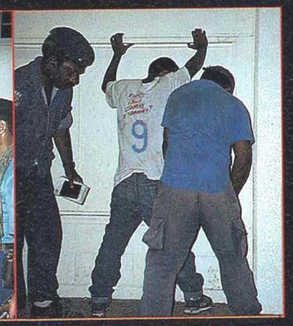
Despite intermittent attempts by the authorities to thwart the tribal pay-back system, and the courts handing down sentences of 18 years in violent rape cases, the pattern continues to escalate. The prospect of jail time to a Rascal is no deterrent at all. Bombex, as Port Moresby's prison is known in the local lingo, has had so many Rascal escapees that it's a standing joke: the boys escape because the fish and rice meals are so terrible.

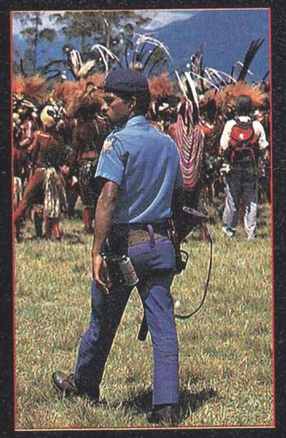
Rascalism is not confined to the streets and settlements: its influence is beginning to have effect throughout the community. Word on the street is that some of the hard-core gangs have secured links with politicians and businessmen who use their services to intimidate opponents or pay back enemies. The partnership with political powers already has some gangs distributing campaign literature encouraging people to attend political rallies or to vote for particular candidates in return for payment in cash or beer. Although it's denied by the police departments on





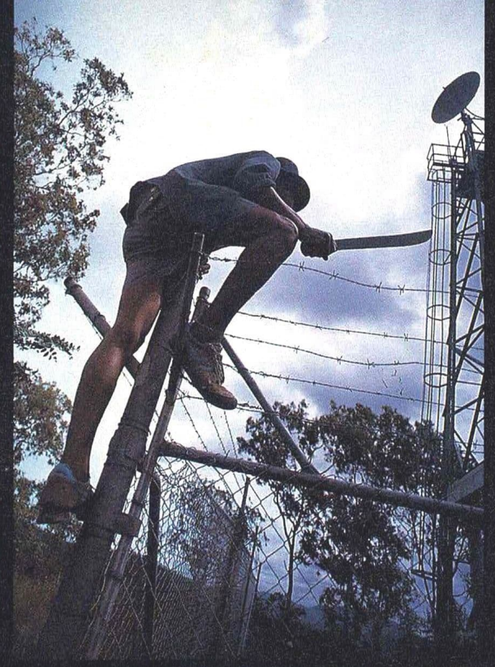


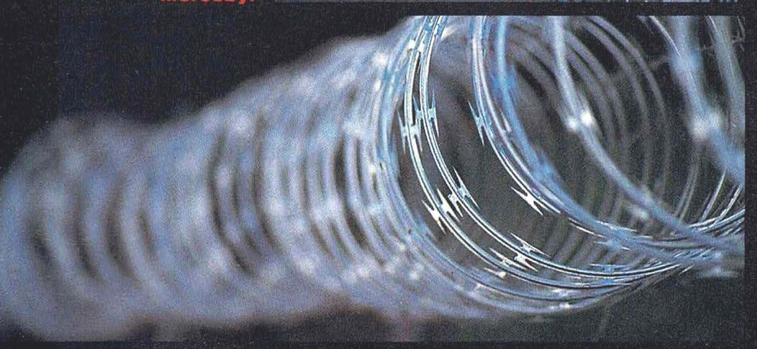




TASK FORCE 10

Above: At home in the garish, seedy reaches of Rascal land, the leader of the Black Kivas gang in the Gordons district. Clockwise from far left: The dreaded Task Force 10 on parade, arresting Rascal members, and policing a riot. The force is so tough that it is hated and feared — and grudgingly respected — by the gangs.





A new breed of warriors replaces the old in PNG. Facing page: Traditional warrior Pym Mamindi of the Kutumb Clan. This page from top: A Rascal engages in breaking and entering PNG government property; expatriate homes resemble jails, so heavily are they secured; razor wire is a common sight around Port Moresby.

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account of "circumstantial evidence", several Rascal members have admitted that gangs have been used recently to attack political opponents, and that this trend is leading to a more formal link in which gangs become the enforcement wings of the political parties. In return, they are allowed the freedom to traffic drugs and other illegal goods.

With the rising tide of mob rule, the cities of Port Moresby and Lae have adopted a siege mentality. Homes and businesses are surrounded by three-metre-high chain-link fences topped with coils of razor-sharp concertina wire and patrolled by guards and trained attack dogs. But public outcry is demanding something serious be done to control the Rascals. The government's response has been to introduce enforced curfews and the death penalty. Prime Minister Rabbie Namaliu says: "The public can no longer tolerate this endless succession of vicious and mindless murder that has become a part of our daily lives. I know the strong Christian principles we have adopted into our Constitution will be against such a penalty . . . but it is time to meet force with force." The death penalty is supported by the public, who are also demanding that the legal system be toughened up with harsher penalties for bashings, muggings and rapes.

After a recent spate of point-blank shootings and the murder of a police officer, the outspoken Police Minister, Mr Mathias Ijape, said: "Those responsible for cold-blooded murder should be punished severely, either in a public hanging or a firing squad. People must respect others' rights to live, and those who deprive others of this right to live deserve the right to die. There is no reason why PNG should not adopt capital punishment when developed nations like the United States still have the electric chair."

The former Prime Minister and now Foreign Minister, Sir Michael Somare, agrees. The solution, he believes, lies in increasing penalties and restricting people's movements. "There has been far too much freedom," he says. "These criminals are being protected by the Constitution, guaranteeing them freedom and rights that allow them to indulge in unlawful activities. It's time to fight fire with fire."

One of the more effective countermeasures takes those words at face value. It's a task-force — Force 10 — set up by Deputy Commissioner Taku in Port Moresby. Force 10 launches military-style law enforcement raids against the Rascals, and seems to be the only agency genuinely feared by them. Comprised of 50 or so hand-picked officers, Force 10 attacks in lightning-swift raids when the Rascals least expect them. The officers are trained in the use of M16s and other weapons, and their strategy is to outnumber and outgun the gangs, often inflicting well-deserved beatings in the process. Although the Rascals generally express passionate hatred for these men, there is also respect for them: "In PNG tha task force a'h numba-one, them always right, never wrong, no fack around, catch you, make you run, shoot you dead one time."

Whether in an attempt simply to allay public fear, or in a real attempt to control the growing mayhem, the government has promised "greater resources to combat the problem at street level." Law enforcement agencies, such as Force 10, have in turn used this cue to demand more funding. Earlier this year the Australian Government recognised PNG's predicament by announcing a $16 million five-year aid program to update police training and other facilities. The Acting Police Commissioner, Mr Ila Geno, welcomes the assistance: "The aid is a necessity. We need money, equipment and man-power if the police are to respond effectively to this growing criminal threat."

Mr Francis Gesa, Acting Commissioner of Correctional Services, who stepped in after the assassination of his outspoken Bougainvillian predecessor, Mr Pius Kerepia, agrees that aid is crucial. Attention needs to be paid to the prison system, he says. To date, the government has consistently cut aid and neglected the system in general, arguing that money alone can't improve the overall situation. As a result, Gesa is unable to separate the juveniles from the hard-core lifers in Bomana Prison, as there is simply nowhere to put them. He has only recently been given the go-ahead to build a new high-security prison fence in the hope of curbing the weekly break-outs.

All the same, the measures suggested so far address a symptom rather than the root of the Rascal problem. There is debate, at the moment, on how to control the juveniles who are gravitating to Rascalism. Because they're exempt from the law, younger and younger kids are being used by hard-core Rascals to do their dirty work for them. Most of these kids are from the underclass, where economic deprivation and family breakdown make the easy money and defined social structure of a gang look inviting. Juvenile rehabilitation programs, like prisons, have suffered from government cutbacks. Hundreds of juveniles are in prison for petty crimes because the government is not fulfilling its commitments to supporting rehabilitation for young offenders.

The four biggest juvenile detention institutions in PNG — the Salvation Army Red Shield training centre at Sogeri, Wewak Boys Town, Erap Boys Town in Lae and the Hohola Remand Centre — are in fact run by religious organisations, with little financial help from the government. Juveniles are declared by the courts to be wards of the State, but the amount awarded to a juvenile institution for the care of a juvenile is not even one-fifth of the amount allocated to a prisoner in jail. Father William Liebert of Wewak Boys Town says the government now contributes less to the support of these institutions than ever before, and the Church is having to make up the difference just to make ends meet. If there is not an immediate restructuring of financial support, they'll have to close down. "That will mean Bomana Prison for these boys, and we all know what that means."

It seems the authorities really don't know what to do about the Rascal problem. Most policies they've put forward have either been quick-fix solutions or geared towards crisis management. These responses have little long-term effect and often only aggravate the problem. One thing is certain — the escalation in crime and gang activity is a direct result of people not being usefully and gainfully employed. Every year 60,000 Papua New Guineans leave school with no prospect of work outside the traditional family environment. They have little more than Christianity or crime to turn to. Academics, teachers and intellectuals in numerous submissions and reports have warned of the dangers associated with the deterioration of PNG's social structure and education system.

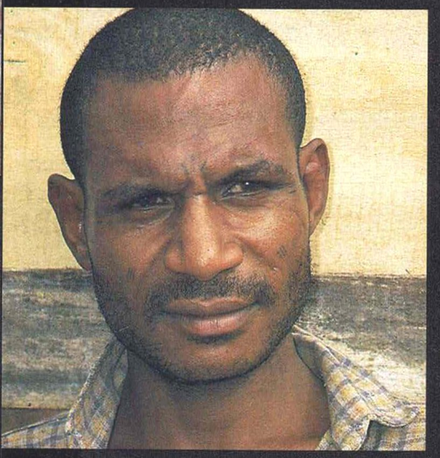
Dr Bruce Harris, an urban anthropologist living in PNG, has written a thesis on the evolution of Rascal gangs. He believes that as a direct result of this growing crime and gang phenomenon that plagues the cities, a breed of youngsters has emerged who are totally against the mainstream of society, with values so askew that they have come to expect society to provide them with the lifestyle of their choice without having to contribute anything in exchange. "They have no obligations and none of the traditional values associated with their tribal social structures."

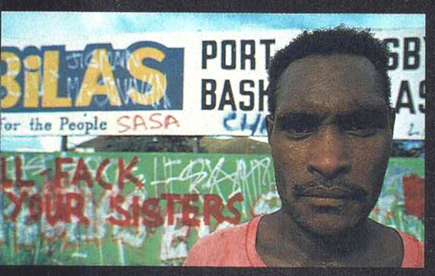
The frightening thing is that these kids, living a day-to-day existence, are turning feral. This street-kid subculture is misunderstood by people in the upper and middle classes who now think of them as being stupid, uneducated, underprivileged and in need of help. This is not necessarily true. Although most are uneducated, they're far from stupid. They are intelligent and calculating, expert manipulators with a sharp insight into human behavior. To survive on the streets in PNG requires a type of mental and physical dexterity that few of us will ever know, and the kids that come up the hard way see no reason why they shouldn't prey on the weak. And Rascals, whether adult or juvenile, consider anybody who does not belong to an outlaw gang to be weak, and an easy target.

Twentieth Century democracies have tried to employ value systems that are, legally at least, humanitarian and fair. But street culture, whether Third World or First World, sees no fairness in being part of a deprived underclass. Why work for 40 years for marginal gain, when you can go out with a gun and take whatever you want?

The Rascals have recognised that the prevailing system is reluctant to retaliate with the viciousness which they themselves so casually employ. That puts them, for the time being, at an advantage.

face to face with THA BOYS





Another night in the urban wasteland for Rascal boys; the Gee-Koboni head honcho, Jawa; a gang member with graffiti in Port Moresby. Above right: members of the Gee-Koboni gathered at gang headquarters;

On a high mountainside overlooking Port Moresby, our friend Manx describes his double murder scene in the carpark to me in vivid detail. He's totally candid about his activities. The hit appears to be the result of a long-running feud — a territorial dispute between gangs. Having made his hit, it is now the turn of the opposing gang to make a pay-back. Hopefully, not while I'm interviewing him.

To my knowledge, no journalist has previously infiltrated and gained lengthy interviews with the hard-core Rascal gangs of Port Moresby. All gang members are sworn to silence and it is taboo to discuss gang activities outside their clan. But Manx is a street warrior few would fuck with in PNG. In Western terms he'd be considered a mercenary or enforcer and he holds allegiance only to those who pay well. For obvious reasons, I can't disclose this man's real name, or some of the locations where interviews were held.

For six days I and my partner, Robert Moller (part-time minder and trusted cameraman), had hung around the graffiti-strewn districts of Port Moresby in a weird state of delayed anxiety, alternating between boredom and rushes of adrenalin in our brief encounters with gang members. By now we were a bit jumpy at the prospect of meeting a whole tribe.

These street wars began over a decade ago with the best intentions of rising up out of an oppressed underclass, but have since turned into a free-for-all shitfight. Since we had already survived a pitched battle earlier in the week with a gang which had caught us filming them, we were not about to take chances. I had no intention of joining the 4000 Aussies buried on the outskirts of Port Moresby in the war cemetery — men who had fallen while defending the Rascals' ancestors.

In the Budget rental car on the way over to the district of Gordons, Manx reassures us that there will be no problems while he is with us. His experience, he explains, is typical of a Rascal leader who has learnt to kill or be killed. His motivation is purely financial.

"Most grass roots believe in tha Bible," Manx calls out from the back seat through a cloud of smoke. "Fack tha Bible. If God were true how come there's so much shit in tha world? Where I grow up you have to fight every day, survival of tha fittest, if a guy kick ya hard in my village, ya kick em back, burst his head. Fack 'em politics is why PNG is so bad." On that note he instructs me to pull over to the kerb. Soon we enter a fortress-like wooden perimeter surrounding a clubhouse. Thirty street soldiers of the Gee-Koboni turn to face us.

They are menacing — their first reaction is to attack first, ask questions later. I quickly break into conversation, searching for a common denominator. Manx is swift to react, sensing the situation and summoning an armed lieutenant to our sides. Before long we are sitting cross-legged on the ground, smoking for what seems an eternity, repeating our intentions to a sceptical audience.

A day later, we are given a privilege that, as far as I know, no other foreigner has enjoyed. We are travelling through the districts accompanied by Manx, by now our trusted guardian, two leaders of the Gee-Koboni — Alk and Ben — and a spokesman, John Jeffrey, who turns out to be an ex-king of the Black Kaivas turned philosopher. From district to district we hand out orders in a mixture of broken English and Pidgin to the small boys who filter the messages down through a grapevine which appears considerably more efficient than Telecom.

Much later, at a coastal settlement known locally as "Horse Camp", we are summoned to appear before Peto, king of the Gimaune. Here, before a gang of 40 or so hard-core Rascal soldiers, we are indoctrinated into the ways of Rascalism. Our spokesman John interprets for Peto, who in turn lays down the law. "Here we steal from tha rich to give to tha poor like a Robin Hood." There are snorts from the soldiers. Peto, unimpressed by the insubordination, continues: "What does tha government give to tha grass roots of this PNG? Fack all. Nothing, no money, no jobs, roond here you see no boys, jus' men, every face is a Rascal soldier of discipline to tha leader, their father, me. All my soldiers bring me money, smoke and drink."

He summons a boy over with a lit joint and offers it. I smoke it without hesitation, thinking that this is not a good time to refuse. John continues to interpret in synchronisation to wild hand movements: "Here all must be shared among all tha boys, them good boys, no father, no mother, we are Rascal family. Nobody can stop us from taking what is ours — not government, not police, not even army." On this final note we are given a guided tour of Horse Camp. Then we thank him and leave as quickly as we came, not wanting to outstay our tenuous welcome.

That evening, cooped up in our room at Port Moresby's Travelodge, Manx sends a courier with an official order to attend a special location. "Don't be late," says the message. Even now we are unsure as to how they knew where we were staying.

In the black of night we rendezvous with Manx in an alleyway I would not recommend to anyone who wasn't carrying a Magnum. As Manx escorts us down a graffiti-stained alley, we are approached by two silhouettes, one carrying a blunt object that on closer inspection is a "pipe" — a home-made shotgun. On contact we stand abreast, blocking the lane. "This them?" growls the taller shape, spitting a gob of betel nut at my feet. Manx disciplines him with a slap to the face, reminding him in Pidgin that we are friends (and thus earning us an enemy). We are soon led away to a hovel where a Rascal strike-force is preparing for a mission. We are invited to accompany them, but are quick to decline, citing journalistic ethics and a reluctance to spend several years in Bomana Jail eating execrable tinned fish. Four Rascal soldiers speed off in a stolen car, but not before I get my masked portraits. Silently I pity any security guard on patrol at the wrong place that night.

Manx is on the ball. Another strike-force is about to depart for a service station job on someone else's territory. They want us to observe from across the road because there could be a shoot-out, but "no photos, leave the cameras here", a mean-looking lieutenant instructs. "No way," I protest. "They won't be here when we get back." A tense moment ensues. Manx smiles, and reasons with the bossman. "Fack it man, let 'em take 'em, I'll see na photos." The following day both incidents make the news. We wish we had taken photos.

During the next few weeks, between extremes of police chases, curfews and a riot, we come into continual contact with both the Rascal gangs and the dreaded police task force, Force 10. Tales of Force 10's activities tell of ruthlessness which earns the respect and fear of even the toughest Rascals. With the remorseless killing and the level of violence we had come to know, we began to believe that perhaps the drastic actions of Force 10 were well warranted. So too might be the death penalty.

We had come to PNG with a preconceived impression of the Rascal gangs. We discovered that it's true they are a force to be reckoned with and it's true they live in a world of no mercy and often no hope. But it wasn't just Rascal gangs we were dealing with, it was Rascalism — a complete subculture. Everybody who wasn't either religious, a politician or an ex-pat seemed to be involved, in one way or another, in this growing social discontent.

John, our personal philosopher, wrapped it up at our hasty departure from the airport. "You have learnt we grass roots don't reason; it is the PNG way. But we have respect and honor, we don't rely on nobody, an' we gotta support our families one way or another. Me, I dream of becoming a bigshot just like my brother. He has a job — a good job."

SEX AND DEATH IN MANILA

Continued from page 40

Now they yell, "Sorry, Sorry." The people's parliament of the street that arose during the revolution now administers and perpetuates the corruption they so bitterly denounced during the Marcos years.

Corruption and endemic poverty have spawned big-time drug rings. "Manila is one of the key drug distribution points in the South-East Asian region," says Superintendent John Robinson, a veteran Australian Federal Police liaison officer who has been stationed in Manila for five years. Although it is mainly marijuana that is dispersed from the city, there are increasing signs that both heroin and cocaine are distributed from Manila.

Australians are, unfortunately, heavily involved in much of this traffic, hence the Federal Police presence in the city. "Some of the ugliest, nastiest and most vicious Australian criminals are based here," says Robinson, "though there are some good Aussies in Manila as well."

There are indeed some culturally sensitive and industrious Australians living and working in the Philippines. However, our image as sexually obsessed, ill-mannered slobs is still firmly etched in the minds of Filipinos.

Sexist, loud and rude Australians there might be, but they can hardly be blamed for the current wave of crime and violence sweeping the Philippines. While the Spanish and American colonists of the past must take some of the blame for the current problems of the country, the Filipinos themselves have consolidated and expanded their historical heritage.

The innocent as well as the guilty tourist can easily become sucked into the endemic round of violence and vice. According to Terry Sayle, a director of the highly successful Australian-owned Swagman chain of resorts scattered throughout the Philippines, "it's mainly the pedophiles, drug dealers and thrill-seekers who get themselves murdered."

Maybe so, but this hardly accounts for the innocent Australian schoolteacher found dead in his bath with both his hands chopped off, or the Sydney businessman stabbed in the back after leaving his hotel to catch a taxi to the airport.

An estimated 20 middle-aged or elderly Australians have died prematurely in the Philippines during the last 18 months. Some of them died of heart attacks after over-copulating with nubile Filipinas at most half their age. But many expired because they could not afford to pay in advance for urgent medical treatment.

There's no doubt things are going to get worse before they get better. Superintendent Robinson has already been advised by US authorities to drive an armor-plated car and carry a sub-machine gun. So far he has not adopted these suggestions, but his local driver has just completed a defensive high-speed driving course devised by the Americans in order to fight off assassination or kidnap attempts.

There's no way this could be called an over-reaction. That was brought home to me during my last three days in Manila. In that short period a female missionary from New Zealand and a businessman from Belgium were stabbed to death in separate attacks by suspected robbers.

Still, in the Aussie Club, the Sundowner, the Swagman and scores of other bars around Manila, Australian males will swap stories of breasts and buttocks they have sucked and fondled. Most of these tourists will return well satisfied with their sojourn in the Philippines. But increasingly, the Manila adventure will be punctuated by direct or indirect violence. It may come from a knife or a gun or a fist. It may come disguised as a deadly virus that nestles comfortably in the bodies of the girls of Ermita and Angeles City.

The Philippines of the Nineties is simply one of the most dangerous places on Earth. Those Australians who have found themselves magnetically attracted to the country's erotic delights should think strongly about giving it a miss and living on the memories.

* Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist

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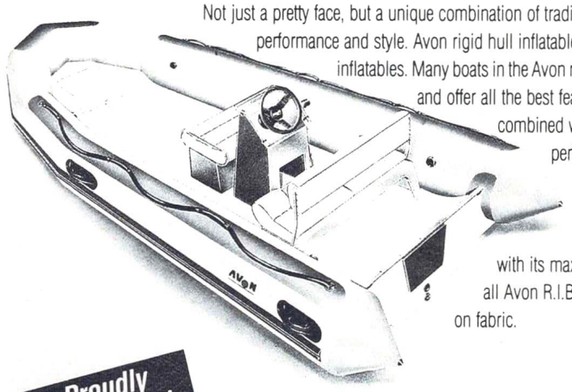

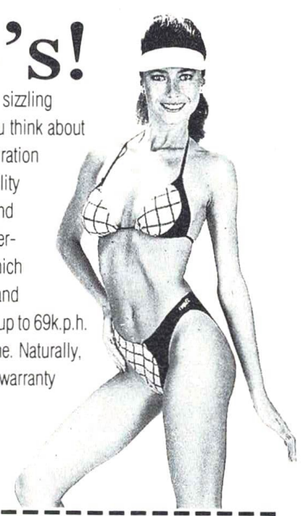

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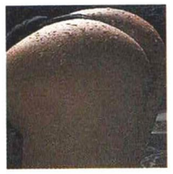
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 1991



Right, take your time about this. Here are the contenders for the prestigious 1991 Pet Of The Year award. We're into the 1990s, and the decade of democracy, and in keeping with the spirit of things, it's time for you to cast your vote. Not that this is in any way an easy decision — this year the competition is hotter than ever. Who will walk away with the award — not to mention the tens of thousands of dollars' worth of luxury prizes? It's up to you to help us decide. In this special pictorial we review the stunning attributes of the 11 finalists. Cast your eyes, and then cast your vote by turning to page 102 and filling in the coupon. When you send it to us, you'll be in the running for a terrific prize of your own. Each entry counts in the final draw, so don't leave the girls stranded. You may have plenty of end-of-year decisions to make, but we reckon this one will be the hardest — and by far the most exciting.

JANUARY 1990

Danielle Richards

Style, luxury and a taste for the high life are what Sydney-based Danielle enjoys most. Already an established model when she stepped into *Penthouse* in January, Danielle, 25, admits to having an insatiable travel-lust. She prefers men who know how to pamper her.

MARCH 1990

Michelle Gray

Sydneysider Michelle Gray likes to live life at full throttle, as she revealed in February when photographed with her favorite car — a red Corvette. A rebel at heart, Michelle, 21, prizes individuality above all else, and loves bronzed Aussie men.

APRIL 1990

Gold Coast Meter Maids

Melinda Stewart, 26, and Roberta Aitchison, 34, are the sunny representatives of Surfers Paradise. This outgoing, cheerful duo saw their appearance in *Penthouse* as an extension of their job — to promote the Gold Coast and all its assets.

MAY 1990

Tracy Wynters

Blonde dazzler Tracy, 22, was making a second appearance in *Penthouse* this time around. Tracy confesses to being a night-owl — she loves nightclubs and parties. She's also heading into business, in the administration and marketing of a new retail food chain.

JUNE 1990

Donna Carice

Sultry Donna took us back in time when she walked like an Egyptian across our pages. And fair enough, too — she's fascinated by Middle Eastern philosophies and religions. She owes her shape to a former career as a classical ballerina. Sydney-based Donna is still dancing, although she's swapped Swan Lake for something much more exotic.

JULY 1990

Tammy Cook

Nineteen-year-old Tammy is a powerhouse of energy. From Wyong on the NSW Central Coast, she was an apprentice jockey before a fall persuaded her to swap the saddle for the spotlight of modelling. She's keen on adventure, and that extends to men — she has a weakness for footballers.

AUGUST 1990

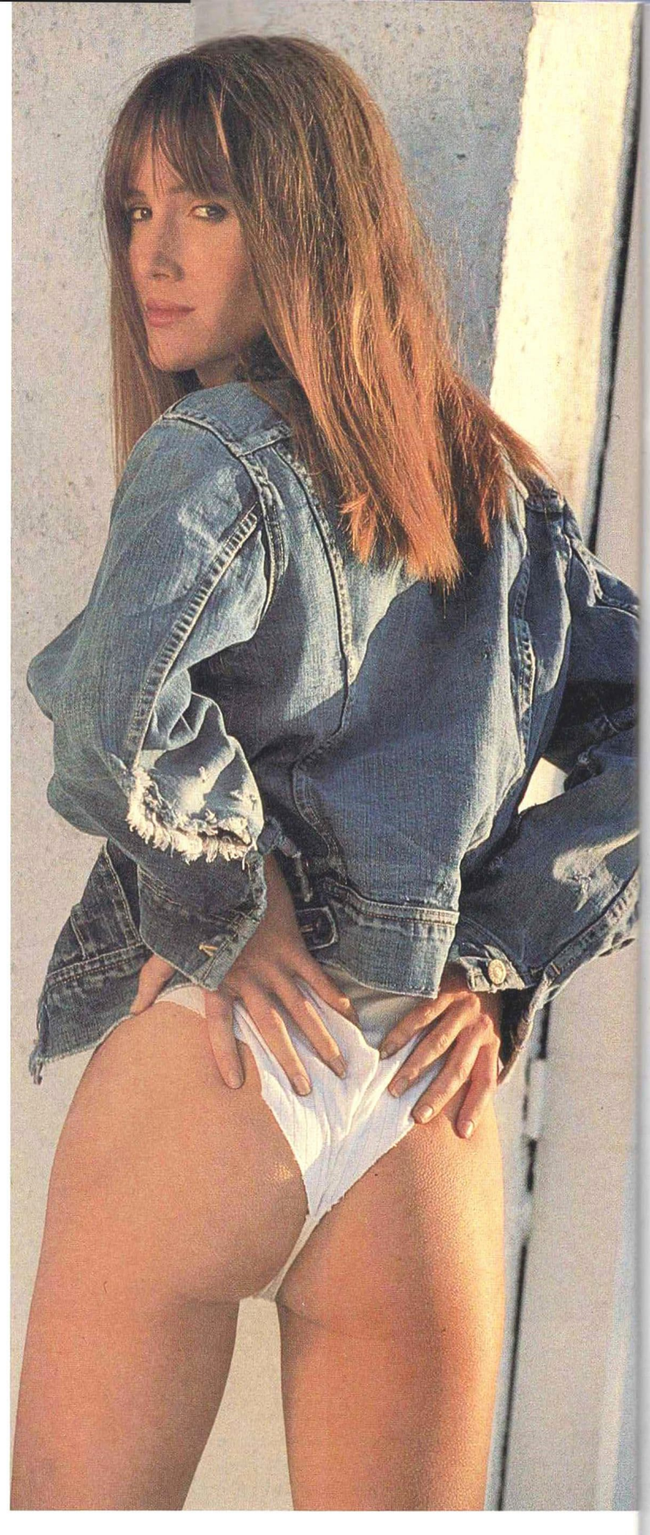
Laura Willis

Laura, 22, is a lady with a clear head who knows what she wants in life. She has a black belt in karate, meditates to keep her mind in tune, and manages her own Gold Coast dance troupe called Body Heat. As for men, intelligent, sensitive, supportive types get Laura's vote.

SEPTEMBER 1990

Helen Evison

A former Novocastrian, Helen, 21, is now based on the Gold Coast. She's an inveterate traveller, having already spent at least six months in Europe. And as she admitted in her September debut, she can't wait to go back for more.



OCTOBER 1990

Kelly Hall

Dangerous living has its appeal for Kelly, 21, from Sydney. She's travelled through outback Australia and has an affinity for the bush. Kelly, who likes approachable, unaffected men, is attending a small business course. She hopes, one day, to run her own restaurant.

NOVEMBER 1990

Jade Adams

Enigmatic Jade, 18, gave us a haunting set of images when she was photographed on Mudjimba Island near Maroochydore. She's a dancer and model from Brisbane, and likes to take time out to go bush. A Virgo, she is characteristically both shy and strong-willed.

DECEMBER 1990

Debbie Joel

Debbie is a fiery, stop-at-nothing Scorpio who likes to have a wild time. Born in Wollongong, she now lives in Sydney where she's having fun running amok doing promotions. She prefers the rock 'n' roll look in men, and can be found kicking up her heels at heavy metal gigs.

PET OF THE YEAR POLL 1991

So you've had a long look at 11 of Australia's most beautiful women — the gorgeous contenders for the 1991 title. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time put yourself in the running to win this sleek example of hi-tech hi-fi: the Sanyo CP 888 Compact Disc Player. The CP 888 offers even more than the usual high standard for which Sanyo is famous. It sports LCD multi display, 16 selection programmable operation, forward and reverse skip-and-search functions, one-touch repeat and memory functions and an ultra-wide 5 to 20 hertz frequency response. There are more terrific features — to be discovered by the winner.

The first voter whose name is drawn out of the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the CD unit. Pick your favorite *Penthouse* Pet, tick the box next to her name below and send the completed coupon or facsimile to *Penthouse*. But don't delay.

Mark your selection with a tick, complete the details below and send your entry to Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062

- ☐ Danielle Richards
- ☐ Meter Maids
- ☐ Donna Carice
- ☐ Laura Willis
- ☐ Kelly Hall
- ☐ Debbie Joel
- ☐ Michelle Gray
- ☐ Tracy Wynters
- ☐ Tammy Cook
- ☐ Helen Evison
- ☐ Jade Adams

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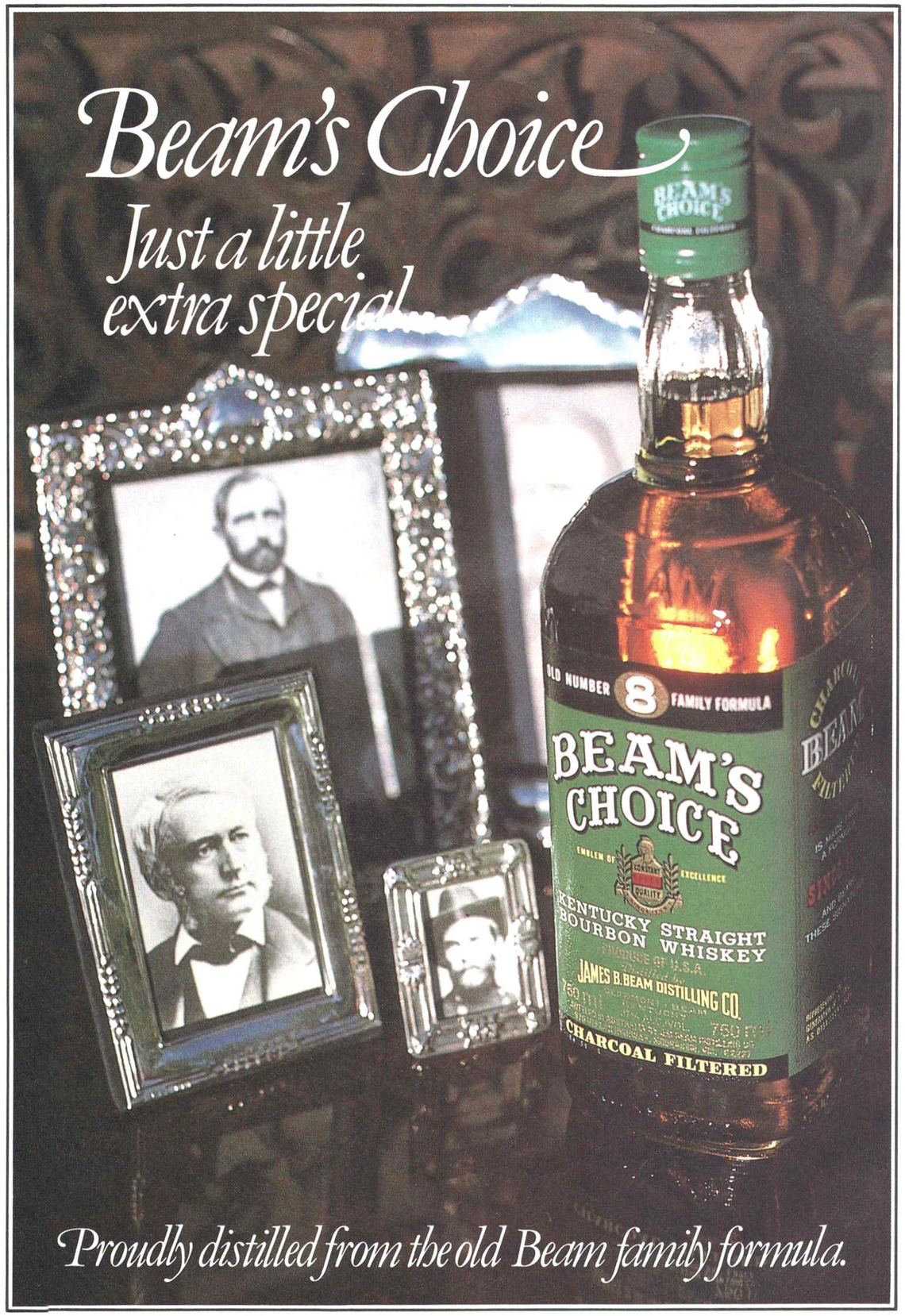

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MOCK ROCK

Main photo by Bob King; Inset photo courtesy of the Glenn A. Baker Archives.

Double page: Kiss clone band Black Diamond. Inset: The genuine article.

One of the more interesting rock band names of recent times belongs to Pop Will Eat Itself, a British outfit which toured Australian pubs some months ago. Interesting, but slightly inaccurate as regards tense. For the feast has already begun.

Indeed, it is not so much cannibalism as necrophilia which is taking place every night in the concrete beer bars of Australia, which have long housed hard, loud, sweaty rock bands. Punters in larger numbers than have been seen since the halcyon days of Ccld Chisel, Australian Crawl and The Angels are turning out to witness a wave of bands who embody the ethic that has always ensured derision for club and cabaret acts — give 'em hits and lots of 'em!

If you can't create, imitate. That's the credo that has Australia's current rash of copy cat bands boogeying all the way to the bank.

As the Nineties dawn, almost the entire second and third level of rock performance in Australia is dominated by bands variously described as "tribute", "concept", "soundalike" and "cash-in". Like the pop radio stations which have been stacking their playlists with mouldy oldies or remade golden groovies for the past half-decade, the live entertainment scene in Australia has given itself over to an orgy of nostalgic wallowing. In both cases, it needs to be said that there is no force feeding involved; public demand is being met.

BY GLENN A. BAKER

ROCK

One of Sydney's biggest live rock events in March took place at Selina's rock pub on a Saturday night. Some 2000 rowdy young music lovers jammed into the room to witness a performance by The Doors. Well, not actually The Doors. The impressive, crowd-pleasing set was delivered by The Australian Doors Show, a leading tribute act able to earn $6000 to $8000 a night during its deliberately short, carefully scheduled bursts of activity.

The Doors' imitators are joined in the new upper echelon of homage by Bjorn Again, a meticulously staged Abba show; the long-running Beatnix, who have all eras of the Fab Four down pat; the Melody Lords and their dazzling representation of the entire glam/glitter era; and, just to prove that you don't have to be carrion before the crows descend, Oils Aint Oils, who copy current Oz rock kings Midnight Oil. Then there's Dynissty, an ambitious Kiss show complete with make-up and pyrotechnics; Alice, an Alice Cooper extravaganza (with guillotine); Sunday Bloody Sunday — The U2 Experience; and Elton Jack, a carbon copy of Mrs John's boy, Elton.

Other drawcard entities who appear and disappear with puzzling frequency include Golden Years (early David Bowie), Gold Zeppelin and The Zep Boys (Led Zeppelin), TNT (early AC/DC), High Voltage (all AC/DC), Cliche (ZZ Top), New Kids In Town (Eagles), Sons Of Beaches (Australian Crawl), 1999 (Prince), Stormy Monday (Joe Cocker), Swingshift and The Last Stand (Cold Chisel/Jimmy Barnes), Bad To The Bone (George Thorogood & The Destroyers), All Fired Up (Pat Benetar), Clearance Creedwater (Credence Clearwater Revival), Wild Heart (Fleetwood Mac), Abbey Road and The Australian Beatles Show (Beatles), Village Persons (Village People), Loco Mosquito (Iggy Pop), Hot Blooded (Foreigner), Free Company (Free/Bad Company), Precious Metal (various heavy metal acts), Some Girls (various women in rock), Rock Lobsters (B52s), Paper & Fire (John Cougar Mellencamp), Stella by Midnight (Bette Midler), Bleach Boys and Good Vibrations (Beach Boys), Joshua Tree (U2), Black Diamond (Kiss), Strolling Bones and Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones), Ego (Skyhooks), U Who? (U2/Who), the Blues Brothers Revival Band and a brace of Elvis Presley impersonators, led by Eddie Youngblood.

Proving that there's no business like clonebusiness, the better draws among the tribute crop can regularly command fees of $2000 to $6000 per show; much the same as an original act with one or two hits (such as Nick Barker & The Reptiles, or Boom Crash Opera). The others take home a minimum of $1000 to $1500, which is far in excess of what is earned by struggling new bands doggedly playing their own material in dingy pubs as part of the great Oz Pub Rock tradition. One popular story, perhaps fanciful, doing the rounds has Sons Of Beaches and former Australian Crawl frontman James Reyne playing competing venues in the same city on the same Saturday night, with the tribute band outdrawing their basis for existence two to one. True or not, it is certain that Reyne later publicly dumped on the cover band, accusing them of being parasites.

Of course, many are. However, some have earned their stripes by transcending their own dubious motives. The unassailed emperors of tribute are Bjorn Again, who can claim a following the equal of a high profile chart entity. Formed and managed by drummer John Tyrell, these sycophantic imitators of the svelte Swedes go the whole hog — shonky Scandinavian accents, replica costumes (where did they get the sequinned jumpsuits?), waved sparklers, cute bums and precise renditions of the great majority of the Abba catalogue. There is even a lovely story circulating that Tyrrell maintains close contact with Abba management and the (real) members and clears with them requests for public promotional appearances.

At a time when most major Australian bands are working overseas or in recording mode, and nightclubs are reverberating to the monotony of acid house, scratch, hip hop and rap percussions, Bjorn Again are enjoying a dream run. Not only are they competent (the two girls, Janette Stewart as Agnetha and Dorina Morelli as Frida, have theatrical backgrounds and were recruited from over 80 applicants), they are also bloody funny. *The Age's* Greg Kerr found their performance at Melbourne's Inflation nightclub "an emotionally confusing experience. There's a magic in the air that hits the spot somewhere, a sort of ethereal karma that makes it permissible for rows of young men to sway together unshamedly . . . It was hard to spot a single person who was not singing along. Mock fun or not, it was unquestionable entertainment."

Entertainment is the bottom line. Essentially, the entire tribute scene is one giant piece of glossy cabaret helping to submerge the woes of an age buffeted by high interest rates, global tensions, sexually transmitted diseases and a disintegrating environment. Dance contests during the Great Depression, oldie fests during the New Depression. It makes some sort of perverse sense — mostly commercial sense, as evidenced by the highly visible involvement of managers and booking agents. This is probably the first musical phenomenon not to have been germinated by the people actually making the music. By and large, the travelling spectaculars are bankrolled, directed, promoted (with lavish posters and pamphlets) and often conceived by people with telephones in both ears and an almost purely economic view of the marketplace. Recording bands play live maybe two or three months a year; their clones are available all 12. Some notch up 400 gigs a year.

The entire concept, with its instant audience identification, is a promoter's dream. No longer can venue owners bitch about bands turning dance floors cold as they try out new material or engage in self-indulgent solos. The bands have effectively entered into a watertight contract which stipulates that they will only play the well-known and proven hit songs by a highly popular chart entity. Those who view music as a commodity to assist in the sale of alcohol can't quite believe their luck.

David Bowden is a 30-year-old who works in a Gold Coast recording studio by day and becomes Alice Cooper by night. He, along with the five others in the Alice show, are paid a wage by the Australian International Artists agency. He initially staged the show out of his own pocket but found it less stressful to hand it over to AIA in return for reasonable security. Each night he is decapitated, bound and sedated in the name of tribute and the crowds are never less than vast. Although he'd rather have them howling over his own material, Bowden is philosophical about the current craze. "I've been playing in original bands since I was 12 and had never made it big," he explains. "I guess I didn't want to make it big as Alice Cooper either, but when the opportunity arose I was playing in a 'circuit band' in Queensland like everybody else and it seemed worth going for. The punters loved it from the first night. In fact, you get the feeling that it's all they want at the moment."

Inevitably, the argument over whether tribute shows are depriving young original bands of bookings, venues and audiences has raised its head. "Yes, they probably do," offers Bowden. "It's just not true," counters Harry Della, managing director of Sydney's Rock Circuit Promotions agency, which books both tribute and original bands. "A good original band in this country will always get work and will always break through; nothing has changed in that regard. There have always been tribute bands as part of an overall live scene. It's just that they were once Top 40 cover bands playing in small venues. Now they've moved up-market a bit and attracted every loose musician in town who hasn't quite got the capacity to make it with an original set."

Pre-fad, wide-appealing acts like The Beatnix find that most of their bookings come not from the competitive live circuit but from the corporate sector — conferences, product launches, conventions and office parties. Bjorn Again, as Tony Brooks of Australian Variety Artists (a company established by the huge Harbour Agency to handle tribute bands) points out, are currently attracting international attention. "There have been American and Asian enquiries and newspaper reporters have actually been sent out from Sweden to find out what's happening.

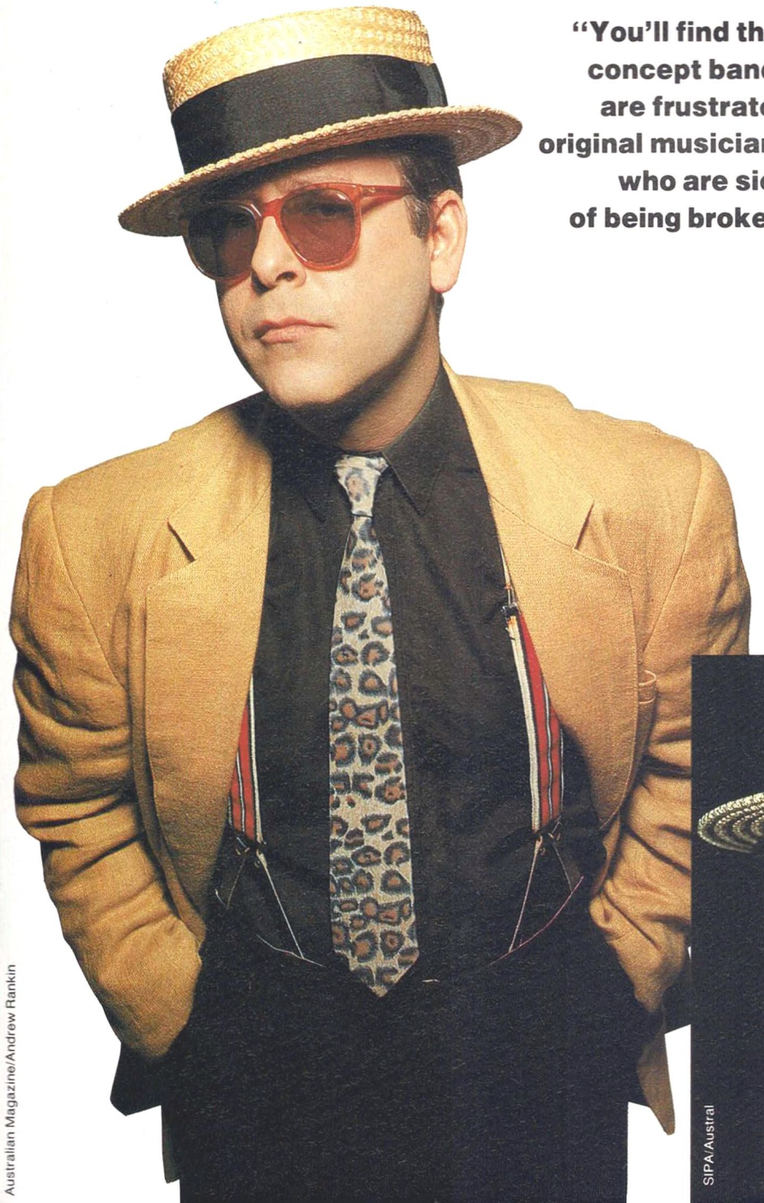
"These bands represent total entertainment at a time when people don't seem to be satisfied with what is being offered by new bands. I mean, I've broken my arse over the years trying to expose original bands who are really good, but the public often just doesn't want to know. You'll find that concept bands are frustrated original musicians who are sick of being broke and want to make money to eventually do their own records."

Such is the reasoning of Queensland's Dynissty, who resemble Kiss so closely that it's positively frightening. They, like two American Kiss tribute bands, have the blessing of the real Kiss, who consider the attention healthy for their back catalogue sales and overall market profile. According to handler Geoff Skewes (himself a member of Sixties hit act The Vibrants and

Below: The Fab Eight. The real Beatles (left) and mop-top imitators Beatnix (right); Opposite: Elton Jack (left) is the flamboyant spitting image of the genuine Mr John (right).

Rex/Austral

Bob King



Australian Magazine/Andrew Rankin

"You'll find that concept bands are frustrated original musicians who are sick of being broke."

SIPA/Austral

manager of Seventies pop sensation Christie Allen and Eighties pub rocker Wendy Stapleton), the band's plan is to record a *Dynissty Unmasked* album, whereupon they will cast off their costumes and cosmetics to reveal an outfit purveying all original songs. (Apparently Swingshift have set about recording with much the same intent.) "Rock growth in Australia has slowed right down because there has been a decline in good original bands," believes Skewes. "On top of that, people no longer want to hear anything they haven't heard before. For musicians, the temptation is just too strong. You can go from playing in an original band going nowhere, getting $50 a night each, to playing 12 dates in Perth for $30,000 as Dynissty just did."

Lance Strauss, the 35-year-old actor/singer achieving no small amount of publicity under the guise of Elton Jack, also insists that his impersonation is very much a means to an end. Strauss has an extensive background in musical theatre, including a stint as Pontius Pilate in a 1983 production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and 16 months as Normie Rowe's understudy in *Les Miserables*. As part of the short-lived *Lennon* musical of 1986, he undertook a ten-minute sequence as Elton John as Madison Square Garden. "The audience went berserk," he relates. "People had told me for years that I looked like him and I'd always loved his music with a passion so I decided to take it a bit further. I did a spot on *Hey Hey It's Saturday* and it was Ossie Ostrich who named me Elton Jack."

Strauss's tribute has a little more credibility than most, with its theatrical base allowing it to play both rock rooms and major clubs. His collaborators on stage also have theatrical backgrounds; Trevor "Jesus" White plays drums, Louise Antonas fills in as Kiki Dee and Jeremy Cook (*Australian Penthouse* Sounds Editor) does a remarkably convincing Ray Cooper. "We play it straight," he insists. "Nothing's on tape, there is no sampling from records. This is really the first step in a long-standing dream of mine to do a complete stage show on the careers of Elton John and Bernie Taupin, two of the most important composers of the 20th Century." Elton John is aware of Elton Jack and apparently not overly fussed; although he did decline to meet him.

An interesting transformation can come over those who participate in tribute bands. In the case of those who try to carefully copy the physical appearance of their particular heroes, such as Sunday Bloody Sunday, Elton Jack, Dynissty, Swingshift, Alice and Bjorn Again, subtle personality changes can occur. Steve Griffiths, the 23-year-old Englishman who fronts The Australian Doors Show, finds that audiences expect him to mirror the arrogant, swaggering charisma of the late Jim Morrison, right down to masturbating on stage. "In a drunken frenzy one night I thought about it," he muses. "It's very peculiar actually. We perform five nights a week and there is a lot of pressure to live the lifestyle on and off stage. But I have to keep the two people separate."

Part cabaret, part rock'n'roll, the tribute genre does have the virtue of employing musicians, even if it doesn't remotely advance the cause of Oz rock. And while, to date, none of the bands are recording, they are shifting large numbers of back catalogue for the artists whose music they copy.

From the midst of the Selina's throng that night in March, it was almost possible to observe hundreds of young teenagers mentally making a note to go out and buy a Doors Greatest Hits compilation as soon as possible. Whether or not they should be buying, say, the new Nick Barker & The Reptiles album, is a case for continuing debate. There is a chance that the whole thing will deflate before the year is out, but that is what record companies were saying about the oldies boom on radio five years ago. In an age of instant gratification and remarkably little depth and imagination in the mass media, the homage brokers can expect to be in business for a while yet.

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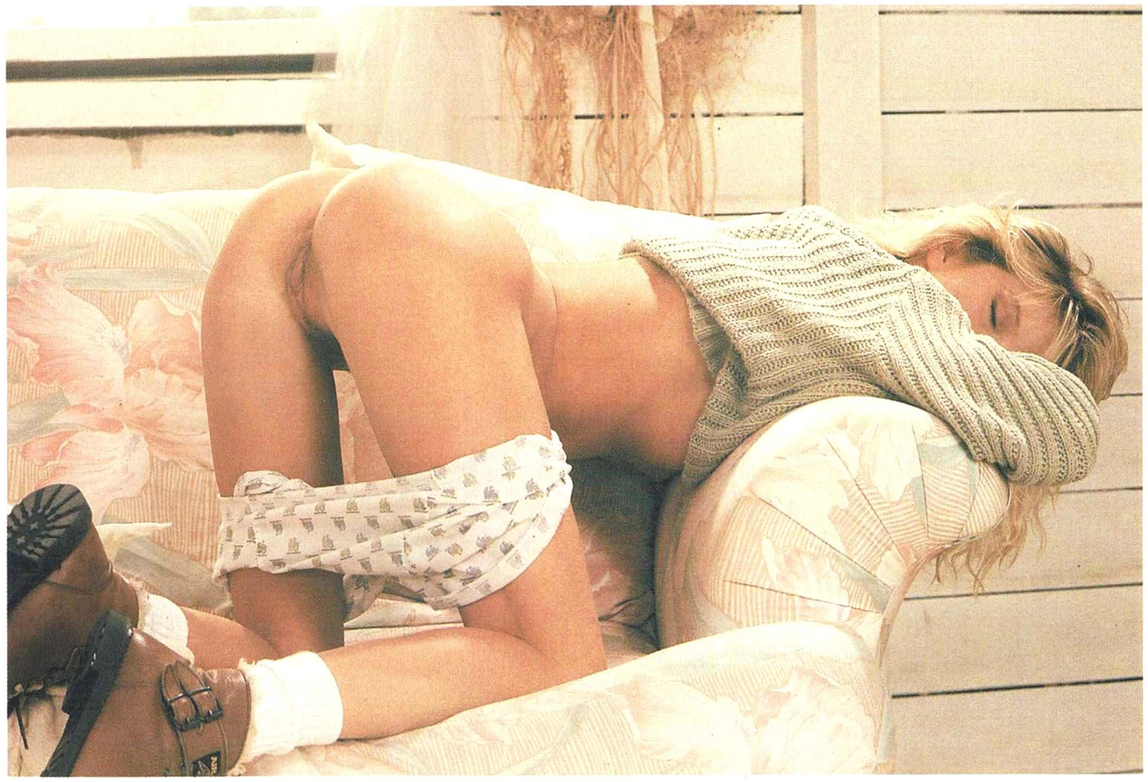
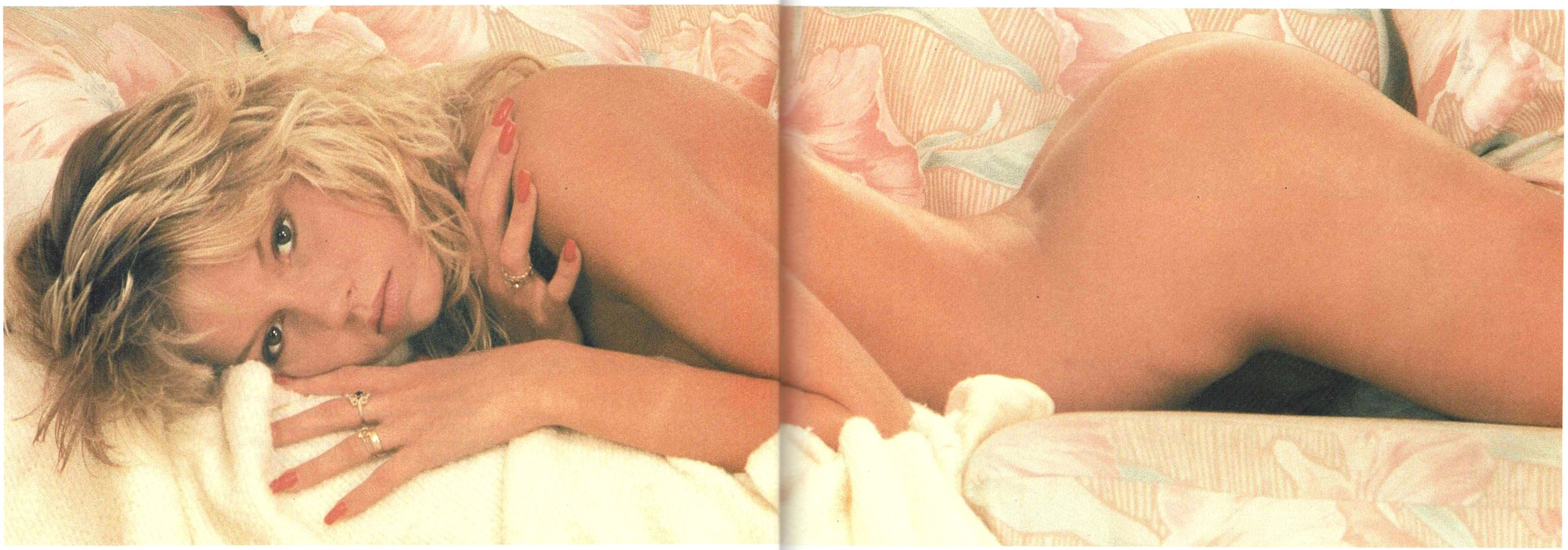
SWEET AND SLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I'm a real couch potato," confesses Shauna Oaks, a bubbly 19-year-old Taurean. "I'm happy just lazing around, taking it easy. Some girls go jogging and swimming or do weights, but I just couldn't be bothered."

Shauna feels she gets enough exercise in her job as a gardener. "I love creating beautiful, fresh environments which other people can enjoy. And I do enough digging and lifting to keep myself in shape."





Shauna loves the company of men who enjoy relaxing. "Whether it's outdoors on a beach or indoors on the sofa, I don't mind. It's just great to let my hair down and behave like a sloth. And when I make love, I like it to be dreamy and slow. Well, who doesn't?"

master MIND

Continued from page 60

down and created a new one.

"I don't want to talk about it too much as yet, because it is a separate thing which is coming out later. There are two levels: one is a language based on nine different concepts which can then be put together in different ways to suit your needs. This of course allows you to be very quick so that you can instantly communicate it, like a code. It allows you to put forward words which do not exist in normal language, for example, the concept of 'friend' and 'enemy' as one. And it is also instantly international."

Dissatisfied also with the limited and mystical Roman Catholicism of his childhood, de Bono also invented a new religion — The Happiness Purpose.

"It's a whole book, yes. My religion. It's quite good." His eyes suddenly cloud over and he sighs. "There are *so* many things which need doing."

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that de Bono would one morning awaken to a sky he found tedious and simply pad to his study in his slippers and devise a new one. He has poured large tracts of his own money into SITO (Supranational Independent Thinking Organisation), which was created as "a sort of intellectual Red Cross to provide additional and creative thinking on problems and issues." The Cognitive Research Trust and the Centre for the Study of Thinking also have him as both founder and director, as does the Task Force on Thinking in Washington. Only when his life and his achievements are viewed as an aerial whole is it possible to begin to understand the true extent of this mild-mannered man's power.

Edward de Bono is one of the most powerful men in the world. Where others have failed, he has succeeded in altering our traditional perception of logic. These changes may not be immediately evident in their subtlety, but they have changed the course of all our lives. His is a profoundly important existence, and to call him one of the most original minds in history is no exaggeration. De Bono's interest is in alerting us to a new and more constructive consciousness in order that a tolerable human condition can be achieved.

"My point is that I don't see too much value — and the reason I use the words 'too much' is because there is *some* value — in just being against things. So the answer is, what ideas do you construct? Because to be against things is sometimes just a vote of confidence in what you're against. It's fine to protest against things because it can raise consciousness, change values, and so on, up to a point; beyond that point you have to start being constructive. You examine the different possibilities and play with them until you have an idea that is usable."

The humor he is famous for deserts him for a moment and is replaced by a quiet intensity. Generally, he oils the wheels of his instruction with comedy, but sometimes the pristine mechanism of his mind functions untainted. It is then that he is at his most extraordinary: almost luminous in his simplicity.

"You can teach a bit of information, and every bit more of information you teach has a higher and higher value as it adds to what is already there. This is important, enormously important, but it also should lead to design. Design in its broadest sense: how you make something happen, how you put the pieces together to achieve an effect which wasn't there before. The whole side of how you organise things, how you set your targets, how you reach them, how you discover things. All these things are to do with the active side, and the world I use is 'operacy.' My wish, at the end of the day, is to have something very simple. Otherwise, you can have something which collects dust on the shelf as a Great Work, and which will be picked up by someone 50 years after your death who refers to it as 'curious.' I would like something more than that."

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bimbo

Continued from page 66

Easy To Seduce: "You remind me of a cross between Helen Of Troy and Paula Abdul . . . No, really . . ." The corniest phrases will suffice. But remember that the words "I just want to be held" were first strung together by bimbos trying to see if you respect them.

Easy To Ditch: "My love for you is too much for one man to bear. We'll be together in another lifetime." It's the appeal of a glamorous, doomed love that does it. Or simply introduce her to a flashier friend of yours and she'll ooze off pretty well instantaneously.

A bimbo is akin to a rose-tinted mirror reflecting a man's image back to him at ten times its natural grandeur. She can hang around an utter toad, thus transforming him into a prince. Even if he's the greatest jerk alive she won't just hang off his every word — she'll *quiver*.

I know all this because I used to be a bimbette until I joined Bimbos Anonymous. At BA, a private non-profit organisation, we're encouraged to discuss how we got involved in bimboism, our experiences and how they've affected our development as human beings. We're all very supportive of one another. Like, one member might say: "It was ghastly (sob). We were sitting in the park in his stupid fucking sports car and I was (sob) wearing this revolting gold lamé dress he bought me and (sob) it was so awful and I hated wearing it — you wouldn't understand. Nobody could understand (snivel)."

And we say, "It's all right, we *do* understand. Let it out."

And she goes on: "And he had his hand right up me and I was pretending to be excited because he said he was going to give me flying lessons and then his wife rang on the carphone and I puked (sob) . . ."

New members are often amazed at how supportive BA is. They say something like: "For ages I couldn't hold down a job unless I had a crush on my boss", and we all go "Mmmm" in understanding.

For most of us bimboism conjuncted with the big crash into adolescence. One day you're a normal kid doing kid things and next day a seething morass of nerves and hormones. Then you realise the most popular girls aren't good at schoolwork, sport or getting along with their families. They're good at *boys*.

At Bimbos Anonymous we know what it's like to stick our tits out and bite our lips sexily in case something intelligent slips out that might embarrass a boy. We think that bimboism is a state of mind that has nothing to do with IQ and is no respecter of class or creed. We believe bimbos aren't born — they're moulded by society. We try and take life one nice boy at a time.

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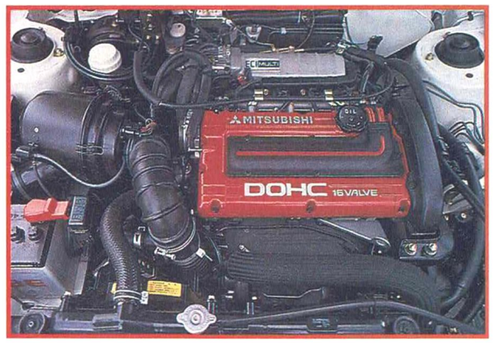
fourplay, 4WS, 4WD, 4IS, 4ABS — it's not a Queensland radio network, but engineering acronyms associated with a technological revolution at Mitsubishi. The new-to-Australia hi-tech sports sedan, the Galant VR-4, has these letters after its name, dispelling any lingering thoughts that Mitsubishi was locked into conservative car design.

It's like Mitsubishi engineers have gone to the engineering version of Sears and Roebuck and ticked about every darn feature in the catalogue. There's four-wheel steer (4WS), constant four-wheel drive (4WD), four-wheel fully independent suspension (4IS), and four-wheel ABS anti-lock braking. Then, as well, the VR-4 gets an intercooled and turbocharged 16-valve twin overhead cam engine punching out 148 kiloWatts.

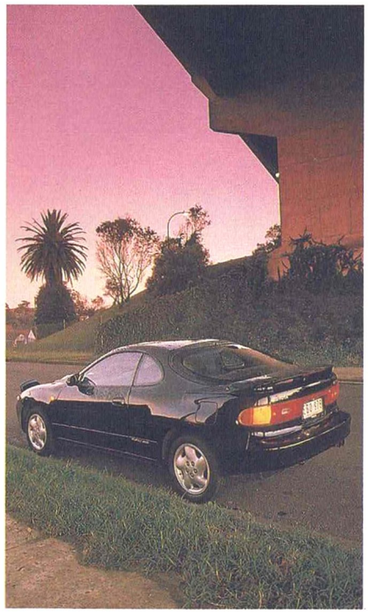
the fourth dimension

Mitsubishi's sophisticated new VR-4 has everything — and then some



MOTORING BY PETER McKAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

Clockwise from below: Sub-$45,000 competitor for the Mitsubishi, the Toyota Celica GT-Four; The more expensive Audi 90 Quattro may lose sales; Group A VR-4s are making their presence felt in the World Rally Championship; The Honda Prelude 4WS, another competitor for the VR-4.



PHOTOS BY PAUL BURROWS

We've seen these featured before on other cars, but never together in one sophisticated package. Toss in luxury appointments including sports seats, cruise control, central locking, electric mirrors, power windows, and set-and-forget automatic climate control, and the four-door VR-4 shapes up as a marvellous blend of hot performance and home comforts. And with safety margins rarely guaranteed by the modern car.

Road grip — on any manner of surface ranging from dirt to snow to smooth tarmac — is exceptional. Bury preconceptions that 4WD is an advantage only when bush bashing or getting to Thredbo or Buller during a snow storm. Chalk up one for four-wheel drive.

The Galant VR-4 is an example of the direction automotive design is taking. Perhaps not all of the VR-4's engineering features will stand the passage of time. Four-wheel steering, for instance, may not develop in the way that ABS braking and four-wheel drive on passenger sedans have become increasingly necessary in today's motoring market. Both these safety-related advances are destined to become commonplace on mass-produced cars by the turn of the century.

Anti-skid braking came on to the scene in 1978 in the expensive S-class Mercedes-Benz. For a while there it seemed only the rich would have access to its safety-related benefits. But the Japanese have hastened the spread of this life-saving gospel and it's now not uncommon to have ABS systems on cars priced below $40,000. Significantly, Australian car makers have been slow to react, although Holden is expected to soon offer ABS on some of its upmarket models.

Permanent four-wheel drive on passenger vehicles, likewise, has made a great impact within one decade. That momentum will continue through the Nineties (see box).

Though it sells in this country at the rather modest rate of around 40 a month, the VR-4 has an important role to play for Mitsubishi. Now that the turbocharged Cordia and Starion coupés have been phased out here, the super-Galant assumes the mantle of image-setter for the Three Diamonds nameplate. Its stunning technological array and arse-kicking performance will help overcome the impression that Mitsubishi Australia primarily panders to the cardigan and braces set (with its Magna and Lancer).

The Galant VR-4 is already changing that attitude. Just weeks before its local release, Ed Ordiniski, an Adelaide schoolteacher, wrapped up the 1990 Australian Rally Championship driving a VR-4. Most remarkable was that Ordinski's VR-4 is a Group N car — virtually showroom stock — while those driven by most of his rivals were highly-modified Group A machines. Ordinski's Mitsubishi didn't have the horsepower of his opposition, but he benefited from the VR-4's extraordinary adhesion and balance, vital ingredients out in the treacherous dirt and gravel forestry roads where most championship rallies are held. Group A VR-4s have also won rounds of the World Rally Championship against the might of Lancia and Toyota.

But the VR-4's real-world attributes are of more interest to most folks than its ability to outrun its opposition at the 1000 Lakes Rally in Finland. A drive over rain-drenched dirt roads near Victor Harbour, South Australia; brought convincing proof of the Galant's poise in conditions that were less than ideal. Rain pelting down on the red earth put a big question mark over adhesion. The Galant, though, with its full-time 4WD with bevel gear centre differential and viscous coupling, boldly sliced through the mud, never putting a wheel out of play. Cornering limits are pushed higher than for two-wheel-drive cars, and using full throttle in the mud isn't like dabbling in Russian roulette with a full chamber. Its traction out of slow corners is astonishing, as is its balance and refusal to become unsettled through changes of direction. There is a dead area in its steering near the straight-ahead position, but after some familiarisation, this isn't a worry.

Only under brakes on gravel did the VR-4 reveal any inadequacies. ABS anti-lock systems, so reassuring in most circumstances, are not as effective as

Continued on page 160

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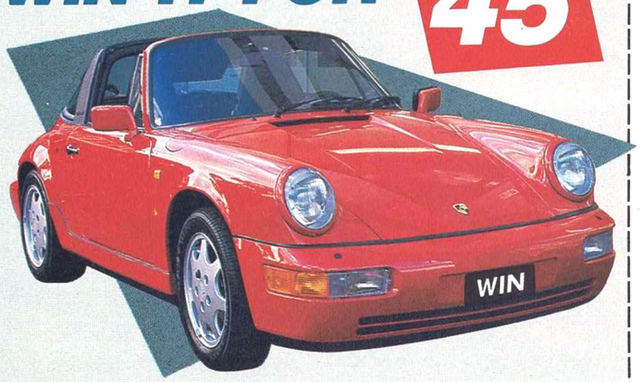

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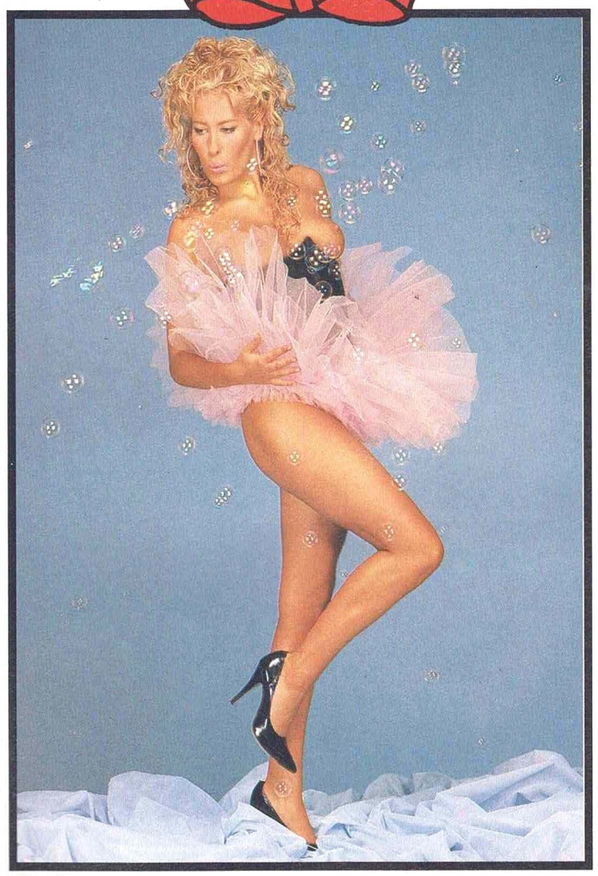

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

Elizabeth Vera Arnold has more than a set of initials which spell EVA. She has a fetish for men in uniforms. "It probably started when I was little — the local cop on his horse was my hero. It's never worn off. Army, Navy, you name it. They all make my mouth water."

May The Force Be With You

Elizabeth, 25, works in a library, and she spends her spare time boning up on war history. She also likes dogs. "I've got three Dobermann Pinschers, called Stalin, Lenin and Trotsky. They look fierce," she laughs, "but really they're just puppies in my hands."

"Men in uniform torment me," sighs Elizabeth, who dreams of marrying an officer. "I have an almost uncontrollable desire to peel off their crisp clothes and caress the muscle and brawn that waits beneath. The very thought of it quickens my breath right now!"

THE TRAVELLING

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

Florida hangs down like a prick off the main body of the United States. It is America's fastest-growing state, because people who are tired of overcrowding elsewhere are all moving down there, which of course causes a lot of overcrowding in Florida.

Florida is also a tourist Mecca, which is quite different from a traveller's Mecca. The tourists all flock to attractions like Disneyworld and the Universal Studios tour.

But long before the locusts in Bermuda shorts descended upon Florida, it was a sleepy region of the American South, a land of scrubby undergrowth, swamps, and vast, flat wilderness. There are a few places where you can still see the old Florida, if you want to get off the beaten path.

On a recent visit there I found myself off the beaten path all right, in quite another world from Walt Disney's. I was in a huge wildlife preserve near Clewiston, in the central part of the state. I was following a guide named Steve Ambrose. I wasn't on the trail of Mickey Mouse. I was hunting wild boar.

This was my third trip to Clewiston. I had bashed the bushes before in search of the elusive quarry, and never so much as sighted one of the pigs who root wild in the area. For sportsmen who hunt them, wild boar rank among the wiliest prey on Earth, right up there with snow leopards and blondes with big knockers who'll go to bed with you on the first date.

"Dogs look up to man, and cats look down on him," says Winston Churchill. "It is the pig which sees man as its equal." This is probably why the wild boar is so elusive — because it is smart in a human sort of way. But I had a secret weapon. I had a special insight into the hermetic world of pig consciousness. After coming up empty twice at Clewiston, I decided to immerse myself in pigdom. I bought a miniature pot-bellied pig as a pet.

Okay, so it was my wife's birthday, and that may have figured in the decision to present her with "Porky", a diminutive porcine of a kind that has become all the rage in the Hollywood community, as well as in trendy pockets elsewhere. But in the back of my mind, I figured I would pick up pig pointers for my next visit to Clewiston just by living with Porky. *Know thine enemy.*

And I did find out a lot about pigs. They are, as their reputation implies, totally food-oriented. Porky can look up from his dinner dish and wonder where his next meal is coming from. They are also "couch potatoes", sleeping constantly. This could be why the wild versions are so difficult to shoot; they're always snoozing.

Fortified with pig wisdom, Porky having unknowingly betrayed his wild brethren, I was now back in the flatlands of central Florida, hoping to flush out a boar. It's a good thing I had some ulterior reason to be there, because Clewiston is not exactly abundant in entertainment attractions. The town's only movie theatre opens for one show each night on Friday and Saturday. If Florida has an Outback, this is it.

Steve Ambrose makes his living as a guide for people like me, and he was a little puzzled that I hadn't gotten a shot in two previous visits. He's killed hundreds of the boars, and assured me the thrill was worth the wait. We set off early, because (as I had learned from Porky) the pig's most active periods are at dawn and dusk.

'For thrills, wild boar rank right up there with big-busted blondes who'll go to bed with you on the first date.'

If I had stopped to think about it, I'd have realised it was dangerous work. The undergrowth is quite dense, and a pig could come out of nowhere. They are quite ornery bastards (probably because they don't like being roused from sleep), and have brutal tusks.

I was probably over-equipped to face the threat. My Desert Eagle packed enough of a wallop to stop a wild boar and a tourist bus with the same shot. I had not, however, reckoned on the vicious Floridian mosquitoes, which were more than a match for my hollow-points.

Steve sent me walking on a direct track while he circled around in front. Five minutes after he left me, I heard the rooting, scruffling noise of a wild boar.

If it weren't for my experience with Porky, I would have sailed right by the sound. But I identified it immediately, and traced it to a small gully off a stream. There, almost obscured by the undergrowth, was a family of four wild pigs. The boar was magnificent — a huge trophy animal, 90 kilos at least. The sow was smaller and herded along two piglets.

I raised the Desert Eagle. The boar was solidly in my sights. Suddenly, he sensed my presence and raised his snout in the air, sniffing. I felt a little stab at my heart. There was something so much like Porky in the movement that I couldn't shoot. I saw my pet in the little piglets, too. I had learned pig consciousness only too well. I uncocked my gun, and the sound spooked the boar. The whole family scampered away into the brush.

Which is not to say that you will come up empty should you ever visit Florida and decide you want something more than the prefabricated delights of Disneyworld. The boars are there. I have seen them. I just couldn't kill them.

Photo by Australian Picture Library

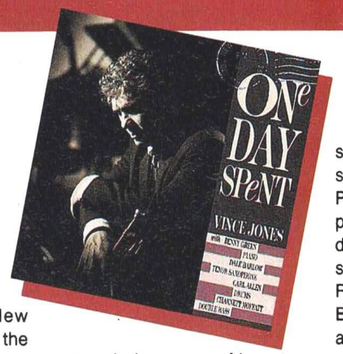
good karma

Veronica and Champagne were all set to be bridesmaids for their friend Stacy. As a surprise, they decided to organise a special suite for the newlyweds' big night. But while putting it all together, they found themselves digressing from the task at hand.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Whether it was the sensuous feel of the satin, or the romance of the ceremony ahead, they weren't sure. But they drew together in a spellbinding spiral of excitement which had them gasping with delight. Veronica felt guilty, but Champagne just laughed. "It's good karma for them, don't you think?"

ALL THAT JAZZ



Sounds of modern New Orleans, in the form of the Neville Brothers, live, blast out as I enter Moochers central. I mean, where is the Benny Goodman tape loop? The artwork and set list of *Too Darn Hot* (rooArt Jazz) — the debut from stylish little big band **Monica**

And The Moochers — exude the stuff of which films were made. Still, they are no longer a Forties hits jukebox, which Monica and MD Julian Gough's earlier training ground of Pardon Me Boys was (at its most predictable). Low on jokes and big on music, the act live (and the record) is anything but a glamorous lead singer with an anonymous backing band. They play the usual rooms for such a jazz-based act, but have also been hitting the rock venues and winning over audiences who were initially indifferent or hostile and who possibly wonder why the band has started playing before the guitarist has arrived (they don't use one). Unlike the Pardon Me Boys album which was recorded insanely with modern pop multi-tracking, the Moochers play live to tape en masse. The ensemble feel is evident from the outset and although the somewhat flat production douses some of their fire, the set is a fair indication of where they've been at for the past couple of years. Monica has much of the attitude, if not yet the full voice of the jazz maestro she would like to be. Her husky alto (the product of formative stage years with lousy foldback) has yet to match the power of her stage presence. She has wisely surrounded herself with a strong ensemble including some distinctive soloists (especially Bernie McGann on alto sax and Mike Bukovsky on trumpet). In true democratic style, the album kicks in with their arrangement of the 1954 Dizzy Gillespie Afro cuban instrumental extravaganza "Manteca." This is by necessity a pared down version using a band half the size of the original recording and without Dizzy Gillespie — but it sets the stage. The album abounds with echoes of an era that in re-creational terms may have had its heyday, but is a fine first offering. Their interest in modern New Orleans music is part of the act's desire to move on, with a next album being mostly new material.

Vince Jones, who is much more advanced in his own personal recording odyssey, is another jazz-based singer-songwriter who has never been afraid to surround himself with strong instrumentalists. *One Day Spent* (EMI) sees him in a New York recording studio with a band wrangled by expatriate saxophonist Dale Barlow, now treading the boards with the institution known as Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. There's only one original in this collection of midnight-to-dawn croons, but Jones is in fine form.

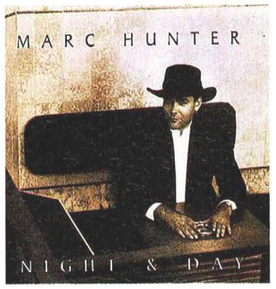
With a voice like **Kate Ceberano's** you have no need for dazzling instrumental foils. That's not to detract from her jazz sextet on **Like Now** (Regular). Mixing tunes from the jazz vernacular with new material of the same persuasion, Ceberano and her colleagues have achieved a maturing of sound in their mix of ballads and bossas, a definite improvement on KC's initial attempts to straddle both the jazz and disco formats.

Marc Hunter (from Dragon) has also moved into the mature sound stakes with his second solo offering, *Night & Day* Phonogram/ABC). Not surprisingly, his brace of standards is much more from the club singer's handbook: "Cry Me A River", "Meditation", and Burt Bacharach's "Walk On By"; he acquits himself with relaxed assurance.

Donning the jazz suit or nightclub charm has been very much in fashion in the past few years — a trend all these local albums follow.

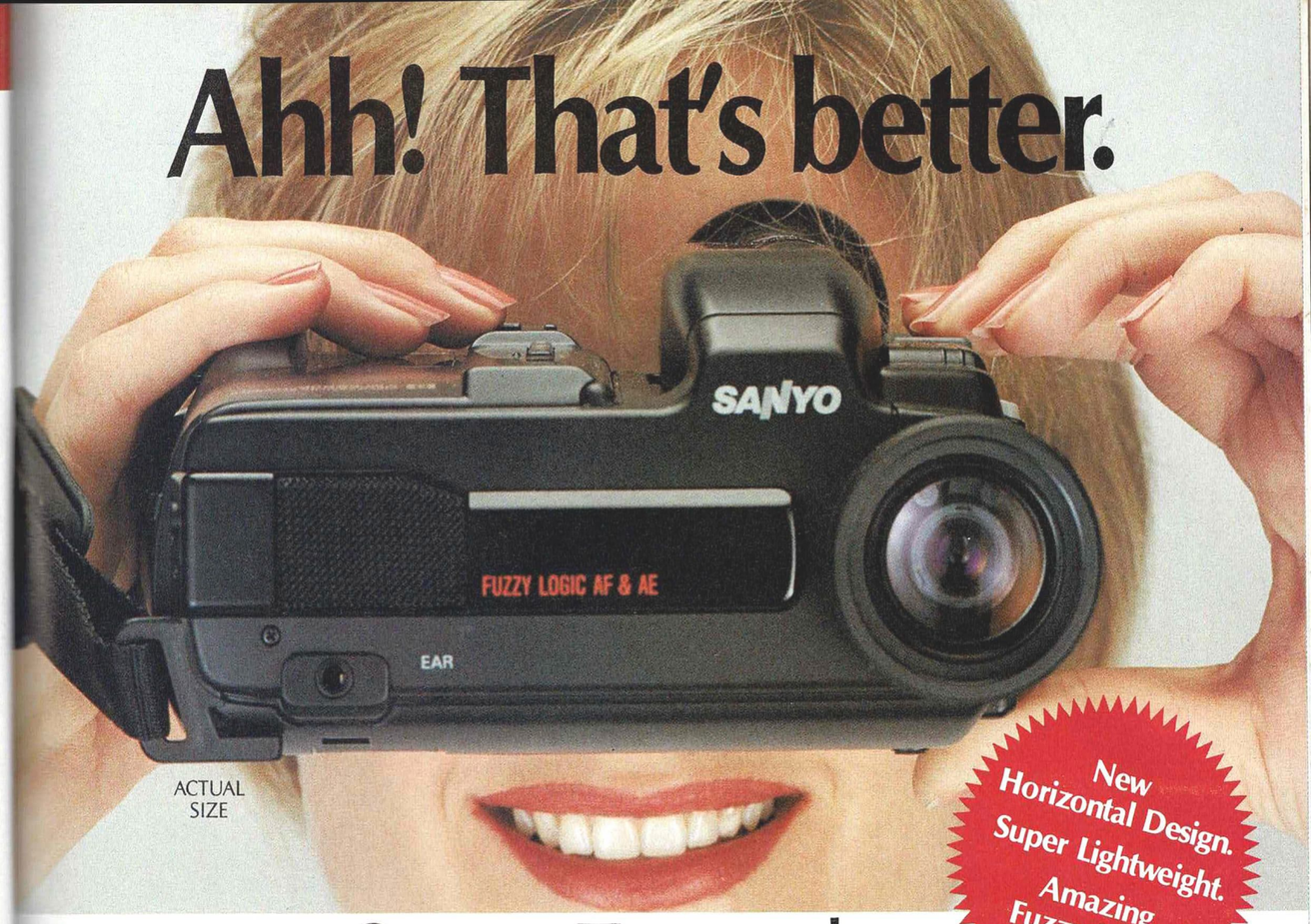
They're no reason to toss your Sarah Vaughn, Mel Torme or Dizzy Gillespie discs, but show that some local performers are coming to terms with music beyond three-chord rock with positive results. Finally, we have the instrumental over-achiever of the year (that's admiration, not sour grapes), horn man **James Morrison**. He's in fine company with three American veterans (Jeff Hamilton, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis), and many overdubs of himself — sometimes taking his "one man big band" tag to its logical conclusion — on *Snappy Doo* (WEA).

What makes a recording of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* (EMI) go to the top of the pop charts (in England)? Not nailed to the dance floor by a jive-bunnyish hand clap, **Nigel Kennedy's** version (with the English Chamber Orchestra) is simply a lively rendition faithful to the spirit of its composer — himself a violin virtuoso. Kennedy is prone to wearing pointy boots and has recorded with Kate Bush, Paul



McCartney and Level 42. Not withstanding his obvious love of, and talent in, making music, the fact that he is seen as an "enfant terrible" has helped him enormously. — *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from top: Fine form from Vince Jones; Marc Hunter shows relaxed reassurance on his second solo album; a maturing of sound from Kate Ceberano; Monica And The Moochers exude style.



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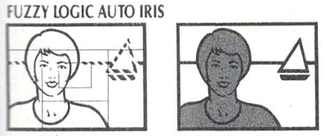

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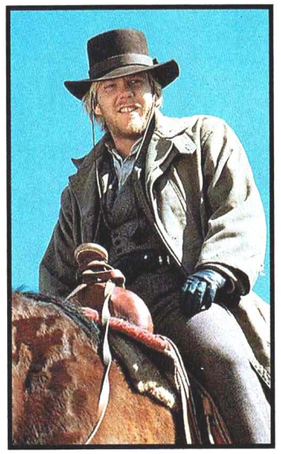
TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY

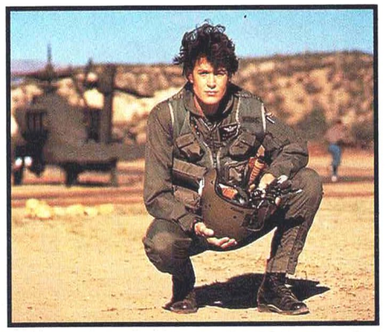
Apache helicopter gunships, the big black beasts at the technological front of US warmongering art, and some breathtaking stunt flying star in **Fire Birds**, a film that's so gung-ho it makes John Wayne look like Liberace. Nicholas Cage, Sean Young and Tommy Lee Jones do the talking, and all of it 100 percent Mom's apple pie Yankie propaganda. Cage and the unlikely Young are pilots in an elite army helicopter task force that's to be sent to Latin America to smash a major drug cartel. But before getting the chance to kick evil drug lord butt, they must prove themselves suitably skilled, and by the bye sort out a few romantic difficulties. Tommy Lee Jones, as a senior pilot instructor, must overcome some difficulties of his own; he's itchin' to get back amongst it and waste some bad guys, but at 40, he and his superiors wonder if he's still got what it takes to lay the boot in for Uncle Sam.

Do they sort themselves out, and do they blow those satanic spic drug pedlars to kingdom come with cries of "Snort that, suckers!"? What do you reckon?

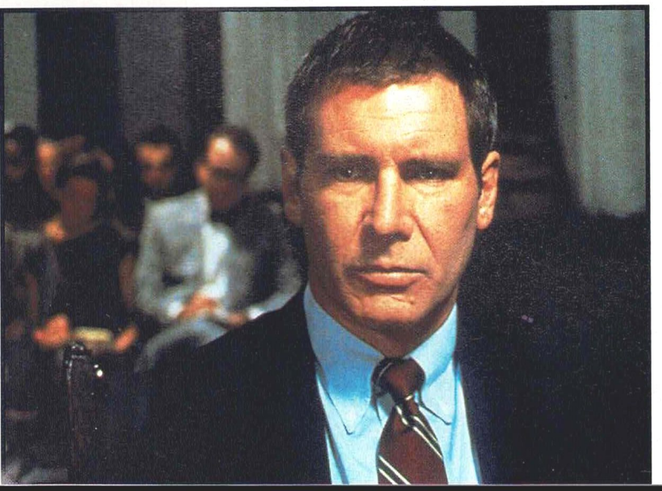
It comes as no surprise that the story for this was written by three retired US Army Lieutenant Colonels, who also sunk money into its production. Directed by Englishman David Green (*Buster*), and executively produced by Arnold Kopelson (*Platoon*), *Fire Birds* is A Bit Of A Worry. **



Slater and Lou Diamond Phillips make up the best part of his notorious gang of renegades, the Regulators. Directed by New Zealander Geoff Murphy (*The Quiet Earth, Utu*) and with some beautiful camerawork by Australian cinematographer Dean Semler (*Beyond Thunderdome, Razorback, Dead Calm*), it is recommended to attend this one with a girlfriend. With a score by Jon Bon Jovi, and filmed in Hunkarama as it is, she won't be able to control herself after the closing credits roll. ***



Top right: Kiefer Sutherland in Young Guns II; Right: The unlikely Sean Young as a gung-ho chopper pilot in Fire Birds; Below: Harrison Ford stars in the excellent thriller Presumed Innocent.



Oooh, I love a mystery, and they don't come much better than **Presumed Innocent**, the screen adaptation of the Eighties bestseller of the same name by American Scott Turow. Starring Harrison Ford, Raul Julia, Brian Dennehy, Greta Scacchi and Bonnie Bedelia, this cinematic conundrum demands and receives absolute attention throughout more than two hours of suspenseful and labyrinthine plot. Skewering at once the American legal system, power politics, marital fidelity and a few other themes for good measure, this one sets out to prove that things are seldom as they seem on the surface, and delivers up constant surprises. With fine work from each of the film's very impressive cast, direction by Alan J. Pakula (*Sophie's Choice, All The President's Men*) under producers Sydney Pollack and Mark Rosenberg, *Presumed Innocent* is a welcome quality thriller and a thoroughbred. ****

That band of gun-totin' spunks who had young females around the world creaming their cottontails a couple of years back return in **Young Guns II**, an appealing sequel that lays on the action and peppers it with humor. For those who missed the first excursion, Emilio Estevez is Billy The Kid, The Prince Of Pistoleers, and Kiefer Sutherland, Christian

The premise of the supernatural comedy/romance **Ghost** may be enough to set your crap detector beeping: Young yuppie couple in love, he gets brutally murdered, comes back as a ghost to solve the mystery of his killing but to do so must employ the powers of a whacky female medium. Sounds like a load of old dingoes' kidneys, doesn't it? The reality, however, is a delightfully engaging mystery romp that succeeds where so many of its Hollywood predecessors have bombed out. Credit for this success must surely go to director Jerry Zucker, one of the winning team who brought such unabashed comedies as *Airplane, Ruthless People* and *The Naked Gun* to the screen. Working with a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, Zucker draws charming performances from the film's leading players, Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore, and manages the heretofore impossible: Making Whoopi Goldberg funny in a film. Recommended. ***

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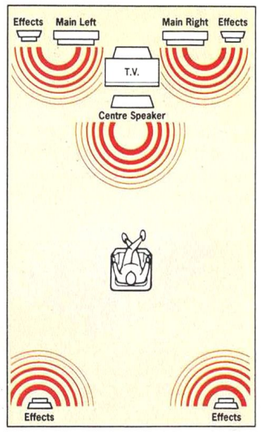

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sport

Continued from page 54

dollars all over again. He never did win a major, going under to Jack Nicklaus in the US Open and Masters in 1972, and to Nicklaus again in the US PGA in 1973-75. But he is content to whip them all now that the earning potential has accelerated. Crampton is a director of a bank in Texas and has investments in oil and real estate. He owns an apartment complex, a Texaco service station and a 270-acre farm.

If there is an opposite in character to Crampton, it is the last of the million dollar men, Ian Baker-Finch. The *New York Times* wrote of Crampton: "No matter what the handsome Australian does, he's still from Dullsville." Baker-Finch has a sparkling smile and personality to help boost his bank account with more endorsement and appearance dollars. He is yet to realise his full potential as a golfer, though at the midway point of the year, his earnings from the circuit alone were past $300,000.

By the new year, another half-dozen golfers could well be nudging the million dollar mark — people like Wayne Grady, Craig Parry, Mike Harwood, Peter Senior and Brett Ogle. (Grady's win in the US PGA tournament was worth $100,000 in prizemoney alone, and he'll eventually get as much as that again in resultant endorsement.)

Australia has not fared so well recently in some of the other big-money sports. The world surfing title has gone from our grasp, for instance, and it's hard to see former world titleholders Barton Lynch and Tom Carroll making a million this year. Men's tennis too, is devoid of true Australian stars, with Wally Masur the highest ranked and making a merely comfortable living on $500,000 a year.

No, the thing to be is a golfer, a motor bike rider or a racehorse. Or an exceptionally good tennis player.

WHAT THE WOMEN EARN

It would be fair to predict that no Australian sportswoman in 1990 will top the million-dollar mark, though three are closing rapidly.

Jan Stephenson, the glamor golfer, has been over that mark in the past, but is recovering from injury and made a slow start to the Ladies' Professional Golf Association circuit. However, the money keeps rolling in. She won $300,000 in a Skins tournament and additionally reaps income from the "Jan" collection of golf gear and apparel. All up, she will earn about $800,000 this year.

New Australian citizen Hana Mandlikova, now retired, was never able to close the yawning gap between herself and the real stars of women's tennis like Steffi Graf and Monica Seles. But the pickings for the also-rans are still quite rich. Mandlikova has made around $700,000 this year.

Nicole Lowein, the beautiful Gold Coast blonde, is the heir apparent to Stephenson as the money magnet of women's golf. In Japan her name and fame are already made. The release of her fashion line and photo endorsing various products there, together with her equally stunning form on the golf course, will see the Lowein loot swell to around $600,000 this year.

WHAT THE FOOTBALLERS EARN

While Australia has failed to make the soccer World Cup since 1974, this country has not stopped producing players of international quality. It might come as a surprise, but several of our leading soccer lights — virtually unknown to all but the roundball cognoscenti — easily outstrip the more lauded stars of Rugby League and Australian Rules when it comes to annual earnings.

The richest Australian footballer is Frank Farina. At 25, strikingly handsome and with at least three Italian clubs clamoring for his services, Farina has the world, as well as a mere soccer ball, at his feet.

Farina's potential was evident from the time he made the Australian team in 1984 for a match against Juventus, the world famous Italian club team. In that year, Juventus officials had the chance to sign Farina. But at 19, he was said to be "too old." Now the same club is among several willing to pay a transfer fee of $3 million to Farina's present club, Bruges, in Belgium, where he was the leading goal scorer in the most recent season.

The respected Italian soccer publication *Sport* departed from its saturation World Cup coverage to run a centrespread on Farina frolicking on the beach under the headline: "FARINA HAS ARRIVED." He certainly has arrived financially. From a transfer fee of that magnitude, Farina would pocket around $500,000 annually. With additional endorsements and appearances, his annual earnings will reach $700,000.

Farina hails from Cairns via Port Moresby, the son of Italian immigrants. Given the tropical heat of those two cities, you would hardly expect them to produce such an outstanding football player. In Europe, though, he has become known as the "Aussie Bomber."

The biggest-earning Rugby League star this year will undoubtedly be King Wally Lewis, the Emperor of Lang Park. The balding, controversial Lewis rarely made it on to the field last season, but will still bag around $600,000 for the year. His playing fee for the Brisbane Broncos, around $150,000, will be boosted by a testimonial year. And he has a bundle of endorsements together with a sports newsreading job on television in Brisbane. Despite his injury-wracked year, and fines at various times for spitting at a rival and for abusing a linesman, Lewis remains an idol in Queensland.

Australian Rules players are not in the Lewis or Farina earning class. Dermott Brereton, the Hawthorn centre half-forward with the pretty boy looks, makes more than most at around $250,000 annually. His contract with Hawthorn is worth $125,000 per year, and the rest comes from endorsements for bananas, bread and such, and a regular television guest spot.

SUGAR BABY

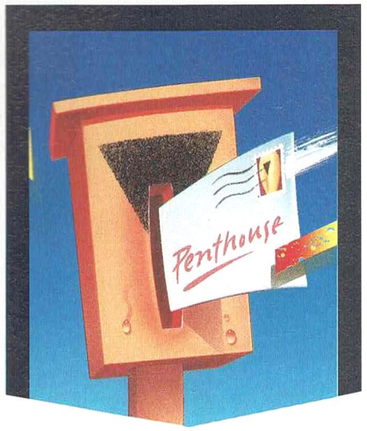
It's the sort of heat that melts tar on the roads, and you've been out in it all day. With the sun going down, you're ready to loosen up a couple of tinnies. But somebody's got there before you.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB MIDDENWAY

For a moment you wonder if you're suffering from heat-stroke. You don't want to speak in case this tawny-skinned sugar baby dis-solves into the steaming air. You stand still, doing your best to keep your cool, but you feel as though you're moving into melt-down.

She speaks first. "It's so very hot," she says, but does not explain herself further. All around you the noise of cicadas creates a solid wall of sound. Only she moves, with the deepening light spilling over the contours of her lithe body.

She relents a little. "I saw you in town and wanted to meet you. They said at the office that you'd be coming up here around sundown. Have you any plans for this evening?" You drop yor machete and swag on the ground and hook your thumbs into your belt. "No plans," you say, "but what, exactly, did you have in mind?"



forum

Continued from page 12

can't imagine that. — *Name and address withheld*

Horsing around

I'd like to tell you a story that's a little different than most in "Forum."

It was a typical outback day, almost too hot for horse breeding, but we had our orders from the station boss. Dean and I had put the mare in the small paddock and were sitting on the top rail waiting for our foreman, Duke, to return with the boss's prize studhorse. We had no idea that the three of us would be doing some breeding ourselves before the day was over. Soon we saw an arrow of red dust snaking toward us from the horizon and we knew that Duke was gunning the 4WD much too fast.

In no time, the rig came roaring up beside us, and with a war whoop Duke leapt from the truck and somersaulted on to the dust, letting the rig travel on by itself until it finally came to a stop.

Duke is a powerful giant and, by self-admission, the most handsome and well-built man in the outback. He is proud of his tan, seldom has on a shirt, and wears his jeans low on his slim hips. His enormous success with women is known far and wide, and he didn't care how fresh out of high school they were or whether they were married or not — he scored with them all. All but the boss's niece Cassey, that is.

Cassey came to visit her uncle every summer and loved to tease Duke by riding past him with her blouse bouncing as though it had two loose soccer balls inside. Duke would stare with his mouth open and she would pretend not to notice him.

We had just put the studhorse in the paddock when all hell broke loose. The mare rushed up against the fence, caught a front leg between two rails, and started to neigh. Dean rushed around the paddock to kick her leg free just as Cassey came riding up to see what was going on. Duke screamed at her to keep clear. Dean got the mare's leg free just before the stud horse came down on her.

Cassey dismounted and moved closer to Duke. She slowly turned her head to look and became transfixed, while Duke ran a knowing hand down her back, pulling her tight against him. Suddenly, she began shivering, licking his chest like a kitten and saying over and over, "Oh, Duke! Oh, Duke!"

With all his experience, Duke knew that the time was right, and he picked her up like a rag doll and raced into the hay barn. I started to follow, but Dean hung back, his face red. I finally had to half drag him into the barn.

We found them naked on the straw-covered floor. Cassey was all but invisible beneath Duke's huge sun-bronzed body. Her feet were in the air. She was trying desperately to grasp his biceps with her hands, but his arms are so large she could only reach halfway around. Duke started his powerful thrusts, giving deep grunts of satisfaction. Each time he rammed all the way in, his buttocks would harden into knots, looking like two fists.

Sweat was running down each side of his body and on to Cassey, who was now pounding his wet back with her fists and making loud *splat, splat* kind of noises. She slipped a few inches forward on the floor each time he came down hard. Then Duke's climax started. He froze in an arc above her with his cock out except for the tip and a rash of goose bumps spread over his body. With a shiver he drilled his final load into her, then lay very still except for an occasional violent body jerk.

It was only then that I realised Dean was stark naked on his hands and knees beside them, watching intently. Gone was any bashfulness he had ever had and his cock hung almost to the floor beneath him. This was something I had never suspected about our youngest, mild, easygoing hand. Dean has an enormous snake for a cock, with a large, broad head!

As soon as Duke rolled off, Dean rolled on. A loud gasp from Cassey told us that she realised something extra big was slowly working its way into her hot box. Dean's performance was something to watch! His upper body and shoulders remained motionless, while his little arse pumped up and down furiously like a rabbit. Cassey was crying out loudly now, in total ecstasy.

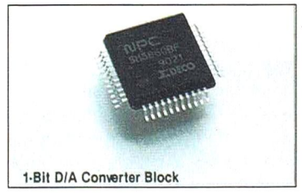
Her cries gave me a stiff erection and I peeled my clothes off fast. As soon as Dean pulled out, I was in! I was surprised at the great heat I felt and how slippery her jism-filled tunnel was. Duke and Dean had filled her to over-flowing. I had expected her box to be loose and limp after the beating it had just taken, but she clamped shut on my cock so hard that I looked down to see if someone had taken it in

THE BIT THAT COUNTS

ONKYO One Bit Technology with Accupulse Quartz System

DX-6800

In the digital reproduction of sound there is more than one way to solving a given problem. The challenge of how best to convert the digital data stored on a Compact Disc into an analogue music signal is one such example. Most CD players employ multi-bit ladder network digital to analogue (D/A) converters to perform this important task. Others use a one bit digital to analogue (D/A) converter system.



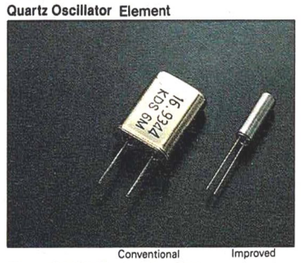
1-Bit D/A Converter Block

Many of these currently implemented 1 bit D/A converter designs employ a single chip which houses both the converter and digital filter stages. This places limits on performance due to mutual interference between the two stages caused by noise. In other words some 1 Bit CD players are unable to faithfully reproduce the constantly changing details which give music its subtlety.

The 1 Bit D/A converter configuration featured in ONKYO's CD players, on the other hand, uses separate chips for the converter and digital filter. This eliminates the noise-based interference between them and in so doing creates a new level of performance. In addition, when separate converter/filter configurations are provided for the left and right channels (as in the DX-6800 and DX-3800) they function as a complementary pair. This helps to eliminate two of the theoretical weak points in 1 Bit systems: distortion at high output levels and poor signal to noise ratio. ONKYO's design provides superior performance in these two areas over competing 1 Bit systems and meets or exceeds conventional multi-bit converters.

In order to translate the potential of the 1 Bit D/A converter design into superior sonic performance, an absolutely stable, extremely accurate clock oscillator is essential. To provide protection against destabilising external influences, ONKYO's Accupulse Quartz System employs a unique, bar-shaped oscillating element smaller than in competing designs. It's small size and individual design make it virtually impervious to factors such as accoustic feedback and humidity which could adversely affect performance. Moreover to enhance it's effectiveness it is housed in a socket made from ONKYO's acclaimed damping material PolySorb. Furthermore the oscillator circuit, in addition to the IC inverter and element employs a coil and capacitor, and noise is further reduced as a result.

Quartz Oscillator Element



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The ONKYO 1 Bit D/A converter backed up by the Accupulse Quartz System raises CD performance to the highest level. The listener gets the most faithful music and sonic detail.

1bit AccuPulse Quartz RI

DX-6800
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their fist. I came quickly and felt exhausted and completely drained. I went over and sat on a bale of hay, but Cassey lay on the floor squirming and saying, "If only you boys knew how I feel now! I'm *so* hot!"

Duke had started to dress, but he threw everything off in a frenzy and leapt back into the saddle. As he began pumping like a windmill in a cyclone, Cassey was ecstatic and started beating on his sweat-beaded back again.

Sadly, in the days that followed, Cassey again became a cool princess and pretended not to notice us. But we three boys had a stronger bond of friendship than ever, and we certainly had a lot to talk about for the rest of the summer. — *Name and address withheld*

All hands on deck

I suppose it was my brother's fault. He'd gone to Venice for a conference and had fallen heavily in love — both with the place and the inevitable brunette — and had simply omitted to come home. Six months down the track he phoned me. "Ciao, little sister!" Could I go and check up on his old boat, *Taffy*? She was supposed to be for sale but hadn't sold yet, and he was a bit worried she might have sunk at her mooring or something.

I went up one Saturday morning. I flung Pork, my dog, into the car and shimmied off up the road in bright winter sunshine. At Newport, Pork and I rowed out to *Taffy* and climbed aboard. One look told me that the morning wouldn't be enough, and that the entire weekend might be more suitable to the task. The bilge water was over the floorboards, the inside of the hull was thick with mould and the cushions were rotting. And that was just the beginning.

I sighed and set to cleaning her up. I uncoiled the bilge-pump hose and tried starting the motor to charge the batteries, but it obstinately refused to work. I don't know much about motors, but I tried anyway. An hour later my absent brother was the target of some pretty abusive language and I was thick with grease, oil and heck knows what else. I gave up, and began bailing the water out with a bucket, lifting the floorboards to do it. All of a sudden, Pork started to bark furiously. I heard the whine of an approaching outboard, heard it gear down and then a thump against the hull. I peered out of the companionway to see a tanned face framed by sun-blond hair grinning back at me. "Hullo," it said, "I've come to service the motor."

"Great," I said, thinking more that I must look bloody stupid with a dirty bucket in one hand, a grease gun in the other, soaking wet and filthy. Not much of a glamor girl. A tool box arrived in the cockpit, followed by two beaut blue swimmer crabs, neatly trussed and scowling, and a plastic bag in which I could see a bottle-of-Bundy sort of shape. The body that followed this lot over the rail was unselfconsciously terrific. I assumed that it was another of my brother's arrangements. He introduced himself as Sam.

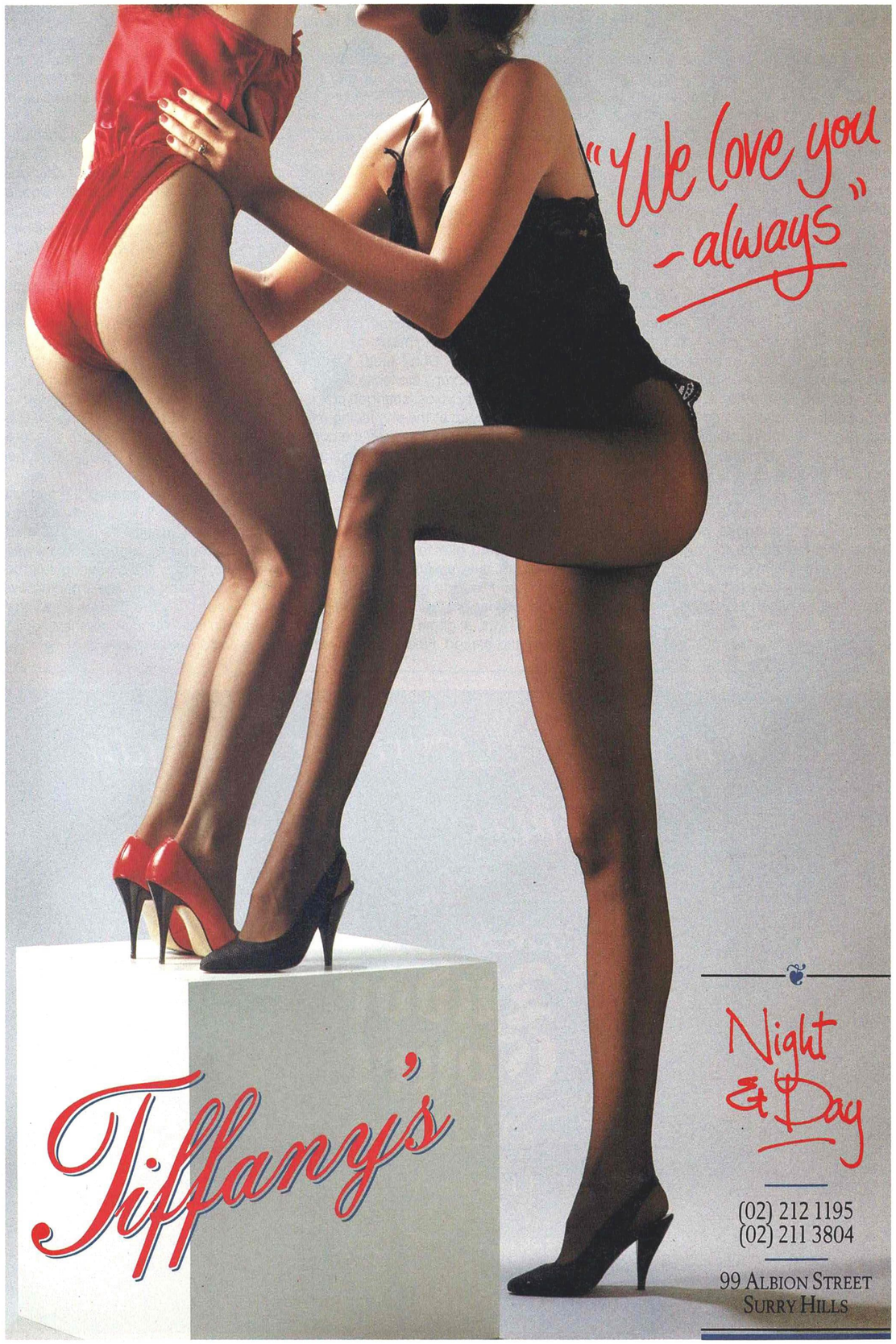
I bailed a bit more, while Sam rummaged in his toolbox. There was a weird kind of electricity going on, but I didn't think about it too much, still being preoccupied with the boat. "I've tried it and it won't go," I said. "D'you know how to fix it?"

"Sure," he said, and hopped into the cabin. He knelt down and began fiddling with the motor. I kept bailing. After a while I knelt down beside him to see what he was doing. He extricated himself from the machinery and looked at me. "Christ," he said, "You look so incredibly *filthy*. It makes me, um, yeah." He lifted a now-greasy hand and smeared it across my face and into my hair. It felt great.

"Yes, I know, I think, er, you know what I mean," I replied intelligently. His lips were millimetres away from mine, and I was having trouble breathing. And then it came — the sort of kiss that makes people think they've seen a flying saucer or something. It blazed a red-hot trail right down through my belly and into my crotch. He leaned forwards, I leaned backwards, things were on the boil. Then a boat roared by, throwing up a wake which set old *Taffy* rolling from side to side. I fell over. The displaced floorboard tilted the wrong way and I landed tits-up and nipple deep in slimy bilge water. He fell more or less on top of me and suddenly his long, lean, hard cock was pressed against my zip and his long, lean, hard arms were buried in the bilge and doing incredible things to my back. We rolled out of there and found a secure floorboard. I ripped open his zip and unleashed his dick, and before he had time to say anything I had clamped my mouth over it. It tasted a bit bilge-ish but I was so turned on I'd gone cross-eyed. He got more and more tense, leaning back against the bulkhead and I sucked and licked as though my life depended on it. He gave a long, low groan and pumped like a piston.

Just as he came, a spout of water like a whale's blow shot up inside the boat. We flopped apart and stared at it, dumbfounded. Then he opened his hand to reveal a section of verdigris-covered metal. "I wondered what I was holding on to," he said.

"Shit, the sea-cock!" I howled. I scrabbled in the bilge for a wooden plug, and then plunged in to find the hole. I positioned the plug but the force of the water shot it up against the cabin roof. "Get it!" I yelled. He grabbed it, and between us we managed to hammer it home. We fell back panting, both soaked to the skin. There was a lot more water in the boat. Kneeling in the slop, he smiled and peeled off my T-shirt. Slowly, deliciously, he licked each



nipple until I thought I would burst. He then experienced some difficulty trying to get my wet jeans off, so that I was shoulders down in the bilge with my hips up in the air. It took some wrestling and a bit of kicking from me, but finally I was liberated. When I felt the clammy cold of my jeans replaced by the sudden heat of his mouth on my pussy, I thought all my Christmasses had come at once. I took a little longer than that, hanging on till the last second. I came like a freight train, nearly drowning myself in the process.

I sat up and shook myself, spraying water and oil from my hair. He had another hard-on, as good as new, so I turned around and leaned against the companionway stairs, inviting him to make like Fido. But he had other ideas first. He grabbed the grease gun and shot a long cool coil of graphite sealant down my spine. Then he smeared it all over my back, and began to slide around in it. It drove me wild. I grabbed his cock and wriggled backwards until I felt the head just nudging the edges of my aching keyway. He teased me for a minute, and then rammed it home, hitting his head on the deck beam above him as he did so. Ignoring that, he began a long, slow, smooth stroke that gave me a sudden understanding of the basic dynamics of all sorts of engines. His hands, grease and all, were on my tits and his breath was hot and fierce on the back of my neck.

Blissfully, dreamily, riding to his rhythm, I lifted my head and gazed out into the cockpit. I noticed that the two crabs had somehow de-trussed themselves. One was engaged in a Mexican stand-off with Pork near the lazarette. The other was crouching approximately two inches from my nose, a malevolent look in its eye. It rattled at me. I backed off, but found that I hadn't much room to move.

"Shoo," I breathed at it. "Go away." It shuffled closer. Just then, Pork leapt at Crab II. "Pork!" I yelled. "Lay off, you little ratbag. Back! Sit!"

"Don't you like this?" inquired Sam from behind my ear, hesitating mid-stroke.

"No! I mean, yes! Don't stop. It's not that. It's Pork! The crabs are loose."

Pork, hearing my voice, changed crabs, and took a wild leap at the one facing me. He missed, and cannoned down the companionway, knocking us both flying. We landed in a tangle of wet dog and greasy limbs in the bilge.

"Oh hell, quick!" gasped Sam. "I was just about to come!"

I tried to grab him to rescue his misplaced organ, but we were so slippery with grease that I couldn't get a grip. We slithered and splashed helplessly. Pork, thinking it was a game for his benefit, bounced and barked. Finally I found what remained of Sam's dick — it had suffered a shock from the cold water — and tried to leap on to it. I had more or less succeeded, and Sam was hotting up again, when I kicked the wooden plug out of the hole in *Taffy's* hull. The water burst around us in a wild fountain.

"Christ!" yelled Sam, "that's absolutely incredible! Don't whatever you do, stop now." I bobbed up and down madly while surreptitiously groping for the wooden plug. Sam began to groan, and propped himself up on his elbows to keep his head above the rising water. Pork howled in panic.

I was starting to feel every so slightly agitated when at last Sam came, thrashing joyfully like a dolphin in the shallows. I slithered off him and stuffed my T-shirt into the hole in Taffy's side to fend off the flood while I searched for the plug. Sam floated peacefully, surrounded by spreading rainbows of water and oil. Then he waded off to find a cigarette. I secured the plug. The crabs had made their getaway.

Taffy went up on the slips the next day to have her sea-cock fixed, and a couple of days after that, an offer for her was made by a mystery buyer. She was sold a week later. These days, she's wearing a spruce new coat of paint and she's parked over Manly way — it's the best blue swimmer territory in the Harbour, so they say. — *Name and address withheld*

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For jocks and Yankophiles, this range of American college T-shirts may provide gifts that won't be returned after Christmas. The high-quality, heavy-duty cotton knit tees are available in eight designs and sizes from medium through to extra large. You'll find them selling for $29.99 each at Funtastique stores in Cairns, Sydney and Melbourne.

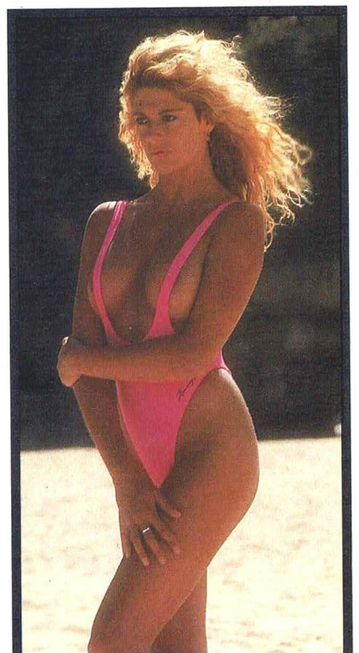
WIN WITH SPEEDO

Inspiration for this summer's range of Speedo swimmers for men has been drawn from a variety of themes including Aztec, American Indian folklore, the brilliance of the Caribbean and the natural tones of savanna plains. There's also a choice of seven different styles to suit all body shapes. Speedo's summer collection for men is available from leading department stores, men's stores and sporting shops. AND, to celebrate summer and the new range, the famous Speedo company is giving away ten Speedo packs, including sports bag, swimming costume, chamois towel, goggles and more, to *Penthouse* readers. To win one, simply write to Speedo Competition, PO Box 42 Cammeray NSW 2062 before December 14. Remember to write your name and address on the back of the envelope. The winners will be the first ten entries drawn.

NUTS TO YOU

Talk about inspired and insane uselessness! See these hazelnuts in the picture? They look just like real hazelnuts, don't they? But nestled inside each one is a furled up condom. Fair dinkum. You have to crack them open with a nutcracker to get at their rubber cargo. Chuck them in with all the other nuts in the Christmas bowl and watch Aunt Beryl's face when she cracks one for a frenchie! Called Lovenuts, and imported from Japan, these silly items sell for about $2. For stockists, phone ProModa Profile on (02) 5591940.

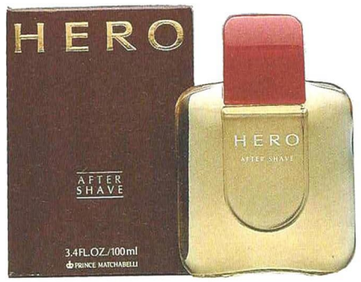
bare bounty



Have a look at Debbie, our Pet of the Month, and then have a look at what she's wearing. It might not win the approval of the Queen Mum, but it sets a hot-to-trot style for this season on the beach. It's one of a range of high-fashion swimwear and aerobics gear from Running Bare. All the gear is Australian designed and made and is available from department stores and boutiques nationally. Or phone (02) 319-2722.

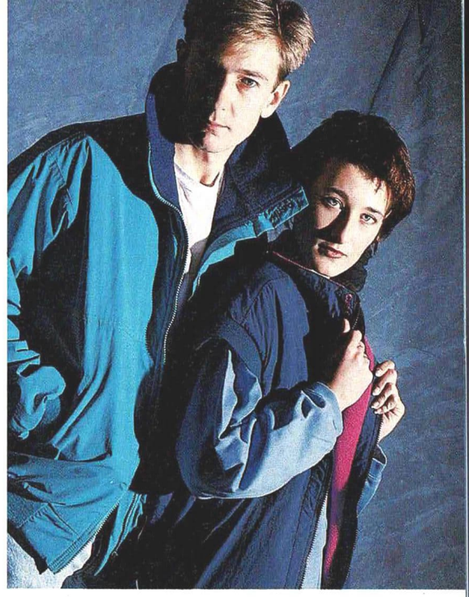
Launched this year amid much fanfare, the Hero range of men's toiletries from Prince Matchabelli has already cut a bit of a swathe through the men's fragrance market. And for Christmas their novel gift packs should have 'em queuing up. The festive pack of 50ml Hero cologne and soap stick and the pack of 50ml cologne and fine cotton striped boxer shorts sell for $25. A pack of cologne and deodorant stick goes for $27 and the Hero Travel Kit containing 50ml aftershave, 50ml cologne and shave foam in a Hero travel bag sells for $42.

EVERYBODY



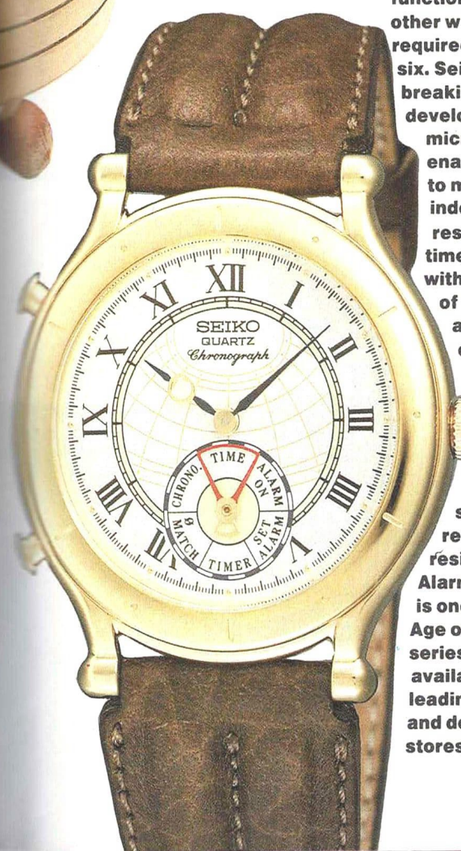
HERO

STYLE THAT WORKS



Musto, known internationally for its top-quality foul-weather sailing gear, has launched a range of stylish, comfortable leisure wear. Made of showerproof Tactel and soft, lightweight Polarite fleece lining (chosen especially for Australian conditions), the snug jacket, shirt and waistcoat are designed both to look good and to be absolutely practical. They are machine washable, will dry quickly and the Polarite, if wet, does not retain water. The clothes are designed to withstand multiple washing and active use without fading or collapsing. The waistcoat is reversible, with contrasting trim on the inside. The jacket has zip-up pockets and they all have knitted ribbed waistband and cuffs. From Musto (Australia), (02) 319 2133.

TOP TIME



Seiko's Ultimate Alarm Chronograph represents a first in world timers. Two hands deliver the functions that on other watches required at least six. Seiko's ground-breaking development of a micro-chip that enables the hands to move independently has resulted in a timepiece that, with a simple turn of the crown, automatically offers time, alarm set, timer to count down from 60 minutes and a chronograph that functions as a stopwatch. Easy to set and easy to read, the water-resistant Ultimate Alarm Chronograph is one of Seiko's Age of Discovery series now available through leading jewellers and department stores.

look sharp

With its new range of Bino-colors, Tasco's out to prove there's more to binoculars than meets the eye. Boldly colored with tidy black trim, the Bino-colors are available in two sizes; the serious full-sized 7x35 wide-angle model which comes in a nylon hip-pack with belt or shoulder strap; and the equally serious 7x21 compact model which is presented in a neat black pouch. Fully-coated optics enhance brightness and clarity. Included are lens caps and lens cloths and a limited life-time warranty. From Tasco Sales (Aust), Sydney; phone (02) 938 3244.

LOOSE ENDS

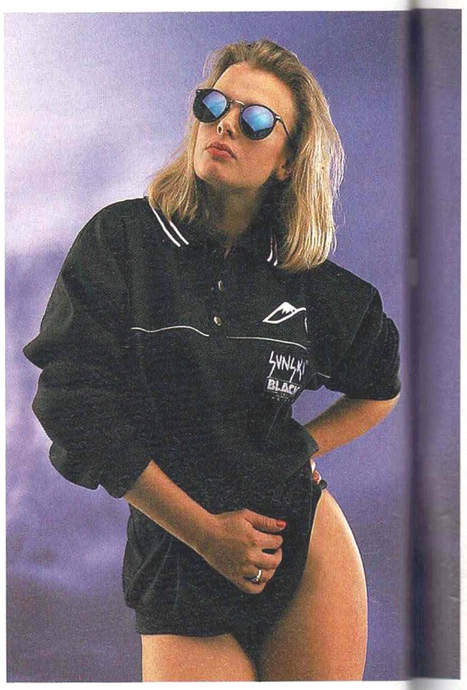
A BIT OF BOTH

Here's something to play with during the summer hols. It's a cross between a wave ski and a racing ski, more or less. Called the 2-Morrow ski, its advantages are that it's more stable than a racing ski, but has superior paddling abilities over a wave ski. Which makes it suitable for beginners, and also for activities such as touring. It has a carrier for equipment you might wish to take with you. Durable enough to withstand aggressive use, the 2-Morrow is 4.1 metres long, 63cm wide, weighs 19kg and costs around $850. From Canoe Sports, Sydney; phone (02) 997 2419.

CHRISTMAS TIPPLE

The festive season is Drambuie season. A great guzzle and a perfect gift for anyone from a passing acquaintance to great aunt Agnes, "The Prince Of Liqueurs" is a favorite in all quarters. A blend of old highland malt whisky with a touch of heather, honey and herbs, Scotland's oldest liqueur is a natural for special occasions. Offer Drambuie straight as a traditional liqueur, or pour it over crushed ice for a refreshing summer drink. The wonderful stuff can also be used as a base for a host of exotic cocktails.

Perfect Partners

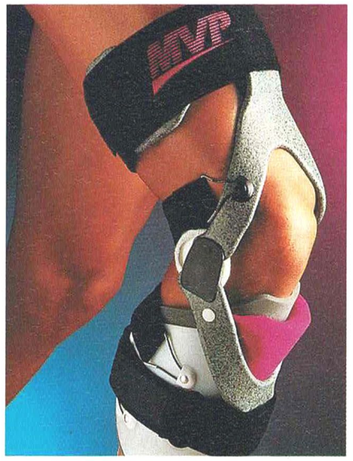


From Sunski, this classily styled sweatshirt coupled with a new Eden model from the Black Label summer range of sunglasses makes a great combination for the fashion and safety conscious man or woman. The 100 percent cotton Australian-made sweatshirt is available in black or white with contrasting trim and logo and cotton drill shoulder panel. It sells for $59. The Eden style sunglasses are available in black or tortoiseshell with detailed bridge and temples. Sunski Black Label sunglasses are to be found in leading surf, ski and optical outlets for $49. For more info contact Sunski on (02) 540 2233.

Win with Gillette

For a bit of Christmas fun, Gillette is giving away 30 shave packs to *Penthouse* readers. The pack contains Gillette's new Skin Variant shave creams and a Gillette Contour Plus Razor. The Skin Variant Shave creams have been developed for little shavers and stubbly macho men. The Gillette Sensitive Skin foam is perfect for first time shavers and men who suffer from shaving rashes. Gillette Tough Beard is a special formulation which softens whiskers — ideal for wet shavers with really tough bristles. The creams were developed in response to research which revealed that 41 percent of Australian men claim to have sensitive skin, while 42 percent claim to have a tough beard. To win a Gillette shave pack simply write your name and address on the back of an envelope along with the names of the new Gillette shave creams. Send your entry to Gillette Competition, PO Box 42 Cammeray 2062, before December 14. The winners will be the first 30 correct entries drawn.

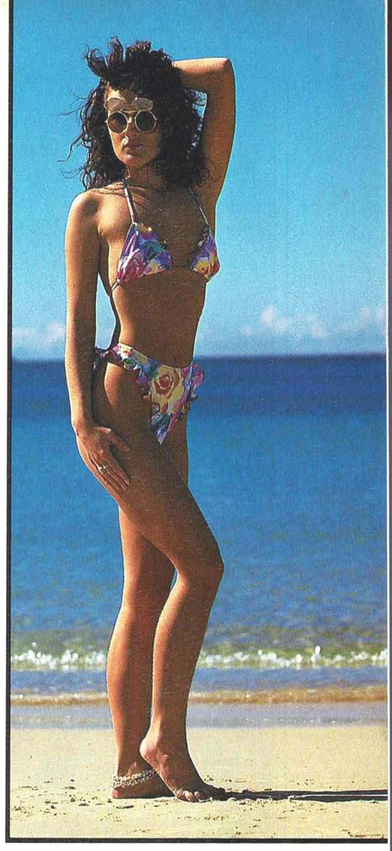
THE BEE'S KNEES



The MVP Knee Brace from Innovation Sports is a breakthrough for serious sportsmen who want to keep their knees together. An off-the-shelf product, it's made of rigid, light-weight carbon fibre, adjusts four ways for a precision fit and does not hamper the normal movements of your knee. Besides assisting those who might have knee trouble, it can be worn as protection against injury in high-impact sports such as motocross or skiing. A patella cup, to protect the knee-cap, is available as an optional extra. From Gall Bros Promotions, 26 Flora St, Kirrawee 2232; (02) 545 1559.

win with sunseeker

Penthouse has never needed an excuse to run a picture of a beautiful girl in a skimpy bikini, but this month we've got a pretty good reason. Sunseeker has kindly provided us with ten of these cute G-string bikinis to give away to readers who so desire them. Wouldn't one make a dandy Christmas present for your wife, girlfriend, mistress, or whatever? They're all size ten, so check those measurements if you're entering. Send your entry, on which you have written your name and address, to Sunseeker Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Entries close December 14.

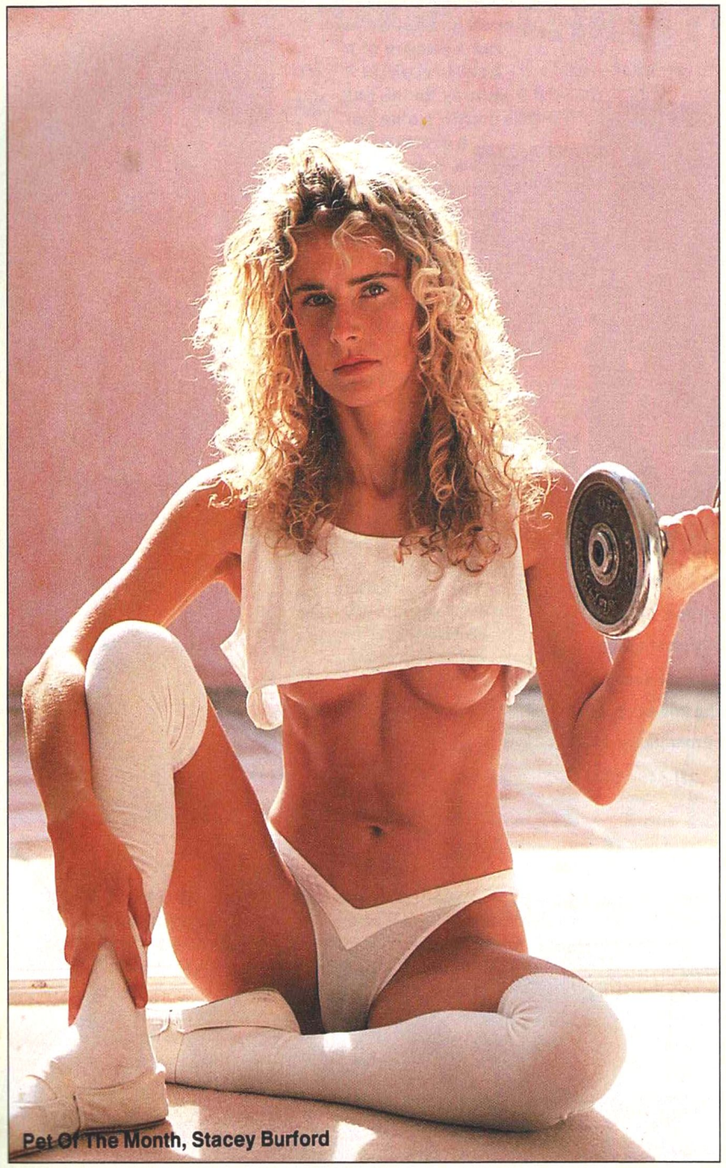


RED ALERT

Gift ideas, from novelty to the practical to the ridiculous, are to be had by the truckload at Funtastique stores in Cairns, Sydney and Melbourne. Fitting nicely into all three of those categories is this Russian inspired range of personal items, all packaged in neat, slide-top wooden boxes. Prices for the four pieces in the gift range start at $39.99 for the funky, riot-proof sunglasses.

on the tiles

A sense of style in the steam-and-soap department is a big turn-on in anybody's book. Shower-time elegance for the sartorial male includes sumptuous cotton bathrobes by Ben Sherman; face-cloths and towels in classic co-ordinated colors, traditional pure-bristle shaving brushes, lather and aftershave balm by Crabtree and Evelyn; and Italian designer toothbrushes, all from Derek Scott of Paddington, Sydney, phone (02) 360-4879.



Pet Of The Month, Stacey Burford

INSIDE JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mayday — The loss of four men after the wreck of the yacht *Rockin' Robin* was more than simple bad luck. Why the men were never found — and why the Australian sea rescue system is in a mess — is damningly exposed in next month's issue.

Fast Men — Frighteningly fast bowlers are the men who can tear an opposing cricket team apart and make it bleed. Where does this great gift of explosive speed come from and are any of Australia's current crop of quicks genuinely blessed with this gift of sheer pace? The world's fastest bowlers are profiled in January *Australian Penthouse*.

Why Wives Stray — One of the least explored aspects of feminine liberation is the increasing frequency of married women having affairs. Next month *Penthouse* asks why wives are catching up with their male counterparts in their willingness to explore their sexual options.

Shy Girl — Pet Of The Month Stacey Burford brings a touch of innocence to next month's centre pages. Stacey used to be a shy girl until she came of age. Let her surprise you in January *Australian Penthouse*.

dimension

Continued from page 124

regular braking on gravel surfaces where the most effective way of stopping is to jump hard on the pedal, lock the wheels and build a wedge of dirt under the tyres. ABS, of course, doesn't allow this to happen.

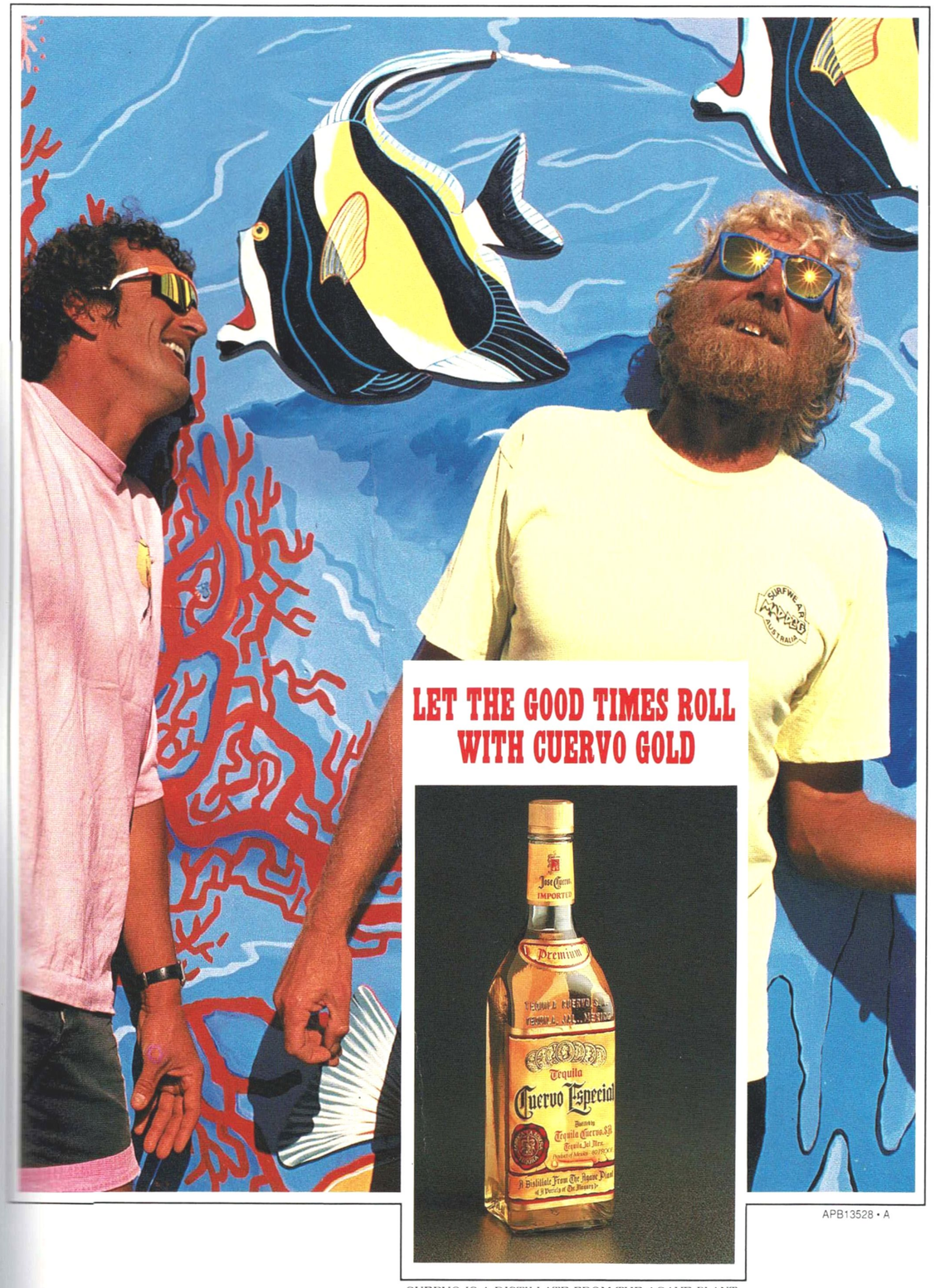
About the four-wheel steering — unlike some, Mitsubishi's rear-steer system operates only in phase with the front wheels. The rear wheels on the 4WS Honda Prelude and Mazda MX6 wiggle both ways. Naoyuki Yamada, in charge of development of the VR-4, first embraced the idea of enhancing a car's manoeuvrability with a 4WS system as early as 1965, when he published a paper to this effect at a engineering conference at Barcelona. There was a drawback to his notion, as he candidly explained: "We had no idea how to steer the rear wheels."

Steering a car from both ends in theory reduces steering lag, making the car more responsive to steering wheel input. In other words, the car's reaction time is improved; the driver swings on the wheel to avoid a crash . . . and the 4WS car changes direction. But early 4WS systems were nothing short of terrifying; the cars felt like they were constantly on the brink of doing something unpleasantly terminal. Pioneering can be tough.

Mitsubishi's hydraulic 4WS, steering in parallel to the front wheels, only operates at speeds above 50 km/h, helping response and predictability, and reducing yawing and steering corrections if obliged to change lanes suddenly, or take evasive action. But the most flattering comment to pass on the Galant 4WS is that the driver can't feel anything unnatural happening. It feels . . . well, normal.

The turbo Galant's acceleration is not staggering in the manner of, for example, a Group A Commodore. But with 100 km/h from standstill coming up in 7.1 seconds, and 400 metres taking exactly 15 seconds, the VR-4 is deceptively swift. While top whack is a quoted 210 km/h, we didn't quite see this number on the clock during our day of play in a saturated South Australia. What we did see was a car that showed complete disdain for the conditions. For consumers looking for the last word in active safety and performance, with plenty of home comforts, the VR-4 shouldn't be overlooked.

Obvious sub-$45,000 competitors include the Toyota Celica GT-Four (another turbocharged 4WD vehicle and close in price and specification level to the Galant VR-4), Mazda MX6 4WS, Honda Prelude 4WS, Peugeot Mi16, BMW 318is and Alfa 75. Mitsubishi also believes the VR-4 may pull sales from the more expensive Euro set — the Audi 90 quattro, BMW 325i, and Saab 900 Turbo 16S.



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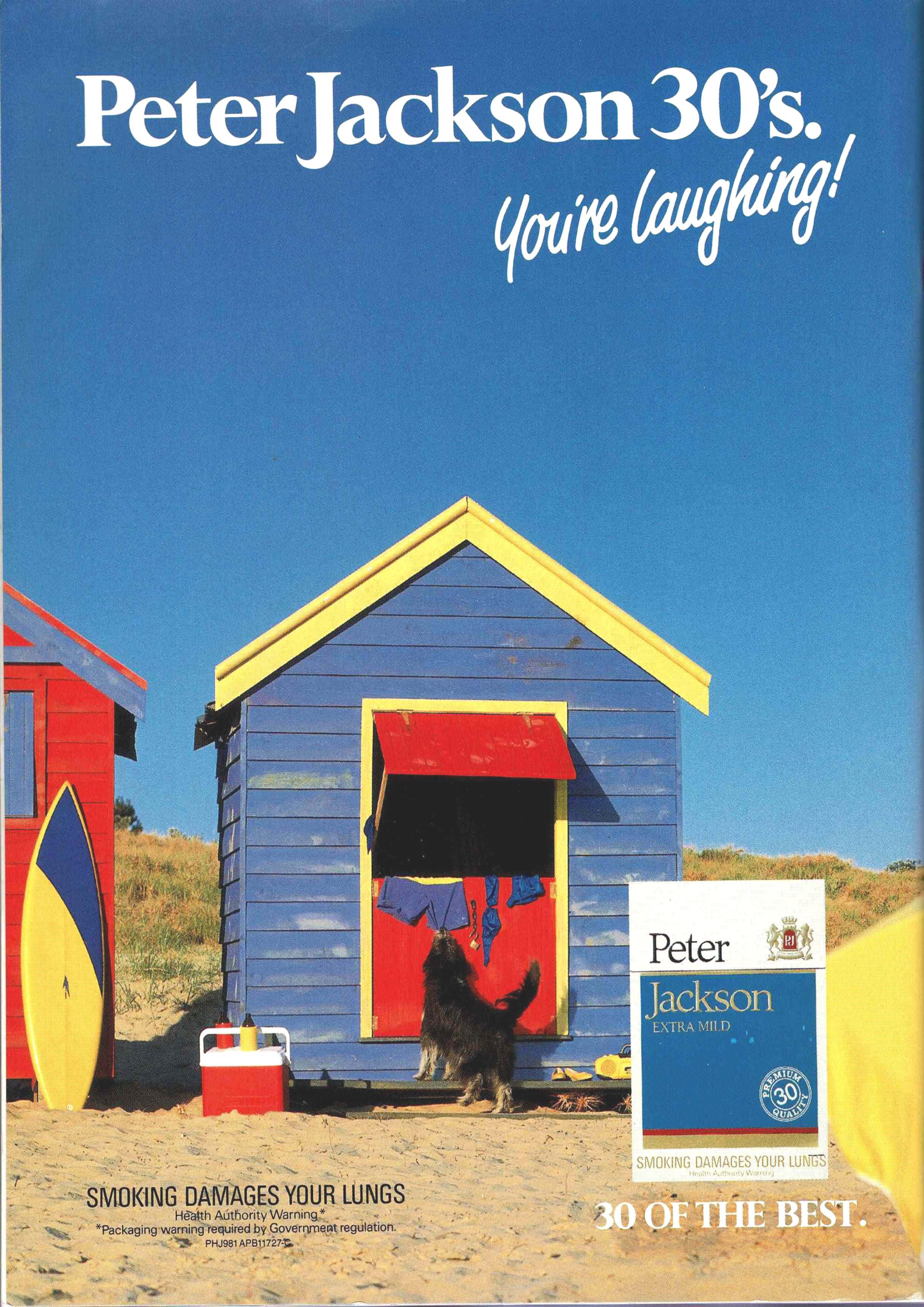
Peter Jackson 30's.

You're laughing!



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